

THE HANDS STRIKE FIVE

J. BRADLEY

I cringed at the machete of your left front tooth when we were naked. I kept the lights on, the sheets away, wriggled carefully like you were a backseat window, slightly ajar.

THE NEW YEAR

JACKIE CLARK

We line our
shores by the
door The
calendar
keeps count
All your
journeying
guitars To
drive along
the blueberry
night with the
windows
down The
trucks blowing
across 50th
street Your
little cactus in
the window
Never
breaking grace
though years
would warrant
it We must

leave the party
and leave our
humidity
lingering
behind us We
must send
postcards and
try to listen
for something
inspiring When
I feel in need of
authority it's
Captain oh
my Captain,
how should I
remain at sea
Rubber band
icons like small
silver balls
Ecstatic little
atoms living
the same lives
as before only
now with light
My sister stare
400 miles away
The potential
intimacy of out
lasted pride
Your ocean has
been calling
It has never
asked for
anything before
Those

gravestones
instigating
homesickness
That action
between each
whistle I am
only doomed
in all the
regular ways
So troubled by
maps of
figment
resignation The
buoyed
importance of
demarcating
this part of the
past First we
trace its outline
Then we paint
the details
in gold