OBVIOUSLY OBVIOUSLY NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

by Rod Pederson

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Especially the Blue Heron

rounded rock talks
of origins

but

when the bird fell
sand and water
claimed its bones

bent into untimely sorrow

knowing
someday he'll die and I will
bitter the Montreal winter and keen
and memory's aching issue will twist
some small channelled bit
of comparable elegance
maybe

Leonard was a victim you could be
sure of

Style

is a glass earring
perched upon a cobble stone
prelude to a jackboot parade
its own child dressed
in Lazarus drag
new and whining

No Fear of Falling

rainwash rivulets down her back
beams of gold dust barnwalled-in
animals deadwalking further out
her white striped tan yes-purring
adrenal riot, death by bloodrush

On Death Row In An Israeli Jail Cell Adolf Eichmann Reflects Upon A Life About To End

I can't regret the past.
It made me who I am today.

Faith

She is leaning toward the precipice.

But I know
the MRI will show
that nothing is wrong,
nothing abnormal.

I can meet with friends, laugh,
stride to the edge
and leap.