

Theyd Lil Hourse Wh'at Lifved En Thet Yard

werds cum sloe dowe down frm the rum of gone down the repition
klopping hands fee ling jump deer run goose queen tru to river
is no kepen hands in load barrell sometimes shoot kill too beeb
animules th pain ter times long hourses work hourses make sad
rows od places 2 c wht it wast mny mure hourses cumin up the
rails to c us

Someone once told me
treetops belong in poems
so this is a poem
with a treetop in it.

Why is it I just cant
sit in England with my
little nutmeg shaker
piles of dirty snow
like the fallen breasts
of the hogs I saw
last summer at the county
fair, the young girls
spilling out of their slacks
and making me think of
everything except being
in England with my little nut
Meg and her shaker.

-- D. r. Wagner

Niagara Falls, New York

The Day Dillinger Passed Through Cynthiana

In those duodecimal days of the thin thirties
when a Century of Progress grew to grass
in our streets, I grew goiter-eyed
at my father's noontime news: 'Dillinger ...
escaped ... the Lima Hospital for the
Criminally Insane ... may be headed this way ...'
A darkness came down the Dixie Highway like a storm.

Deputized, Dad dimpled his doughy gut
with the brown-black raisin of his .38
and hurried off to spy on Main Street
from behind potted palms in the Altmeyer Hotel.
I ran the dog-pack alleys to Wasbro's Confectionary
to squat by the NRA blue eagle, sighting cars
from behind wire racks of Toledo Blades,
hidden less from him than from local enemies