

EDWIGE FOUVRY

Port Puce, 2016
Oil on Canvas, 59 x 59 in



COURTESY DOLBY CHADWICK GALLERY

FRANK PAINO

Dog/Buddha

The air, just now, tinged
with jewelweed and the amber
talc of pollen. Lemon zest
of sunlight knifing off windshields.
Tang of wet wash drifting on
clotheslines. A brief burst
of bubblegum. Chalk on a sidewalk
where girls leap at hopscotch.
The metallic whiff of a
newly skinned knee.
Hydrangea. Cardiocrinum,
with its dangle of alabaster bells.
Cedar sap from a newly set
fence. A dozen dinner scents
from summer's open windows.
Somewhere nearby something
has died. Already it begins to
dismantle in the breeze.
Laughter, stiletto shouts,
bicycle tires' hum on asphalt, radio flare
and the pesky munch
of a blood-bloated tick —
all caught in preposterous
flopping ears, bright wind-teared
eyes and the quivering black nose,
which marks the furthest point
of that abandoned leaning as the car
accelerates— sight, sound, taste,
and feel— everything as it is,
just now.

Frank Paino's poem, "The Drowned Church of Potosí, Venezuela," was recently selected by *Crab Orchard Review* as a finalist for the 2014 Richard Peterson Poetry Prize. His poem, "Dead Hummingbird," was chosen by D.A. Powell as the third-place winner in *North American Review's* 2015 James Hearst Poetry Prize competition. He also has work upcoming in *World Literature Today*.