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## Three Poems

*by Howard Winn*

### Tree of Sea Birds

Pelicans fill the tree,  
seeming to hang from branches  
like lost kites,  
children's toys entangled  
by strings let loose.  
But they are birds instead,  
white but dark forms against  
the blue Florida sky.  
Can they be recaptured  
by the child still  
hidden in the grown-up  
bird-watcher.  
So many pelicans  
of Sanibel  
they appear to weight  
the scrawny tree  
which bows to the sea  
in the wind offshore,  
but does not break.  
Are they all waiting  
to fish in the tide,  
to shake off the awkward  
shape and sail again  
likes kites without string.

### Florida to Die For

She collects shells by the sandy sea shore,  
nose down and shoulders hunched,  
as she walks the white grains of stone  
crunching under her bare soles  
to find conch, cockle, cardita, and calico scallop,  
olive, triton's trumpet, lightning whelk.  
She watches only the ground,  
sand and sea weed at her feet,  
never looking up at the soaring birds  
or the roiling clouds heralding  
a storm from the Gulf as they dim her sun.  
She collects sarcophagi for her coffee table  
and Florida is her coffin  
where her shell will be entombed.

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Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

Guidelines

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## Dining in the Big Apple

Eating well has become an avocation for the in-crowd.  
On Wednesdays with the *New York Times*' Dining Section in hand,  
the truly dedicated to the latest fashions in eating,  
swallow one by one the latest recipe and its exotic contents,  
preparing to impress similar friends who have also sanctified,  
as if it were some sacred shrine dedicated to communion  
with the blood and body of the holy redeemer,  
the kitchen with its professional equipment far in excess  
of what the mundane maker of family meals requires,  
as if they were delving into the formula for dark matter.  
The laboratory of the latest kitchen requires the uncommon.  
In another world, soup kitchens and dumpsters feed  
the lost and nameless who do not matter to the ones  
who live high and eat well.

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**Howard Winn's** writing, both poetry and fiction, has been published by such journals as *Dalhousie Review*, *Descant* (Canada), *Break the Spine*, *Cactus Heart*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *New York Quarterly*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Borderlands*, *Xavier Review* and *Toyon*. His B. A. is from Vassar College. He has an M. A. in creative writing from Stanford University. His doctoral work was done at N.Y.U. He has been a social worker in California where he also taught for three years. Currently he is a faculty member of SUNY where he is professor of English.

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