Sylvia Kimbel

yellow lullabies

the trees sway in silhouette
from a mellow crescent moon
— a show flashing twilight casts shadows.

the last train travels the rails
in a careless rhythmic sleep
— a slowly flashing yellow light marks the end.

the black man dances down the street
in a smooth calculated beat
— slowly flashing head lights pulse in time.

the dry brush burning in the field
sends up steady funnels of smoke
— flames flash slow in the distance.

the dead, hallow building stands
behind the trees, down the street from the rails
— a slowly flickering street lamp finally burns out.

And the yellow melts to black.

Michael Amato

Apt. 201

He stands there naked
save for black wool socks
fallen to his ankles.
He cranks electric heater
higher, then hesitates
before a piece of mirror
without a frame, & stares
enraptured at what's left
hanging from his bones.
He runs a hand through hair
to calm it, rinses out
his mouth, hurries over
tiled concrete back to bed,
& presses fingers to her marble
breasts; rolling over, she wonders
where she dropped her shoes.