

Daniel Scott

money doesn't grow on trees

or under them
but worse

trees don't grow
on money

Three sheets to the wind

She'd washed them twice, once with bleach,
could still see the rust brown blood stains
as they hung on the clothesline crossing the yard.
Snow glistens white in the morning sun,
silver crystals scud in the wind.

All three sheets — the two from the bed
the one she'd wrapped the body in,
before it stiffened — all three
frozen in the chill and now
snap like gunshots in the gusts.

Cascading dark ice droplets
scatter on the snow
where the sun glare makes shadows
in the tracks of the toboggan to the cliff edge,
the body gone in the ice and slurry
in the river below swollen
with a late winter tide on a full moon.
Her hands still shaking as she holds
a cold cup of tea.

read between the lines

there may be

in those spaces

a glimpse of nothingness

if you look sideways

just so

at the right moment

what really matters

is never there

even in a poem

lines are wasted

and emptiness

holds the ineffable

there

maybe

we should circulate

blank pages

a few horizontal lines

may be

all

that is necessary