

Peter Krok

A Bag of Jazz

My wife sleeps undisturbed
by the distance in our words.

I sit on the edge of my eyeball.
The silence fastens my mind.

The blues drug me
like a bag of jazz.

I look for the one
but she doesn't come

and no one knocks
but the shiver in my skin.

I'm locked
in my own winter.

Peter Krok has been the Editor-in-Chief of the *Schuylkill Valley Journal* since 2001. The journal was founded in 1990 and is now in its 53rd issue. He also serves as the humanities/poetry director of the Manayunk Roxborough Art Center where he has coordinated a literary series since 1990. Because of his identification with row house and red brick Philadelphia, he is often referred to as “the red brick poet.” His poems have appeared in the *Yearbook of American Poetry*, *America*, *Mid-America Poetry Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Poet Lore*, *Potomac Review*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Muddy River Poetry Review* and numerous other print and on-line journals. In 2005 his poem “10 PM At a Philadelphia Recreation Center” was included in *Common Wealth: Contemporary Poets on Pennsylvania* (published by Penn State University) and his poem, “Plinkies” will appear in a new edition of *Common Wealth: Contemporary Poets on Pennsylvania*. He is the author of *Looking For An Eye* (2008, Foothills Press) and *Wounded World* (2020, Moonstone Press).