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Keeping What It Wants

The car next to the shoreline in August,
like resting in the hot, thirsty mouth of a giant.
She falls asleep on the hood,
in the stare of the funhouse wall joker.

The moon's melt-burn face
welds her heart to that surface—
standing in the morning, she is an elaborate skeleton,
heart left beating above the engine.

That body walks into the boardwalk's breakspace,
pushes aside the misty spider web air,
and disappears.

Driving home alone, empty cans beat percussion
in the back seat, the merry-go-round
sings a song to the car, which knew
where to go and where to never go back.

Robert Krut



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Sugar and Dust

Everything feels computerized and messy,
wires covered with sugar and dust,
chewed up extension cords feeding
the microchips that run the world.

It's easy here to see that life is an illusion—
the D-movie star in the corner booth stuffing his face
with chow mein adds just the right touch
to make it all feel fake, a flimsy TV production.

But trust this theory, and it's another story—
nothing proves the world is real like shoving
some guy into a drum kit at one in the morning,
the chaos, nerve-inducing result of a reality test.

Everyone is their own jittery film strip
in front of the perspective point, projected
from the center of the earth out of a mundane cycle,
continuing illusion as nature, not as grand trick.

Robert Krut

Robert Krut's poetry has appeared in *Barrow Street*, *Salt Hill*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, and the *Mid-American Review*, among others. Work has also been published online in *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Nidus*, and the *2 River View*. Currently, he teaches at the University of California at Santa Barbara, and lives in Los Angeles.