



FOURTEEN FOR CHARLEY

remember when you
 gave out on gas on the way from the nightshift
 tight at the wheel at the edge of town the engine cooling
 your hand poised on the horn
 waiting for the birds to pick treetops
 curbed before dawn crazy birds
 the dark trees
 dark trees
 you were careful with that Ford
 her mammoth hood
 she was an ark then
 rain underway
 some Imperial Road
 floating higher & higher

— James Price

'N Cepheid present preterite

of the sky's measure
 measuring the sky

beginning with the sun
 become sound

neo pneuma neo vita

embodied in the flower she embodies

sown along the hem

— Robert Noreault



somehow (I am unable to understand) your face caught
 in my arms and I always try the eyes that I hold
 and attack because it is painful when you first notice
 the eyes, not flinching into disguise or even darkening,
 aggravate whatever irritable and truly menacing creature
 you become thinking only of what can't be held, won't be;
 then be with me always I seem to whisper and know
 exactly what is impossible, that whole days will go by
 holding with brutal tenderness all simple denials.
 Oh people longing to get the fright out of their lives, making
 it over into a growing up, a growing into what they
 can never hold — yet I hold you.

— James Price

Dambreak

A.

Red with clay, the river
 Flooded, drowning his fields.
 And When he rafted
 His family toward a hill
 They peered down and saw
 The surging tonnage of water
 Destroying their log-rail fence.

B.

Nuthatches flew away, escaping.
 Butternuts ascended from the mud,
 Floating, diving, bobbing like playful buoys.

— Brett Duffany