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Sounds of My Mother

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To Love I Wish—

by Kevin Griffith

Sounds of My Mother

by Heather Fox

Around her fingers the clink of gold
echoes the touch
that softly slits her radial artery, just right;
her temperature plummets to new lows.

Her fingers, elegant tentacles
never reached out for me anyway,
so why do I miss tinkling charms only
on the bracelet that hide the scars?

The clatter of gold unnerves me.

Gin Gimlet Nod

by James Bol

Follow the trail
of the jazz bass as
the keyboard swings
like dangling pearl
earrings in an
island rhythm.

The drums beat
pleasant distractions like
exotic corollas either
side of the trail while
the milked sax covers
all with a blue star
lit blanket and the
flute coos like a
dove at dusk

You were near me
to wonder at the brown spiders
dripping endlessly along the bridge.
They are a live dew, or fleshy marbles,
or pieces of a menace.

Careful not to brush the spider-laden rail
we'd gaze into the water below
where emerald reflection forms a skin
on the backwater. It's oily green
like a fly's eye or wing.
And I'd want to push aside
the emerald of your eyes
to see in the dark pools below.

Your pungent odor would remind me
of a spring night we spent in Athens,
Ohio, in a cheap motel where
bathroom tiles broke into romantic hieroglyphics.
A time before we wed in elegance
in some hotel where we caress chandeliers
and lust in the plush carpets,
or laugh at bronze pineapples
squirting in a fountain.

We would grow old together,
and I would remember how
in Nepal they hang strips
of poetry from branches to weather
and fade with time and wind.
And as you faded from view
I would be reminded of a poem in Nepal.