

JOSEPH LANDI

Before the Divorce, Bed Bugs

We were bitten  
along the repulsive blue tracks  
of ankles and wrists, on the backs  
of our heels, on toes and fingertips,  
pierced to the farthest reaches  
of our unstable hearts.

Darkness hid  
the source of our disgust.  
We sighed like trains between  
stations, drawing them to us.  
Skin spoke in codes of the elements,  
a language for the lonely and ravenous.

Now poison's the cure,  
and home a nest of carcasses.  
At the curb, mattresses  
show tufted guts to joggers and stray cats.  
A driver prowls cul-de-sacs,  
scanning the piles  
for remnants of strangers' desires.

In a dim rented room,  
he assembles the plunder—  
empty ribcage of slats,  
padded headboard of leather.  
He tapes shut the slash  
that we carved as a warning,  
resting his face on a secret hunger.

TOM DALEY

Love Song for John on  
Route 140, Coming Home  
from Peterborough

Wrinkling home on Route 140,  
I think of the frank loveliness  
of the day, the air clean

& clear, the sky scraped  
down to its blue lubricities,  
each cloud seldom & singular,

adrift as a paroled convict.  
I take your hand in mine  
with the wistfulness

of an old fever, & think  
how fortunate I am  
to be kept so coolly

& lovingly in the bounds  
of your heart. Love songs  
have taken precedence

over prayers in the great  
welter of the popular  
imagination

so I offer you this one  
without melody or refrain,  
one that steers straight

& even as it sustains.