

## Leaping Out Unfooled

Behind a certain story window  
On Fifty-Seventh Street in Chicago  
There is a Baroque-scrolled mirror  
And then a woman in nightdress  
Crossing the room  
While a silhouette of a man  
Just by the window  
Tilts a bottle to its lips.  
I am reminded of Hopper,  
His helpless emptiness of streets,  
His careful loneliness  
Of the solitary coffee drinker  
In the all-night cafe.  
How his relentless unfooled stroke  
Makes even doorways and dim corners,  
Even the self-pitiers,  
Bare their significance.  
How suddenly the coffee drinker  
Starts the leap-out  
From his world of fantasy.

-- Charles B. Tinkham

Hammond, Indiana

## Homage To Nebraska

Black cottonwoods spray from gulches into grey.  
Black and white, black-white striped  
(snow on the frozen and plowed)  
Ground is beauty and all sound around is only  
Stiff rustle-crackle from brown weed  
(wind)  
Stalks. Suddenly a branched crow drops  
(caw caw kaa caw)  
Into the chill wind and rises from black  
To grey versus gravity.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska