



Michael Downey

Crutches for Kevin

For days he wouldn't willingly touch them,
 Pointed reminders of the accident.
 He could be coaxed across the room
 (Open hands close behind)
 Wobbling for a phone call, or a cookie.
 Muscles on his good leg knotted,
 Shoulders wearily pushing the earth down;
 Each day the small trapezist swung farther
 Before crying, stopping.
 He really preferred to scoot,
 Dragging the heavy cast over carpet trails.
 Always was faltering of nonacceptance, —
 Until on the ground they became
 Parking garages for matchbox cars,
 Then they were lifted like guns
 At his troubles, whirling only
 Through his play to become his.

Beverly G. DeMario

In the Cornfield

The pail is caught between the barn door
 and blue grass,
 it empties.

A scarf is pulled tight against her head.
 I imagine her hair as smooth as skin.
 She folds her hands seems to lean upon the air
 catching yellow across the face.

All the house lights have been pulled downward
 as a plow over rich earth.
 Charlene rocks back humming words
 evenly spaced like teeth biting silence.
 The room appears albino
 oval shadows swirl, flatten in her eyes.

In the field the horses trot quickly
 between the rows of corn.
 I turn once to gather the small sound
 of the heat rushing through them.

Beverly G. DeMario

Reflection on a Puddle

In the listening,
 I take twice the trees and stones,
 and the wind that turns around with October.
 The sweet singers of rain faraway,
 of geese rolling,
 all blooming beneath the full cloud.

The rocks rise blue,
 weave laced foam
 in and out.

I walk and turn my face to the wind
 dry leaves swirl,
 wood, scrubbed as hands clench and lies on the black.

It is a hollow puddle carved wet.
 Birds cross bone to light.
 I enter, one shadow in the thick,
 a still drop buoys with fern
 and years of stone in the webbed wall
 of this weather.