

Michael Bernstein

GOLD WAKE PRESS, 2009

Cinderbook

night box 2

in the
gross,
sparse
light

of boats,
i take
rank
back,
run

glyphs
thru the
dark

Be-
tween

platform

sure

the shore
is rife –

a battery.
its face

bombs our
souls

bison

from
the

train
seem

one

big day

two brides
fly

past,da-
zzle.their
kiss

arms
mobs

collapse

Noon in
the shot
light—

spurs dra-
gging,
drained.the
whole

town
grabs for
Space

one frame cancan reel

kicking

red a-
gainst
the smoke—

blushing,
stained

hocus pocus

each
flash

in the
cave
a child

of it-
self

polaroid

the ash

in the
canyon,
the lights

in yr
skull

on leaving Milwaukee

dreamer of chairs and curtains
bohemian of a pitiful city.

-Kitasono Katue

Sun's

towers
drop, fade-
less.

the bru-
tal
corn

waits

sleep rite

for R.S.

soak
up the
bells—

nar-
cotic

low