

BOOKS

If you can keep straight you will have no friends
but catgut and blossom in season.

--Basil Bunting

no loot, no
lust to string a catgut
in a banjo

to hoot
or holler into
Nawth Jawja

too effete to
chant "Chattahoochee"
in trochaic feet

all's quiet at
Hut City

Jonathan Williams