

## **Fuse**

***Written by Ed Werstein***

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All's quiet on the eastern front  
as a thin white cloud  
an open parenthesis  
curves up from the line  
separating the gray-blue sky  
from the blue-gray lake.

Gradually it begins to glow  
red-orange  
like a lit fuse.

Slowly the sun,  
like a programmed cherry bomb  
rising light by light  
from the bottom of a Times Square billboard,  
climbs out of the lake.

As it crowns into view  
the horizon explodes,  
flashes brilliant north to south, afire  
like a distant war zone  
only silently, and with hope.

## **Milwaukee Lakefront**

***Written by Ed Werstein***

*First published in **Verse-Virtual***

Beyond the Calatrava  
in the harbor  
the freighters there, they come and go  
never mentioning Michelangelo