

Ann Howells – Two Poems

Chesapeake Sunset

A voluptuous sun
plums
tumbles seaward
twins
one swallows the other
as both vanish.
Waves of undulating silk
spark blood-red,
ruby-red
as breakers roll *ad infinitum*
blush pink
while stars scatter depths –
above and below.

Sky. Cove. Sea.
A younger version of myself
floats
a never-ending summer eve
adrift in a tiny boat
till dawn reforms
the world.

After Stepping in a Hole

my ankle puffs --
a winter turnip
pale and purple-tinged.

A woman in green scrubs
dangles her stethoscope
like dog tags

files paperwork
in triplicate
perhaps quadruplicate.

Plastic chairs
bolted to the wall --
every other one is empty.

Machinery ping
and clatter like a casino
blazing light

clumps of people
swaddled in the same
blankness

flip last year's
tattered *Sports Illustrated*
Newsweek, People --

seated
among the broken,
the confused, the scared.

silent
among the drunken,
the crying, the bleeding.

Ann Howells has edited *Illya's Honey* for eighteen years, recently taking it digital: www.IlyasHoney.com. Her publications are: *Black Crow in Flight* (Main Street Rag), *Under a Lone Star* (Village Books), *Letters for My Daughter* (Flutter), an anthology of D/FW poets she edited, *Cattlemen & Cadillacs* (Dallas Poets Community), and *Softly Beating Wings* which won the William D. Barney Memorial Chapbook Contest 2017. Ann's work appears widely in small press and university journals; she has four Pushcart nominations.