

## CHICAGO 2

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*Dave Snyder*

On the meander scar, a young Polish couple  
walked into a nursing doe.

She did not perceive the Poles as a threat.  
The faun kicked one hoof wildly.

We saw this, my friends and I, from the opposite bank,  
asking if our lives were sufficiently like Sweet Thursday.

A perturbed crayfish flicked itself over aeruginous bacteria mats  
under a splendid copper sun. He lacked for a claw.

*Ecology*, in Greek, means *a discourse on houses*.  
Dragonflies drank from a beer can.

We were afraid from touching the water.

## CHICAGO 3

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*Dave Snyder*

Outside my shower window, the ash tree is filled  
with starlings. One eats a chicken fritter.

*Usually he actually just make the scars like this one here.*  
Danny is feeding the barbary doves.

Later, Eladio in my kitchen shouting *You Mother Fucker*  
*You Mother Fucker.*

Eladio means this as proof of an imperfect world.  
It has been unfair, before.

A cat walks by on its hind legs.  
It carries a bow.

## CHICAGO 5

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*Dave Snyder*

We stopped sweeping up the ginkgo berries

when the old Vietnamese man showed up  
with plastic bags over his shoes like slippers

We'd read that neurologists can't distinguish  
between impulse and intention.

Once he'd gotten up all the berries  
he came over and said,

*For now, we see through a glass darkly.*  
This we understood to be basically the same.

✕

In a shower across town,  
my friend picked up a bottle of soap

to discover an eastern pipistrelle behind it.  
The bat emoted hissily.

Slowly, she put the bottle back, thinking  
*Oh. This is how it begins.*