

b  
b u  
b u t  
b u t t  
b u t t e r f l y  
b u t t e r f l y  
r f l y  
f l y  
l y  
y

as if to say yes  
the butterfly opens  
then closes its wings

nick avis

back: reinhard dohl



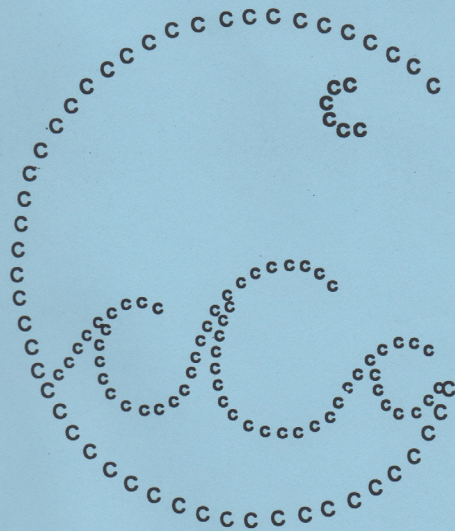
a  
shaft  
of  
! sunlight  
whale spray  
in the bay

poemcard #1 © 1985 nick avis

november wind  
the mail box

e  
m  
p  
t  
y





mer c

old sink  
the leaky faucet  
goes plop

all that remains  
of the fountain's wet dream  
raindrops in a puddle

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LeRoy Gorman, Editor

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**nick avis**

**message for basho**

**pawEprint**  
**50**

no pond  
no frog jumps in everywhere  
the sound of traffic



on these power lines  
yesterday            a child died  
                 autumn nightfall

winter drizzle  
                 the monkey on my back  
soaking wet

a whore and a nun  
under the same shop awning  
         both of them wet

when i look carefully  
beneath the blackened slum wall  
graffiti is blooming