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Figure 8: SETTLEMENT: from the Half-inch O.S. map (published in 1962)

Celeste Heule, *Lion Heart*, the ink of the heart of the lion on paper, 2004

LINDSAY DAIGLE

## BLANK MAIL

The mail came late  
so we forgot to get it  
until Thursday.  
My roommate, lazy  
on the white couch,  
never took off her boots  
to nap—  
But she said she'd check the  
box on her way to  
her therapist's.

She's back on the couch,  
black hair as matted as the  
pillow she leans on.  
She says nothing, but  
the orange and red dotted  
tablecloth tells me,  
this one's for you.

Shining white without a pen mark,  
the envelope propped up on  
a soda can, is separate from her  
dirt bike magazine.  
It smells of burnt cardboard in  
ice cream,  
with a round gold sticker  
holding together an edge, no  
Glue.

SARAH MUCEK

## SLOW-BURN MOONLIGHT VINYL

There was a summer:  
Us sitting in the garage-cool  
in white shorts, cheek-  
to-cheek with sweating  
cans of coke, we'd  
drop the needle in  
that turntable groove: Sandy  
with a bunch of worn  
album-sleeves under her arm—  
whatever her brother left  
behind, mostly Motown, some  
folk stuff. Me and Dee  
slapped at mosquitoes, sat  
at Sand's dad's workbench or  
drew hearts in chalk on  
the floor, chin in hand,  
mouthing back-up,  
too hot to speak.  
At night with the sun  
turned down low,  
the other kids came out  
of the darkness like fireflies,  
drawn to the single bulb  
over the pile of bikes,  
to dance in the tar-stick heat:  
Dee flapping her elbows  
like some joyously awkward  
bird, me digging my  
bare toes in the grass, rolling  
back my head—boys in  
the trees, rolling joints, points  
of orange in the leaves—  
the lawn packed with bodies  
and the buzz of cicadas,  
our bodies full of music  
in the lemonade-light.

LINDSAY DAIGLE

## A SINGLE FILE LINE

means nothing to a poet.  
There is no line-leader,  
No designated person  
to turn off the lights.  
We need to be jumbled.

So when a fire alarm  
**disturbs** the analysis  
of the way the person next to me  
ties her shoes,  
one white building full  
of others contemplating  
a pencil shaving—or a shoelace,

becomes

one white stairwell full  
of interrupted poets—

But it's snowing.

An ark of two-by-two creatures  
carrying mounds of papers and books,  
unblinking eyes on the open one on top,  
floods to the concrete sidewalk  
from the concrete walls inside—  
a chaos of dark eye circles  
from sleepless nights of writing.

And it's snowing.