

# 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

