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Old Maps

If I'd been better at math perhaps these scrawls
would resemble geometry. A right triangle
could obviate the unflinching parallels
on this city map. My blue Mazda trying to untangle
on-ramp from off could also visit our unfinished past
and crumple the zeros — they litter the road, this highway
where all lights are timed to 'stop' just
as I accelerate. The laws of inertia
enforce this claim: I'm glad I knew you.
I'm glad we once steamed windows, tangled
sheets; while on clocks, numbers came unglued
and fell to the floor. I'm glad for memory's angled
interruptions, for the ways bodies intersect.
Although the map is faded, my memory's exact.

Millennium

It's a breathed-out room where steamy insulation
blocks those fingers of white, that cold fresh
dream that whets my sleep: for dream's mediation
is all that's left. Snow-below-moon stretches
lazily outside. I remember skin — memory given

to lust's long-gone siege. Now the CO2 level's
slumbrously high. I watch television's
thrust and grind with an ironic grin; more trouble
to switch than to stay. It's cold and the weather's
an ice age. Time to revise
the room's architecture: break a window, climb under
the sofa for dust or bring these grey skies
something worth watching. I'll go rearrange
that blank sheet of white with my body's snow-angel.

Sharon Kourous

Ohio poet Sharon Kourous lives near Toledo and teaches high school English. She has been publishing poetry for many years and has credits in print and on the web. Several of her poems have been nominated for the Pushcart.