

love is the silence out of which  
woman speaks. the female  
country, the grieving country.

                  i stole  
those images from a  
wild girl's mouth. i am a  
witch. i deal with  
death. she sd. i  
struggle against it.

the poem  
is my struggle, i sd. a different  
craft.

                  tho once i hungered  
where the two crafts cross  
to take within my hands  
that power  
& heat it  
at will.

her lips moved in the dark room. blue with  
kissing that cold thing. woman is  
silence, she sd.  
a different craft.

-- stuart z perkoff

ELEGY: William Carlos Williams  
(2)

this is what  
has come to the pine --  
green taken from green,  
the redbird flown  
carrying the green shadow  
suddenly away --  
shadow and song  
from William's tree

-- Joe Nickell

West Liberty, Ky.