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## KAY R. EGINTON

### Ghostly Listener

Bartok's music in the room  
 The hearer ghostly, alone  
     taking insubstantial identity  
 From a sound.

There is no one near.  
 A friend, however sits quietly reading.  
     Paper settles  
 And news strides in.

There is nothing to be gleaned  
     from the room  
 But a moment frozen.  
 Wintry sound, cold, absence.

*Kay R. Eginton is the author of Poems (1981). Kay has also been a contributor to Lyrical Iowa, a publication of the Iowa Poetry Association. She lives in Iowa City, Iowa.*

## FATHIMA CADER

### What Maps Do

love is a city. it has streets, it has  
 walls, it demands area codes.  
 love is a city, and it keeps  
 with a city's noontime hunger,  
 sweat collecting in its sewers.

love has coordinates,  
 moving swift and cramped  
 through the wires over streetcar tracks.

and love pulses with a city's breath,  
 exhaling in basement apartments.

love piles up in black bags along sidewalks,  
 and  
 collapses into a small mountain of bones on  
 someone's front porch.

love hangs low here, fogs up windows,  
 dampens collars and sleeves.  
 so the city falls into itself, neon folding into  
 neon.

this place is unsure,

is cloaked in watching silences.  
 its eyelids are slow to lift,  
 its fingers still,  
 its lips melting into the shore.  
 it curves its back over its alleys,  
 protective,  
 jealous of what maps do.

*Fathima Cader's poetry has appeared in Apogee Journal, and her other writing most recently in The Funambulist, Hazlitt, and Warscapes, among other publications. She is especially interested in the migrations of war and state violence. She is based in Toronto.*