

Three Poems by Randi Ward

Fleas

“It’s all in your head,”
mock the fleas
crowding around
brimming sores
I’ve dug
raw for another
drink.

Nest

Heart-shaped
hornet’s nest
dangling
from a lichened limb—
stinging resentment.

Spider

We took turns
dropping rocks,
laughing nervously
to see her young
scatter—
tiny sparks
doomed to darkness.

Bio:

Randi Ward is a writer, translator, lyricist, and photographer from West Virginia. She earned her MA in Cultural Studies from the University of the Faroe Islands and is a recipient of The American-Scandinavian Foundation's Nadia Christensen Prize. Ward is a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee whose work has appeared in *Asymptote*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Cimarron Review*, *World Literature Today*, *Anthology of Appalachian Writers*, *Vencil: Anthology of Contemporary Faroese Literature*, and other publications. For more information, visit: www.randiward.com/about