

Shelley Roberts / TWO POEMS
OLD FRIEND

Though black and blunt against the sky
Cedar's senile;
He talks to himself and searches his sleeves.

AQUARIUM

The pulse, pulse of jaws
From noon to two

In gold and orange
Working women pick
Abandoned tables clean
To bone

It's the season of rain ;
Behind glass windows
Vanity is celebrated in new shoes
Courage in the salting of soup.