

For the Star that May Have Died

Poetry and Prose by Nicole Andonov

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On the Avenue

In the dream, I was walking with my husband, looking for him. Carefully we both, on account of love, thought perhaps we might find the man we lost. At the corner bus stop, a child stood in a daze. He was very thin, almost bony, and his arms, his legs shrinking so small, so small. I picked him up, on love's account and gave him to the nurse at the "drugstore pharmacy." She was concerned—which pleased me. She didn't want him though, gave him back to me, stiff as a board, wrapped in a blanket. "It's yours," she said. I held him close, so close, his hands cuddled around my breast, on love's account. "Bus's coming," someone called. Still holding on to the baby, I rushed towards the door. "The buses never come on time," the baby said.

Towers (2001)

and then, your son called he was safe; and your daughter had gone to work too early, crossing Canal before; and her friend was so tired, she had shut her alarm off and overslept; and your friend was preparing to join her husband at the plaza when he called to let her know; and her cousin who worked on the 92nd floor had gone that very same day for a job interview; and your next-door neighbor who's been having a bagel and coffee each morning at her desk on the 88th floor had tried for the first time the restaurant on the 70th; and that man was on vacation; and this one had taken a week off to get married; and that one was celebrating his

granddaughter's birthday; and these two women had gone on business overseas; and this one never knew what held her back; and the firefighter, who had been climbing upstairs, with axe and hose and all sorts of rescue equipment had to turn back and manage the crowd rushing down; and the paraplegic was carried down to a working elevator eight floors below; the tourists and their children had, since very early on, cancelled their sight-seeing tours; and all these people who were supposed to be there—and were not, sparkled like clear crystalline droplets splashing from a deep waterfall basin where pine tree shadows had plunged.

Rain Unending

I could hear the tumult
of each blade of burnt grass,

the despair of frogs
burrowed.

For two months the Earth died
item by item.

until the rain
poured day, and night,

morning, noon, afternoon
as it would never stop

streaming down the rivers
into the sun

down the rivers
the marshes the sea into the sun again,

and the chartreuse, and the green,
and the gold against the blue.