

Mark Madoff /  
from **SULPHUROUS POEMS**  
sweating out cold day

scouting out the ridges  
for the love of you  
hands deep  
in my jeans to keep  
my thoughts warm  
morning eats evening  
and i eat  
you slowly  
in my mind

wait for  
the life of the head  
to end  
i'm waiting for that  
cripple sun  
to go down

let me scrub your back  
let me bring you water  
let me turn the jet up higher

i'm waiting to start  
forgetting you  
any day now

walk down to  
the muddy bones  
to try

## Winter dreams

night, liquor of stars  
i open the hole for water.  
through the dark passage enter  
those i failed in love  
tumid lips suck at the surface  
i turn for bait, the opening freezes.

in the ice we  
see clearly, we  
step on the backs of fishes  
on broken boats, black waves

the recoil is the pleasure, first  
we fire against trees harmless  
bucking up bark slurry, ice  
angels, but the coyote mask opens  
white the grouse mask opens blue  
and timorous. Our pleasure  
in the recoil.

by the lake named No name  
i fell behind  
surfeit of speech drips  
on the red duck  
trees by the  
lake without Name.