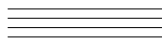


THE PHOTOGRAPHER FEASTS UPON
HIS DISH OF COLD-METAL LIPS



M A R Y D O N N E L L Y

for Walker Evans in Cuba

Take a plane. Or a train inside
their bluely pumping hearts.

Charm the smart, the uncomfortable.
Ladies, pull your socks up swiftly, too.

Shuttered windows spank the hide
of a stunningly pockmarked wall.

Bands of gray rainbow light lay them-
selves across bodies. Uninvited. Clueless.

Today and for the rest of this ice,
you shall love thy neighbor's freakishly-

haloed visage. Snap the plain,
the giddy, the impossible. Snap.