



THREE POEMS

Paul Asta

Bedroom Manners

I find my head
suffocated
in the weight
of my pillow,
my toes sprawled
outside the sheets,
as I feel you
pressed upon me:
an anticipation
of ending my snore.

*Sending a Postcard to Myself on a Family
Vacation*

You wouldn't like it here:
The perfect view
of the beach
as the sun dips
beyond the horizon,
and the waves that crash
against the coast,
as the tide comes in at night,
are all on the opposite side
of the building,
and you are left
with a view of the parking lot.

Here you can see
the new Chrysler Town & Country,
which your father raves about
how it got 5 stars for safety
in the new Car & Driver.

These were not the stars
you expected to see tonight.

Train Tracks

When I was nine years old,
I'd race the freight trains down
Park Ave. on my electric blue huffy
as they'd pass through town.

Three blocks later:
train whistle in hand,
drool streaked across my chin,
I was convinced
the conductor had seen me.

Not far, at home,
you can feel the trains as they pass by.

How the storm glass windows rattle
against their warped frames,
like a loose car exhaust on a cold day.

How the wood floors groan and bend,
as if talking with the maple trees out front.

How at night, you lay there in bed,
ear pressed against the train tracks:
listening, waiting.