

Sample poems from *Sizes Only Slightly Distinct* (Green Fuse Press, CO)

Dream about Sizes Only Slightly Distinct

She's standing in front of her Differential Equations class. "Today," she announces. "I'm going to give you a break. Instead of Fröbenious series I'm going to tell you about a dream I had last night. It was a dream about squares."

On the board she draws five small squares, of sizes only slightly distinct. Then she turns around and continues talking. "I don't remember anything else about that dream. Just, several small squares of sizes only slightly distinct."

She faces the board again and draws a few more squares. Then she faces the class. "You don't have to take notes on this and you won't be tested on it. You don't have to even be here in the first place."

Indeed, several students have already left but more are staying. Some are even in front seats, staring intently, first at her, then at those little squares, of sizes only slightly distinct.

Angels

Their wings aren't silk. And they've got veins. Big veins. Maybe bigger than the angels themselves.

When angels are flying their wings carry them. But when they're walking they carry their wings. Even when they're sleeping their wings are on their backs.

Angels are afraid of their wings. Like fear of a live butterfly too close up. And angels can't get away from their wings. The wings don't snap off.

Sexism at the Pearly Gates

A man and a woman stand waiting by the podium. The man is handed a small pamphlet, *A Guide to Being Dead*. Then someone begins to give him the tour. The woman is left standing. "Hey," she calls out. "What about me? I'm dead too."

The Bug

The man is in the bathroom brushing his teeth when out it zaps, two inches long, one and a half inches wide, an inch deep, and too quickly along the floor. The man freezes, then dashes. "Oh," says the bug. "I'm not wanted around here? I'm sorry. I'll try to go away. Only, this place is so big. Can you point me in the right direction?"