

A Wish

I once went fishing
for sunnies, crappies, yaknow,
up at the cabin
and pulled right outta the water
a whatyoucallit
mermaid
and she said
I could have three wishes
but I only wanted one
oh sure
we all wish it
I wished for love
and so I'm down here
married to a trout
and he's okay.

The Neighbor

It's in the house
where the hedge fern grows
where ficus fills
every window
and you can only see her
in passing
through the curtains
of green
they say
she does spells in there
over a mortar and pestle
of frog hips and wolf fur

it's the only house
I pass
and am desperate
to knock.



Max Sparber is a poet and author from Minneapolis. His poetry has appeared in such diverse publications as Meow Meow Pow Pow Lit, Cowboy Poetry Press, The Poet's Republic, Three Drops from a Cauldron, and VisualVerse.org.



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