

Speak, River

by Jay Thiemeyer

what does the river say
at this hour,
2 a.m. on a chill morning,
no one about, save an old woman
walking her small black dog
like a shadow
on the unlit streets?
and sliding on the water appearing overhead,
a barge with red lights resembling
an outsized alligator waiting

am I delusional at that hour,
in need of sleep;
is that why I walk down by the river then,
to pray on my feet?

or is it to listen to the trains grinding,
as they move back and forth,
great black chains,
dragged hugely,
by a motherly form,
from way deep in the Earth?

I have my bike to tow me
there and back
the exercise of mounting the bluff
through Cathedral Park
rips out all the char
in my chest and my nostrils
beg for the air.

a separate space in a river moment.
I feel criminal, it's so free
and dark there;
only a form among the trains
as I pray with the water
listening for acceptance

Pecking Order

by Daniel Cox

Trashcan soldier scavenging
Out their living. Salvaging
Anything they can of worth
Each attacking in disorder
No can or bottle goes by
Without being taken for ransom.

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