

## 4000 Dollars

*for Nabokov*

By Brian Burmeister

Lo and behold:  
4000 dollars,  
The sum of a conjuring spell.

She'll accept money,  
But never, never  
The man.

And while I know this,  
I've known her,  
Would rather be damned than invisible.

My Riviera love stolen,  
I'll seal the past with a shot,  
Steal the one who took her.

## On Dreams

By Brian Burmeister

Children  
Smashing and clawing,  
Pursuing intangibles:  
Acceptance, etc.  
The unending, mad  
Grappling for dreams.

Each dash always,  
Always,  
Ends with  
Adagio falls,  
An acceptance of sorts:

Coddling soot.

Flames leave but dirt,  
The worst food for a heart.

## Relational Art

By Brian Burmeister

The picture  
Regardless of style  
Ends up looking the same:

Question mark looming,  
Price tag revised  
Amidst whispered words:

“How much time was wasted on that?”

A curio exposed  
For what it is  
Becomes garbage at best.

At fifty,  
With all these degrees  
In the visual studies,  
You’d have thought I’d learn quicker:

Ignore the intangibles,  
Focus purely on form,  
God’s magnum opus.

**Brian Burmeister bio:** Brian Burmeister is Program Chair of English and Communication at Ashford University. He co-wrote *Farmscape: The Changing Rural Environment*, published by Ice Cube Press, and his writing has appeared in *50-Word Stories*, *Eunoia Review*, and *Wilderness House Literary Review*. He can be followed @bdburmeister.