POETRY

[caption for a photo of a mother and daughter in the slums of romania]

by Rowan Tate



"Barred Window" by Frances Fish

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i have a peach in my hands like a
bee sting, the crescent of her cheek
soft. somewhere on green mountains, dirt
layers. she tells me not to tell her husband
she likes the *soareci* in the walls, the dead
bees in the window. who is
morbid that like. we drink *sana* out of the same cup
on the flesh of tires, blue plastic things
around our feet wanting to be flowers. this concrete
crusts on earth's face like acne scars. years ago here
there were mushroom patches, red-pink
birds in carnival, things that killed you
less subliminally.

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