

Marianne Szlyk

Red Gate Park

In the perpetual
late afternoon, oak leaves
refuse to decompose.
Pine needles cover ground
with rust. Still-green grass peeks
out from below. Trees stagger,
too many, too bare
for our delight.

Full to the brim, the pond
is opaque and guarded.
Reeds bristle as we pass.

The Joys of Early Rising

Against the ebbing night sky, the streetlight
is the rising sun. The Chinese bakery
makes almond pastries; their frail, sweet
scent washes over us. Crisp bacon
from the former pizza joint competes,
then overrides the pastries' sweetness
like the day's heat will overcome flowers.
Workers emerge from nearby plants.
Puddles from last night's rain show
no reflection even as the would-be monk
hurries past.

Marianne Szlyk's poems have appeared in of/with, *bird's thumb*, *Cactifur*, *Mad Swirl*, *Setu*, *Solidago*, *Ramingo's Porch*, *Bourgeon*, *Bradlaugh's Finger*, *the Loch Raven Review*, *Epiphanies and Late Realizations of Love* and *Resurrection of a Sunflower*, an anthology of work responding to Vincent Van Gogh's art. Her full-length book, *On the Other Side of the Window*, is now available from Pski's Porch and Amazon. She also edits the blog-zine *The Song Is...*, a summer-only publication: <http://thesongis.blogspot.com>