

Deliberately, I filled my glass beyond the rim,
Watched the froth balance uncontained a moment,
Lose its effervescence and slink down the side to slop,
Grinned, threw back my head and gulped.

Daniel Stokes

Pieces

Clawing frantically
at the seconds we had together,
at first we merely drew blood.
Now, grasping more desperately,
the chunks we gouge from one another
stain brown the white
of silent morning eyes,
leave ragged wounds
which rot and fester
through days of one-place settings
and half-empty beds.
How long will it be until
the night when we roll over
to touch each other and find
our wrists raw bleeding stumps?

Janine Zwicky