

STOWAWAY

Discovery, not invention.
But in what ancient language
would I ask the moment
to let me in? Silence?
I'm new at this, but listening to
You Shouldn't Take It So Hard
by the New Barbarians,
I somehow stole into the song
and a diamond-perfect starling
murmuration formed
as I stepped out of my river
and became the shore.

OVERHEARD AT THE CLEANERS

Someone's cape was ready.
If death is Batman, time
is Robin. Their real power:
not saving lives, but life.

[untitled]

crow on frozen pond

reflecting
nothing,
winter

A BUSKER PLAYS *MAGGIE MAE*

opening with
its madrigal

spare as a
hillside cross

in morning light
that shows our age,

the sound of not
expecting much

INSIDER ART

born hungry
we are fed
by the genius
in our midst
who in the dark
above our home
smeared swirling
golden globs
to illuminate
the gallery
of the fridge's door
let us worship
in the light
of kindergarten stars