

words SETH, music Ivan Huber

Ivan Huber guitar, Mark Lane bass  
Scott Seeber drums, Felix Garrette percussion

## Triangle Man/The Fly

Triangle Man

floating among the stars

on what planet will you alight?

Who among us could receive your

sharp edges?

Who could gaze into those pyramid eyes

without squaring his jaw

or circling her wagons?

Isosceles on the Mount

with a hypotenuse around your neck

mumbling parables only parallelograms

understand. That is your legacy

Triangle Man

You with your wrecked angles

must float forever among stars

who themselves once had jagged angles

till they found their corner in the universe

and caught afire.

A fly  
walks  
across my cellar  
floor

A big  
fly  
with silver  
transparent wings  
that  
dovetail  
from its black  
pill-shaped  
body  
in a perfect symmetrical V.

Its legs  
are as  
thick  
and black  
as eyelashes --  
big feet perhaps  
by fly  
standards.

It does  
not move  
when I bend  
to swat it. When

I reach  
to squash it  
it does  
not fly  
away.

It  
hasn't the  
strength  
to save  
itself, its  
three day  
existence  
nearly  
spent.

A  
warrior walks  
across  
my cellar  
floor  
and  
wishing her  
well, I walk  
another  
way