

**–straight-line winds–**

Brenda Koenig

upturned

flower bulbs

roots

waving

a little water dish

poised in the crouch of a stripped maple,

or a fish tank, full, untouched

except the fish are missing

how half the house can be undone

what are the odds? lying

under the window, an exit sign

like someone with a handgun to your head—

what would you do, just lay there and let it happen?

**The 3rd Man**

DglsN. Røthsjchld

*after an idea from Tony Towle*

Why are some poets always jerking off  
onto the page, or somewhere else we can  
see them? At least writing in this book,

on the train, i need one hand to hold  
the book. . . . i walk along some Utopia  
Parkway in my mind & collect things, in-

ferences & notions. How easy to look at  
a poem & say—Hey a poem i can make  
poems too—i'm inspired. Little viles & bits

of blue found along the Antelope Freeway,  
or where ever, Berlin, Prague, Vienna

*"Sight makes a glass box."* —G. Stein