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 Commanche'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?"

1 From Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, I.v.
2 From Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II.i.
3 From 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