

We drove our romance out beyond the law.
 The tires squealed to bring it back to town unbroke.
 You whimpered "It's the first time." Always is.
 Ache for the breaking of the pod that gives the pollen
 its adventure, gift of smoke
 like poppies flaring out against the field.

John R. Reed

On Hearing the Latest Scientific News About the Mona Lisa

In Japan a heart specialist declares
 He can explain your inscrutable smile.
 I hardly dare believe my ears. You suffered,
 It seems, from high cholesterol.
 The yellow spot in your eye gave you away.
 And now I wonder: Were you Jewish, after all,
 Gorging chopped liver and cheese cake
 On the sly? At some Italian version of the Neville?
 It makes sense, I must admit. And so there you sit,
 Looking as if you were alive, just after lunch.
 I put down my corned beef sandwich
 And give another look. Suddenly the whole world
 Has a different slant. At last history
 Is reduced to a wink and we see each other
 Across the table eye to eye.

Sanford Pinsker