

TWO POEMS

Ron Bayes

Politics

Your mouth broad & honest
as your exposed nipple is flat.

"What on earth can we
prepare for?" you ask.

Courtyard

Ravenhair, your legs dangle
riding the donkey.
Ravenhair, your legs drag
back at the ankles —
as the goat toddles.
Ravenhair, who wouldn't
have a runaway
imagination;
focus on all your extremities.

O give me a raven's beak
& have at you!