

Two, three, four

Weaving slowly
Through streets

A car smashed

Two, three, four

People examining

The ground as if
The pieces might suddenly
Reattach themselves

You wonder when it was that moment you know you
Are about to meet another vehicle

JOSEPH MICHAEL FLOYD

The Stench That I Don't Mind

Little brown skinned hula girl smiles up at me
Time fades away her grass skirt

Large cracks in a blue dashboard
Cradle the dust from an open window

"Don't forget" inscribed on a wheel
That makes continuous lefts and rights,
Remind me of where I need to be

Pennies and crumbs in a seat cushion
Plastic bottles in the floor
And a butterfly charm dangling from a mirror
Follow me to the parking lot

AUSTIN TURNER