

and left to die of starvation, but whose uncommon courage and devotion inspired her to visit the prison and stealthily sustain her parent's life with milk from her own breast."

- Robert Rosenblum

5.

The moral of this long "poem" is that one good turn deserves another. Tit for tat, etc.

-- Kenneth Rosen

Falmouth ME

LA MAUDITE RIVIERE ENRAGEE

as th red glo kunsumes
th hash in mi hart
i diskount th unresolvd
hasls facing me
and plan to buy
a black cowboy hat

wearing it they wil say
yr not a cowboy
and i wil say
tru
i am a centaur
thiz is all u c of me

faraway on bits of paper
signals inviting me
to b in top form
emanate frum universities
bureaukrats and frends
a veritabl venus
flytrap for poets
lurks
in all th ways
i kan go
save one

la maudite riviere enragee
wd hav its migrant sail
on its thin skind soil
thru th cottonwoods and pine
wet lady of mi dreams
wher all th best in me
wil b or not to b

litl different wil it make
which if any of th false
sirens i xpose or follo

when the blume iz on th sage
and th mountain blubirds fly
thru mi garden on th floor
of old lake bonneville
mi hart goez over red
rok pass

river of exagerrated violence
i navigate u badly
but in mi dreams
im kuming home to stay

SONG FRAG FRUM A BAD DREAM

giv me oaxaca in th wintr time
let me c jalisko in spring
but th states of old mexiko stil shine for me
on th baks of mi hands in sing sing

-- charles potts

murray ut

Salt

-- for Becky

A child will lick his arm
to taste it.

Deer come
where thick-tongued cows are,
the saltlicks round and yellow.

Out in the winter pasture
before snow
we'd crack the saltlick open
for clean white shanks.
Our tongues were raw when
we came home, we couldn't taste
anything.

It's like this
after I love you.
I go to the ice-box for beer.