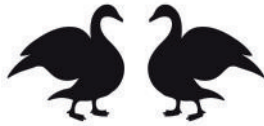


BENJAMIN NARDOLILLI

THE GARDEN OF IMPOSSIBLE THINGS



After the first frost we will plant peaches,
And then in the snow, we will harvest them.

In the summer you will dig little holes
And I will spread the ice cubes out.

When fall comes, I say, there will be trees
With bags of ice ready to pick.

I ask you where you thought ice came from.

I will gather up the roses off dead trees,
And dig cans of peas from the ground like potatoes.

You want to go back to the house,
You are crying and hungry, empty as your basket.

I ask you if you have numbered the trials and seen
all the results.

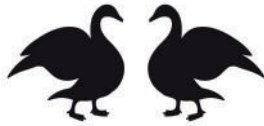
You shake your head, but you know the past,
What has happened before will surely work out.

I tell you that we are new and like nothing else,
We are as likely to blossom as onions in bushes.

Come stay longer, I say, we'll make wine from the
grass.

BENJAMIN NARDOLILLI

HEART STROKE



The border of your heart
I seek to cross, to trample
Every sinew in my path,
I bend the way until then,
When there is no other place
For me to travel to,
And no other face I hope
To turn in my favor.