

*On the Number of People Per Car, Meadow at Buffalo*

Just one just one just one just one  
now three two two one  
just one just two just one just one just one  
just one just two  
just one just two just two just one  
just two two one  
just one

By Judy Swann



*Stung -*

Hornets from under the arbor vitae  
Pursued me, angsty, down the lawn and stung  
Me briskly on the calf with beedrill tongue.  
Not the Nidoqueen, not Aphrodite's  
Archer son, but worker-hornet, flighty-  
Chaser, unlike the bumblebee who swung  
Out just a foot from its nest, cherry-hung,  
To cling to my flesh, toothsome and mighty.  
That white crystal rope from the gutters,  
That braided nylon fringe from down the soffit,  
That's just the drillbit rain of climate change.  
Rain's mercurial lash – a stutter.  
Its runoff is to no one's profit  
But mine – now – out of the stinger's range.

By Judy Swann