

Spring 2017

Learning to Fly

Linda Fuchs

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Arthur Russell

from a raised seam in the paper after
years of darkening radiator heat.

This is how life found him that November,
talking to his sister in New York, to a broker
from Weichert and to Goodwill for a pickup date,
and gazing at the moai on the walls,
like a sort of class photograph.

The cargo of books he'd read was safe within him,
as he lunged through the sea to a harbor of his own.

Linda Fuchs

Learning to Fly

fuzzy caterpillar amber and black
looks up
tall tree, canopy of green
so far away
climbing might take forever
falling quite a danger
caterpillar wishes to fly
but has no wings

"I think I'll just curl up in this cocoon
and sleep awhile"