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THREE POEMS BY ROBERT PLATH

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the edge

the cat rubs its ribs on the crank for the window
her tail whips back & forth while she stares at squirrels

the melting snow is two days old & patchy
car exhaust makes it look like dirty Styrofoam

going out to put shit in the recycling pail
I cut my finger on a Bustello coffee can lid
warm red drops burn small holes in the dirty snow

right now the sun is shining like a giant coffee can lid in the sky
slicing through the remains of winter

I am alive and Spring is booking around the corner
like a thief to snatch my blues

once just to see her

i drove home
piss drunk

on three bald tires
& the fucking rim
after a blow out

strips of rubber
on the parkway

sparks shooting
everywhere

Rob Plath is a 37 year-old poet from NY. He has published well over 150 poems in nearly 60 magazines and journals. He has one book of poems called *Ashtrays and Bulls* (Liquid Paper Press--Home of the Nerve Cowboy) and three, forthcoming poetry collections in 2007: *Tapping Ashes In The Dark* (Lummo Press-in California), *Sour Milk For The Soulless* (Cat Scan Press-in UK), and *My Soul Is A Broken-Down Valise* (Pooka Press-in Canada).