

# Fever

By Jason Koepp

There is a moment  
when you come to lay beside me.  
My heavy eyes make out a white dress  
in the darkness, how it trails behind you, a comet.

There is a moment when nothing moves  
but the wind across pliant limbs.  
Nothing moves but blood in the hollow of my chest.

There is a moment  
when even the wind quiets. Your lips  
seek the heat of my forehead,  
cool stars in the darkness.

# Gone

*By Jason Koepp*

He says he'll sell it all.  
Tools, guns, plates, furniture,  
the further thrown these bits of home  
the lighter load he'll have to carry.

He'll leave behind the walls  
he holed up for shelves, pictures, clocks.  
He'll leave the holes unfilled  
and find a home again.

His heart is the hammer through drywall,  
a ten-penny nail driven home.  
This is the blood he drips,  
a sawdust film wherever he walks.

He's old, he says.  
He needs his tools no more  
than he needs some damn suit  
with a diploma to sign a severance check.