

&
nights are a different dark
in their own black silent
personal way

there's
another
mountain
to be climbed
its nipple stabs
the
taut blueskin
of sky

Any Noise In The Bushes

a 4:00-in-the-morning
drunkenness
from a nosleep night
awakens in me
an
hour-of-loving

which
should be
hurled to its creative
limit
rightnow
but can't

all the trees are asleep
&
any noise in the bushes
might
wake
the
birds ...

— S. A. Osterlund
Ashland, Ohio