there's something seemingly very unimportant about much of my poetry

but if you tell me all my work is unimportant I will fish a vital one out

and say here here is something that worked for another human

see here he published it or she published it

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

NOT THAT I HAD EVER NEEDED A HORSE'S SKULL

To frame my view of the world through. My proclivity was for bones of a very dif-

Ferent sort. Old swords, sabers, hand-guns never fascinated me that much. I could

Draw a bead on a bird's eye with a twenty-two, fire, and watch him blink. He knew

There had been something in the air going past him faster than he could see. To sum

It up, I've known women who only blinked a time or two