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Finality of Mouth

we dipped buckets and
buckets
of dark early morning
inside our mouths,

and the finality of mouth,
and the vast, cool water
of mouth —
it floats,
spins in ponderance
of spine,

and the thought
of you
like nouns
dripped in verbs
like we
and love
tucked between
the hips,

it brings me this
hard-coming
hope: a fleck of birth
in a dark
of dead air.

Evan Nagle



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In the Frailty Winter

something beautiful
about the baker's wife,
dead
in the diner
in the cold cold
in the frailty winter

please please
is the baker's call
in the kitchen,
in the hungry, helpless,
hearkened with moon

slow slow
is the calorie's sap
on the dead wife's
blood
on the alleys
on the angel's throat
on the nakeds of God.

please please
is the baker's call
for the baker's wife,
dead
in the diner
in the cold cold
in the frailty winter.

Evan Nagle

Evan Nagle is a part-time writer and a part-time farmer. He lives in Indianapolis, Indiana.