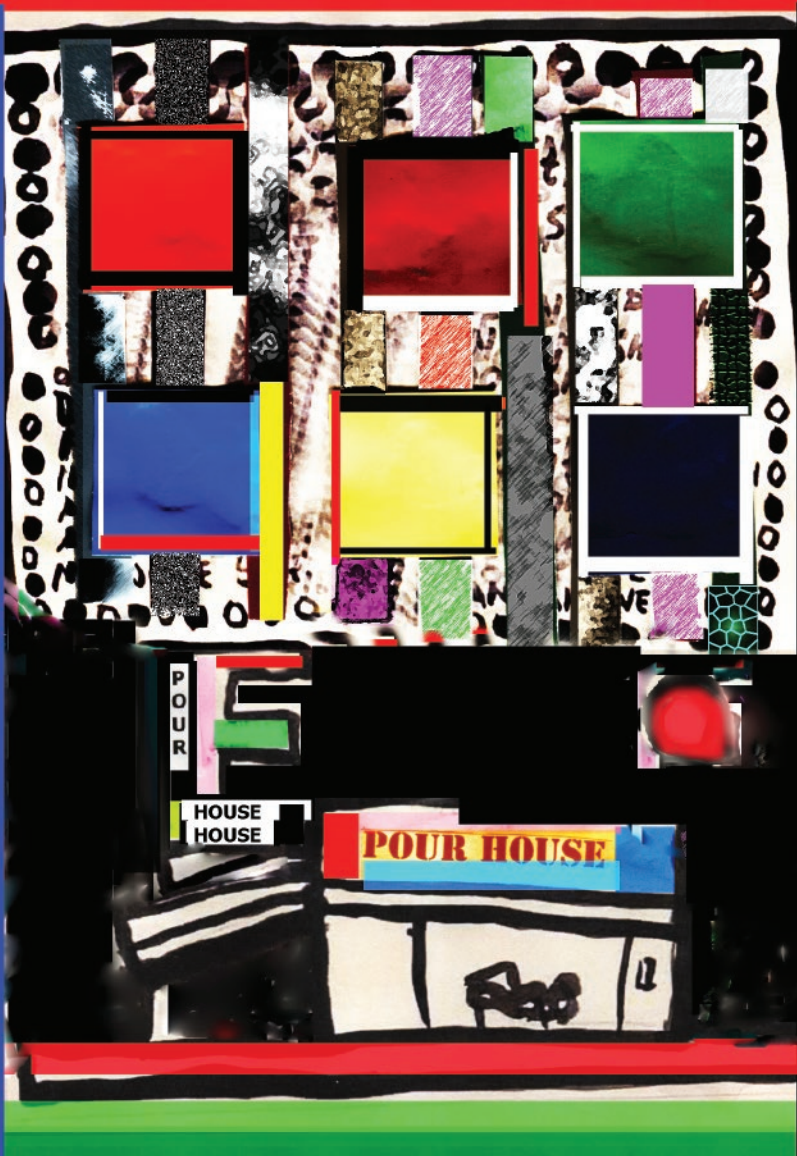


LIMITS



In my heart, that decaying neighborhood, there stands a tavern, apt and shifting name in neon: *Pour House*, of course. Worse days, *Shots*. Everyone's drunken uncles watch for hours waiting for horses, *Fat Chance*, *No Such*, *Didn't Ask*, to splatter silks across a sloppy track or men to beat each other. Elsewhere, flamingos and volcanoes, avalanches and lovers' trembling breaths. Here, through glass brick windows and burglar bars, sunlight swells and fades across increasing calendars, same and changing faces, floorboards threadbare beneath the rail.

8.1.15 BROADSIDED PRESS Poet Aaron Anstett's collections are *Sustenance*, *No Accident*, *Each Place the Body's*, and, most recently, *Insofar as Heretofore*. He lives in Colorado with his wife, Lesley, and children. Artist Ira Joel Haber's work is in the collections of The Guggenheim Museum, The Whitney Museum and elsewhere.