

most voluptuous of fragrances and tastes—just a breath of an orange will feed a man for days. There are rivers of jewels and oceans of milk, and the streets sparkle in the sunlight. There is merry-making beyond the reach of evil, no fear of punishment, no fear of death. Millions of loyal men ready for any battle. And there are thousands of glorious marvels whether of divine providence or mortal ingenuity: five-footed frogs and two-headed cows are but two small examples. Paradise is the world of infinite possibility.

8

When the Wall fell, it nevertheless remained. For months, more than a year. Every day, from almost any part of the city, you could hear the chime-like din, the constant ching-ching of hammers pounding spikes to split the concrete into rocks, bigger and smaller chunks to hold in your hands, the smooth faces of them colorful but indecipherable—the words and pictures drawn there like a little snippet of a dream, now silent.

In the spring of 1990, I met a Polish man on an airplane between New York and Berlin. He told me he was pouring concrete, spray-painting it, breaking it apart, then selling the chunks, fictitiously labeled, to department stores in the United States. A killing, he said. Everyone in America wanted a little piece of freedom to hold in their in their hands. *If you took all the pieces sold in the United States*, he told me, *you could build another wall to split America in two. Maybe along the Mississippi.*

God, I love the Americans, he said, *they will buy anything.*

At the base of the Berlin Wall, particularly in places where it was hammered down to hip-height, slivers of concrete and mounds of dust rose like rock and sand in a desert. You could imagine dunes laying waste to the city. But the winds rose often in spring, and a thin film of dust clung to windows and doors, and the crumbles of rock gathered in the sidewalk cracks. That's where it went: everywhere and nowhere.

9

Paradise is not useless though no one lives there anymore.

Ben Bagocius

Road Trip

For D. A. B.

The sky's moved all these miles with me

Or it hasn't moved an inch

It's as big as I am

Small

LIT

44

Lisa Pearson

LIT

45

Ben Bagocius

Tabletop

I took my arm
and with one fell swoop
knocked the fear section
off the table
Lies, vases, timidities
smashed to the floor: an orchestra
could not have made a more exulting
final roar

I recognized the now empty space immediately:
grains, swirls
in the wood—still shiny—
dust hadn't gotten to
on account of the mess

I'm standing in front of that table
Lies, vases, terrors:
shards of glass everywhere
If I move
I'll slice my feet

John Latta Ash and Mnemonic

Ash-radickall'd be the asters,

Root'd in the star-kemb'd

Night, glints of divinity up

Against the bad bounce of

The brain ball, its cycloramic

Dints of genuine lustre too

Weak and silly to confute

Or stop. It's morning now,

And the night ken'd nigh

Nothing, 'a wandrynge beastely lyfe

Goone in a dramms myster

Unto playne madnes and follye.'

The sun hath a wondrous

Firk and pull, doth uncover

The sky, for whom one

Mnemonic is 'fayre mayden naked.'

LIT

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Ben Bagocius

LIT

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John Latta