Night Music

Theresa Smith

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In dew-drenched marsh
Just beyond the tamed grasses,
There, awash in midnight shadow
Swaying on a summer breeze,
The crickets begin to sing.

Scattered quarter notes snug in the draped canvas.

The soft blanket of humid sleep
Eludes me
As I ponder the harmonious glitter
Of these choristers,
Their voices piercing the night
As a lightning dance.

They speak to me of wordless things.

Hideous creatures!
Should you draw near,
I would sooner shatter your patent blackness
Than behold your beauty.

A beauty my eyes cannot perceive.

But from afar you enchant me
As your sweet voices tap gently at my window
And flit upon my ear,
Until, at last, I am soothed to slumber
In a mystical embrace.

Request for Eileen

TOM FLEISCHMANN

Throw roses at the sky when
Stretch your tanned legs into a broken lamppost.

Conceal a novel beneath
Hold your breath twice
Wear your glasses in the

Wake up every morning to brush your hair.

Apply lipstick after sex.

Run your fingertips across
Spin in a circle for no reason
Do all of this for everyone but when you do it, please Eileen, be thinking of me.