

*Onlookers*

Watching Ferris wheel unhinge  
then roll through carnival,  
outsized and awful,  
a long way through midway  
before final, rickety wobble,  
like coin across bar floor  
or hubcap after accident,  
cries from other rides  
and it a general blend,  
some among us one supposes  
thought—even then—thirst,  
bills, disasters on television,  
“rescind” an anagram of “cinders,”  
“snow pea” of “weapons.”  
This did not happen. Much else did.

Aaron Anstett’s collections are *Sustenance*, *No Accident*, and *Each Place the Body’s*. His recent poems appear in *Fence*, *Trnsfr*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, and elsewhere. He lives in Colorado with his wife, Lesley, and children.