

in a swamp just outside of town
five days after she'd been kidnapped --
body decomposed ...
come to think of it,
wasn't more than fifty miles
away where there were five
murders last year, all coeds, raped,
murdered, mutilated,
and there's lots of
cases of exhibitionism,
guy'll stop his car,
open the door and
show his weaponry to a
little girl or a coed.
No coeds have been
killed here, though ...
but yesterday there was
this girl who'd
hitched a ride downtown,
right in the middle of
town, and the driver
had pulled a gun on
her and hit her,
she pulled the
steering wheel, ran him
of the road.
Predictions are varied
about student activity
this spring,
from zero
to levelling the
whole damned
town.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, MI

Barking At Thunder

Everything that is beautiful becomes
Apparent,
at that point where the boomerang
stops before it turns back.

Everything stops, expectant, like dogs
Barking
at the sound of thunder, before
lightning rips silently in the darkness.

Everyone notices those times during the
Day,
when all thought stops, before the
faucet of the past pours down solitude.

Everything is brighter in the final
Flicker of the candle;
at that instant, before lips purse
and light curls up in oblivion.

Everyone is waiting for the boomerang
to sail away.
Everything is waiting for the lightning
to stick.
Everyone is waiting for the faucet
to run dry.
Everyone is waiting for their candle
to go out.

john berryman's unnumbered dream song

don't whoa' back berryman,
john
brother,
for your unnumbered
dream song is on my lips;
your lovers
will care for henry --

driven wishbone
snapping on the ice plate,
your unfinishin'
your work
raced up the team,
(my fences was tore at
the joints)
when i heard
that you had reached
the bridge:
junction of unsung
and allsung
childhood nightmares,
thrashing.
you filled
the ice-cracks with the blood
of your
imagination,
and lastingly you and father
could speak
the same tongues!

we've been waved away
and i prayed for you john,
berryman
don't whoa' back now,
for i'm
driven on bleary
to
mr. bones ...