The husbands do not know how to load the small arms they have bought for summer. They think often of Sweden.

They think that in rooms behind drapes in Negro bars the Navajos learn karate, and soon they will be right.

Something in and between the cities is hungry; it is not fed. This is no season to learn the names of birds --

It is no time for that.

-- Dennis Trudell

From an Old Dylan Thomas Fan

wander against him Scuzi.

"It's all right," he says like the other Dylan and he motions politely for the parade to pass. What a lovable mime in his bowing,

as those who sing well often move just right.

I say I see what you are doing though they would pry up flagstones for your -- ummmm --"return."

I say I understand but he says ah ooga and halloo in his horn and offs again.