Laura Sims

Bank Fourteen

Branding a world In which daisies Appear as if You who were The yard lady Turn In the parking garage

Your logo Bearing you Gravely

Bank Twenty-Five

It's something—

Your body, my car

Laid down in the tunnel of noise For a reason

The white Half-Hour

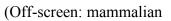
Bank Twenty-Seven

A wave fixes The world

One Playscape By one

*

Not here—



*

My place Agony Yours

Is permanent

Man

Bank Twenty-Nine

What room What anchored space

Where what Machine From time before time

Emptied What man In the middle of

What

Draperies

Laura Sims's book, Practice, Restraint, is forthcoming from Fence Books this fall. Her poems have recently appeared in the journals 6X6, Conduit, Fence, 3rd Bed and 26. She has written poetry reviews for Boston Review, Jacket and Rain Taxi, and an overview essay on Diane Williams for The Review of Contemporary Fiction. She teaches English and Creative Writing in Madison, Wisconsin.