
Singles

Hours change hands
Like small denominations.
I can't sleep and tell

Myself time is money.
With me, a man
Has the wherewithal

To wake. We spend the night
With nothing to show for it.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*

Magnets

Reluctant to push your body
Perforce with lust
(Which was the last to go)
Now wanting, you do, somewhat
Clumsy like the first time.

Now there's no taking back
Her abandon, which, like a presence pulls
You side to side like strangers

Trying to get by, where no matter where
You turn you are in the way
And you cannot not get past.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*

Romantic Irony

I know that stars turn more
the less they turn.

I've seen the Milky Way
move clockwise, make
galactic years lean West.

How dare you lie
to a clear-armed woman
across her clouded breast.

Now I hate you less
the more I turn
to milk and the milk turns.

—*Heidy Anne Steidlmayer*