

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

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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.

