



Jan Ball

someone she was once

the waves on the cold beach meringue
winter latticed boots
crunch-crunching nowhere on the obsequious sand

proletarian pigeons light-glittery when they bank
flockful and feathery catch the flicker-flicker
of morning strobe across an ace, a king, a queen,
a jack
pair of nothing
fold into the landscape

somewhere she was once

a restaurant name written on diamonds in
the window
like small baseball fields or the second lucky suit

MINIMIZE MINIMIZE minimize

the chic woman at the table in the sun
jewelry shining beside the gritty wheat bread
outside an infinity of asymmetric metal parking
meters
down the narrow street

napkin, silverware, waterglass
napkin, silverware, waterglass
napkin, silverware, waterglass

Jan Ball has published poems in *Gargoyle*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Descant*, *Third Wednesday*, and elsewhere.