

# A QUARTER FOR THE ZOLTAN

A humble alchemy of salt & cherry  
ice, arm-hair coated &  
a dust of rose quartz –

25 cents pauses the waters  
for a moment & rectangles  
of ocean flap across

glass faces. 25 cents  
delivers stars  
that skid the palm

in mistaken constellations –  
sticky bodies pant belly-down  
on the grounds of palaces

stinking wonderfully  
& opiating, jaws wildly  
shaking open & it's love

or lucky numbers. 25 cents  
& the future cries  
itself to sleep.

# ROOM AT THE MADONNA INN

The dirt worries someone may knock soon  
Can you hear the gong? Someone is at the door  
dancing  
(mirror-bones scattered on the floor)

Gilt shards a bee's wings blitz through hotel  
meadows  
Narwhals in the basement sleep eat in glass  
skeletons

Carpet forests fake stars shaking the trees like  
real winds  
There is nothing on my plate nothing to  
eat

A cinema plays La Double Vie de Veronique  
She & She the teeth between scarlet curtains.

The cinemas all stop  
shush can't you hear the real bees?

# I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE MAN

His face, crudely  
taped to my front door,  
over wreaths and knockers.  
I ask my mother to  
call police. She frowns –  
He already did his time.

I have seen his witch-face  
in the deli aisles. I keep  
my gaze down and recite  
we-don't-trick-or-treat  
on-Fern Street – my own spell  
to cast.

I often sink into my  
chair these days –  
It's safer to hide from all the  
mole-nosed stars that wrinkle  
and pucker against  
my window as horn-tailed  
rains splash down.

Why, I thought, is it  
so hard to be untouched?