

Steve Kleptar

Return Address

i.

A coil of rope
thicker than my thumb
in the corner

of the dusty
wooden floor
gives off a scent

of hay. Tomorrow
is the first day
of spring

and snow
has eased back
from the roadside.

ii.

Mythical boats
sail upriver
toward a paradise

of mist. Leafless
trees bend
along the river's

edge. Somewhere
a loon's strange
call. On the back

porch, a package
wrapped in green
with no return address.

Steve Kleptar's work has appeared worldwide, in such journals as *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Deep Water*, *Expound*, *The Muse: India*, *Red River Review*, *Snakeskin*, *Voices Israel*, *Ygdrasil*, and many others. Several of his poems have been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize (including three in 2015). Recent collections include *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* and *The Li Bo Poems*, both from Flutter Press.