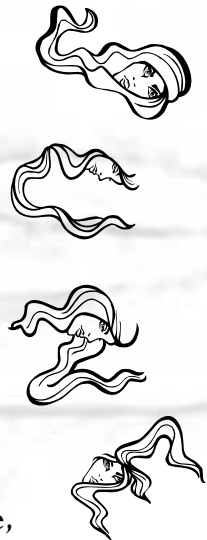


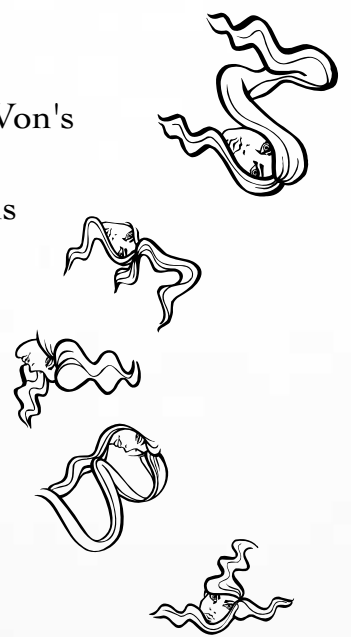


they are floating little circus tents,
 glowing and pretty, as they snare
 the creatures to their deaths
 in delicate streamers



not evil, just hungry like you or me,
 only seducing their food and then it dies later
 not happy to find it's not very circusy

like we would stand in the produce aisle at Von's
 and wave scarves or belly dancing shawls
 and a pineapple or zucchini would fly towards us
 and we snatch it and run out the automatic doors
 giggling and tearing into its flesh with our teeth



June Melby is a semi-aquatic animal raised on a miniature golf course in Wisconsin.

She has been heard on National Public Radio and KCRW, published in *National Lampoon Magazine*, the *LA Weekly*, and in three chapbooks and numerous zines. Her most recent poetry book "Tub Toys" has just been published in Germany on Ubooks.

"June Melby is the spoken word equivalent of Cirque du Soleil"
 -- quote from a Seattle teenager's blog