

LEIGH NASH

COMMUTE

And the afternoon puts on a brave face,
puts up a collar against the cold. Two days ago,
the weathervane found a new direction—
it hasn't moved since. There's smoke,
and then there's smoke.

On the street corner, a woman's wide mouth
is a church organ. Pedestrians scatter: one by one
they slip through the sidewalk grates. I'm left with a fistful

of weeds, a stomach full of ideas small as buttons.
The tailor tells me they'll never hold, but I'm
optimistic.

SWIMMER'S EAR

Three down: laps speak in the exotic
drone of helicopters, old refrigerators
and warm beer. Today, I listen
for the knife sharpener's bell from the back
yard—hold my breath until the truck passes,
then lick the lawnmower's rusty
blades clean, my arms flailing like a waxwing's
wings. I'm the pedestrian wandering
the bottom of the seashell, waiting
to be put up to someone's ear.
Can you hear me?

GONE FISHING

I've talked to my eye-care specialist and he assures me the stars are not asterisks to my thoughts.

How does he stay so organized? I have to stop myself from lunging at mirrors and wheel spokes, windows—

I wonder what they taste like. Oysters come to mind, dense as cold spoons. Or lemons.

The kitchen sink is full of dishwater and it's starting to rise. One of these days I'll lose an arm. A fingernail. I'll be a real catch.

Leigh Nash works as a non-profit administrator and a partner in the editing firm [Re:word Communications](#). She holds an MFA in creative writing, is a co-founder of the chapbook press [The Emergency Response Unit](#), an executive member of the [Scream Literary Festival](#), and a member of the [Meet the Presses Collective](#). Her first collection of poetry, *Goodbye, Ukulele*, is forthcoming from [Mansfield Press](#).