

Grand Avenue
to Vespa's I saw

a matted cocker-
spaniel.)

Anyway, please
get some straw-
berries and
smell them, and

you'll have the poem
I would have

written today. (Perhaps
we should have
books suggesting

scavenger
hunts.)

Weekend

1.

Friday night, driving up
to Downers Grove (about

five miles from
a tornado, we found out

later) we saw
a lot

of lightning. It was dark,
and the sky seemed one
black sheet, but when

the lightning struck,
there

were piles of clouds,
with sinkings and
protrusions. Then,
suddenly, black

again until
the next

lightning.

2.

Saturday afternoon in a hot
Chicago we saw

Neva, an old friend
of my parents. Seventy-three
and still going

strong. Mixes
things up, but not
because of senility. A

self-
educated

Missourian, she's always
mixed things

up. Saturday she was telling us
about a guy

who died. She pointed to
her head and said "It was
a suburban hemorrhage."

Great gal! A month
or so ago I
finished a long poem trying

with difficulty to find
a song in another

old lady. With
difficulty.

Neva is easy. I wish
you could meet her. Anybody

surely could hear
her song. She tells,

honestly and with
zeal, things

that have happened.

3.

Sunday riding back to
Springfield on the Gulf,

Mobile & Ohio, I saw
a white fence

rising over a hill, turned
to a shape by the shape

of the hill, perfect, rising
over the hill. A

white fence.

... Miraculous! That
I was conceived
upon Jessie Curry, by George

Curry, and born into
a world of lightning,

Neva, a white fence ...

-- David Curry

Springfield, Illinois

Cheromantic: 1966

The two massive (bronze) statues
labeled civic justice and civic
virtue guarding the bridge
approach and holding up the web-
cables of that bridge --
one day stirred, stretched
and dropped their load
(cables, concrete and traffic)
into the water. He (Justice)
smiled at she (Virtue) and
an incredible but tender act
was performed right there --
after which with an air of
resignation and (perhaps)
sadness, they resumed their
positions, raised up
the cables and froze.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska