

SELF-PORTRAIT AS APOLLO AND DIONYSUS

M. P. Jones IV

Far and away, of course,
there is also the sunlight,
raving over row after row
of the green and silver cotton,
curving the way power lines
climb the sweet whisper
of low hills, wondering
where they are headed
until they disappear like bees
into the violent distance,
and across the street,
as if they were brothers
fighting in the dust,
the yellow eroteme
of a backhoe screams
for the red Alabama clay to take it
into the nearing future where men
stand with hammers
and wires like maternity nurses
waiting to swaddle the naked field
in neon language,
glowing until it could forget
the barren hiss of the stars
and the time when the leaves
curl and drift into the soft grass
weightless as unwritten words
slurring off of the highway sound,
tugging at the land's
swollen body of minutes
until it opens like the silent
mouth of a god,
and far and away, of course,
there is also the night.

ENTANGLEMENT SONNET

T. J. McLemore

It is, after everything, a need to remember.
I held your camera, you steadied my hand.
We found the tree with the lights in it.
The grandstand by the river.
A speedboat with fishermen.
Cottonwoods let go their long exhalations.
Children approached, then ran away giggling.

We remain in the wood duck's lighting,
the twitch and burst of a redwing in reeds,
late sun climbing like power lines up the bluff,
the cattail heads heavy as with swarms of bees,
and thumbing these images, I know you know
that even lone atoms, once paired, will cry
to each other across a void, and change.