Matt Heary

Seagulls in Buffalo

In someone's library
there will be
a sepia-toned book
with a red-checkered spine.

The book itself
is barely thicker
than a vacation-resort
pamphlet.

It's organs,
however,
are brightly
illuminated;

the stoic anti-hero—

a soulless
model for humanity.

Seven dreams
in six hours:

instead
in stairs
instill
in the still;

in dreams
in staying

in stay...

here's a nickel

here is the ocean.

Ryan L. Gruenewald

On an Education

Greasy prints you left
on the glass
doors, on the desk by the window
won't be there tomorrow?

Half-full paper
cups of cold coffee,
leaves that came
in with your shoes, is it all
gone tonight?

Inching toward
the exit, the desk
left scratches on the floor, so deep
what of those?

A man,
his silent mop
in figure
eights will leave
no streak, what power—
what power he has.