Good morning you will be loved
On this glorious day
You will be hated, both
Kissed and despised. Good
Morning bright steps rising
To brown stone buildings
Colorful individuals angling
Down them toward the train —
Sadly heedlessly or in inspired
Reckless ecstasy on this glorious
Day you will love you will hate both
Kiss and despise. The grotesque beauty
The radiantly ugly the genius or the just
Plain foolish and goofy, good morning
All! On this glorious day the boundless
White beret is on your lovely heads go ahead
Love and be loved hate and be hated kiss
And despise be kissed and despised!

CLEAR WATER

Clear water
waiting, waits
to fill the once
full San Pellegrino
Pre-Alp (Italiano)
mineral water bottle,
and to swirl. Clearly,
the water is waiting
it waits to fill it
greenly as the bottle
is not so strangely
green and intended
for those two new
cut Dutch tulips.
Once they are put
there, clear water
waiting to swirl up
swirls up though just
a few beads enough
to slip the green
bottle lip, and all
of this is meant to sit
all motion, composed, over
there before a print of
Johannes Vermeer’s Officer and
Laughing Girl.

AMY GERSTLER

WISH IN A WAR ZONE

Somewhere under the weather
snores our drugged hero:
a gladiator or astronaut,
lying in a fringed hammock
in his mother’s garden,
waiting to be wakened
and loosed upon the world.
Quick, into my arms before
the next tremor hits.
Just beneath these monsoons,
an aurora borealis trembles.
Tucked into its luminous
gunbelt, a change of luck,
an abrupt windfall tunes up,
just for us. Soon,
instead of zinging bullets
we’ll find ourselves drenched
in concertos. I have no
authority to comfort
you, though I try.
If all this is to vanish,
if you and I are lost,
set loose, wounded,
to wander among uncomplaining
trees, fingerling their lightly-
haired, sticky little leaves,
then hand me my camera.
I must take pictures.

OUT OF KILTER

Elsewhere sheep graze with admirable restraint.
Elsewhere he eats and sleeps marvelously.
Elsewhere, he remarks to his companion that the earth smells beautiful. (It has just
rained.)
Elsewhere the mockingbird expands her repertoire.
Elsewhere it snows and at first the children are delighted.
Elsewhere the bees flaunt their expertise.
Elsewhere the fragrance of orchids overtakes him, and at last he forgets himself.
Here, one munches the bread of exile.
Here, one drinks the juice of confused fruit.
Here, even the beauty of bulldozers eludes us.
Here, adolescents collect evidence against their parents, and free themselves by informing
the authorities.
Here, one waits and hopes by the kitchen window like a lovesick girl.
Here, his illness is never mentioned, or is called by the name "a clean bill of health."
Here, I plead with you all day long, though you are no longer within earshot.
Here, even meatless words like putrid, quagmire, spread-eagle, revenge, and born again
have already been gnawed to death.