

### Room with a View

by George Wallace



### We Might Have to Cut the Vacation Short

by Jaime Netzer

I'm not sure what's bluer  
The sky or the painted walls or her over-dyed eyes  
Eyes the hackneyed blue of celebrities, of jewelry, of the bottom of clean pools

And I'm also not sure it matters.

She's beautiful but lonely  
Serene and bored  
Tired of me  
Her yawns echo, bouncing off of forests  
Forcing trunks to yield, to bend to her  
(like we all do)  
And her naked sighs insult the Christ.

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