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Sounds of My Mother

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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  
ever 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 Eol

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

To Love I Wish—  
by Kevin Griffith

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.