

Steven 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 Klepetar's work has appeared in nine countries, in such journals as *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Deep Water*, *Antiphon*, *Red River Review*, *Snakeskin*, *Ygdrasil*, and many others. Several of his poems have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Recent collections include *Speaking to the Field Mice* (Sweatshoppe Publications, 2013), *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* (Flutter Press, 2013) and *Return of the Bride of Frankenstein* (Kind of a Hurricane Press).