

willows.

Dr. R. asks me, "Would you like to meet Jeremiah DeMoron?"

"I wish I had a McCulloch chain saw."

Dr. R.'s desk looks like a Japanese pillbox and as he taps his pencil on the marble desk top, I see the tracers from a machine-gun flying at me. I feel them penetrate my heart, that feeling I had when Sylvia screamed towards quiet Beirut Lane. I search for a trench to dive into . . . to die. Repetition. Jeremiah, dressed as a comanche, entered the office, hand in hand with Sylvia. Sap splattered on the window. Dr. R.'s slant eyes began to look like knotholes and his fingers stretched like stringy roots to shake the Comanche's hand. (It was an Indian shake.) Sylvia looked at me and her eyes flashed like a neon sign, alternately saying, "I love you," and "why did you kill that helicopter and kill those yellow children?"

¹From Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, I.v.

²From Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II.i.

³From Spinoza, as quoted by Ezra Pound.

Puerto Penasco

by Kevin Ault

It's not Dover Beach
 but the sun fades in the west
 over half a world away
 And the golds and the reds
 across the Pacific
 are rivaled nowhere in the world

I have watched
 the ebb and flow of the tide carefully
 and slept soundly
 to the rhythm of the waves
 the ocean is a
 timely and persistent friend

Somehow
 in moments like these
 I always think of you
 your love reminds me of this scene
 strikingly beautiful
 and the motion and sound of the sea
 are like your love
 Rhythmic and dependable, slow and stately
 but with latent passion
 warmly, softly rocking me to sleep