

Avoiding My Fate

Eyes in their sockets
Behind unshed tears

It is NOT ENOUGH
To be THIS CLOSE:

I want
UNITY

...and, the closer I get
the more I fight...

—Marion Sue Fischer

Transportation

I keep trying to capture
the rhythm of speech on the bus
to educate my ear
by soaking in sounds

from the seat in front of me
 "I lived in Brooklyn too..."
 but listening in for the next three stops
 I can't write like a New Yorker

from the seats behind me
fall voices like hands patting pitas

—Anitra L. Freeman

A Night in March

I am listening
to the scratches
of dry leaves
on the pavement,
the whisper of the snow.

In me there is love,
that seeker,
leaning forward,
sniffing upward
in the dark.

—E. Romero

Off the Rez

Mary Two Hats told tribal stories
and Spring Chicken invented
city stories. Punishing each other
w/ flesh
and words.

Sleep dust becomes morning stars
cardboard
dreams.

The parking lot attendant asked suggesting they clean up their camp, collect the bottles and crumpled paper bags.

"Who looks?"

"You wench—who in the hell is Ned Romero—not Chief Joseph but an actor in *I Will Fight No More Forever* is bullshit."

"Honey, you have been drinking too fast."

"You slept with him, didn't you."

"Monkey stories, we were only acting."

Somebody on the street, they passed
told them there wasn't a center
to the universe.

They emptied their cup, sorting various coins.

And made a run to the store.

During the night

it rained

they tried to make love
in the carpeted entrance way
of the Paramount Theatre.
Raindrops on the cement
resembled a constellation.
I write this in the margins
of a paperback.

And the heliocentric theory

It doesn't apply to the prince
of bummers
and drunks who stumble
on the street.

—Earle Thompson