

Flash Gordon in Iowa

by David Burton

I will show you how, in the spring,
the sidewalks here
look like a crossword puzzle resting under
a glass of lemonade,
in the park by the spanning bridge
where the bicyclist drowned
and we would eat catfish and pepper (and jam)
with our clothes full of wasps
and drink warm cans of beer
and float in the closed-down
country club swimming pools
beneath the fingers of the moon
and walk in the dark down the alleys in our snowsuits
to watch television through other families' windows
and how our tracks in the snow here
look like a crossword puzzle resting on
a pitcher of spilt milk

