

A Pasture Posture

Fred thanks for
staying still
you could have
gone to the
big city
& hell &
made a big
noise there still
wool's warmer
& someone's
got to keep
sheep when it's
cool as hell
still here we
are Fred thanks.

Before

Hove to I love
you like the sea
when she is
many bosomed.
You blouse out
aloft & we make
love & marriage
& other strange
stops running
before the wind
& a dying down.

— James L. Weil

New Rochelle, New York

He stood out back of the airport smoking
Until she emerged from the fuselage
And he looked at her, inhaling long,
Placed the cigaret on some ledge
Then turned and held her and kissed.

— Louis McCarty

Washington, D. C.