

Bruce Morton

Anything Helps

The harsh beauty of the stars
After awhile goes unnoticed
In fitful sleep and rude awakening
Clouds build and leak, dripping,
Through roofs not there on to
Sodden dreams and nightmares.

There are no three squares, just
A circle, a tale told repeating itself
On cardboard held as a shield
Against sharp wind and judgment.
The geometry of blank stares
Arcs without a will to see.

Tension stands daily on a corner
The need to anesthetize taut
With the passing need to rationalize.
Nothing seems impossible, except
For those who have nothing but
Longing for a sign of possibility.

Bruce Morton lives in Bozeman, Montana. His volume of poems, *Simple Arithmetic and Other Artifices*, was published in 2015. His poetry has also appeared in magazines and anthologies, including *HoboEye*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Connecticut Quarterly*, *Spoon River Quarterly*, *North Stone Review*, *Pembroke Magazine*