

If this poem is ever published, such people can write me in care of the publisher. I probably won't feel this way for long, however, so I'm not promising any replies.

THE SCHENKERS

Our little house
in the clearing in the woods
on the side of the hill amongst the oaks
and the pines and the junipers
under the wide sky

is so beautiful.
No telephone, no electricity, only
space and quiet and birds and animals
and peace.

So beautiful,
I'd like to put up a neon sign
on the railing around the deck,
or maybe in the window facing south

for nobody to see,
just me, and Alice,
maybe our immediate neighbors ...
make for some laughs,
some conversation in town,
maybe make the local papers,
raise some hackles.

I can imagine
all the night raptors in the vicinity
and all their prey
sitting out front of the house
in the middle of the night
in hypnotic truce.

Take it down in a couple of months
when the novelty's worn off,
spend a few years
sitting on the deck
thinking up something new.

— Donald Schenker
Berkeley CA