

feel like an American tourist in my tan corduroys and blue flannel shirt. The initials C. and E. on the thin adhesive strip look very strange for a Greek name. I'm used to Greek names being long and unpronounceable like this kind of Russian vodka I buy by pointing at it. I'd be disappointed if the E. stood for Eileen or Edna. Rather something exotic, like Elephantitis. I wonder if your apartment smells like that Greek restaurant I don't like. When there's no answer I press my face to the door and stare down the dark hall hoping your head will be poking out the door. I hope my patch of breath will last till you get back so you'll know I stopped by.

BROKE BRANCHES OVER HEAD

One time when he was hunting
rabbits in the woods
a large branch way up came loose
and fell a long way before it broke
cleanly over his head.
He was not the least bit surprised --
nothing about his head surprised him;
not even strange dreams
of antelopes with no hooves.

After he told his story
he was very much admired in the village
for the hardness of his head.
Even in fights and games
the other boys were careful
not to bang their heads against his head.
All except one who did not believe him.
So a contest was held.
This boy who did not believe
and another, held both ends
of a buffalo's thigh bone
the women were using to stir
the buffalo stomach soup.
When they brought it down over his head
Broke Branches Over Head collapsed
like a tepee under wet snow
but the bone broke in half,
his head was that hard.

-- Dave Lucht

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