

Dan Kraines:

Dan Kraines teaches in Maryland and is a Masters candidate in Social Thought and Modernism at NYU.

Licht

The yellow traffic light on Jürgen-Strasse
blinks through the pines,

and through the kitchen window,
the glow of the evening sun infests

the horizon. I put
away the forks, I put away

the forks, I put away the forks.
I put away the forks. Headlights pass.

A pile of loose cement,
cordgrass, guardrail.

Next Door

He pushed me into the needles
told me *shut up*—

play the girl.
I hated the smell

of his skin
and the Japanese barberry.

From a window overlooking
his driveway, I watch him

slap a ball against his garage,
shirtless, crack

his knuckles. The first hands
of women stung like his hands stung.