

old churches ringing  
their bells, old water ringing  
my bathtub

                  jammed into an unearthed  
                  skull fragment's eye socket,  
                  a flint arrowhead

in the desert soldiers  
getting killed, at desks graysuits  
hiking gasoline prices

                  a remembrance of your legs:  
                  that stubbly itch  
                  that comes when I don't shave

apples ripe in green leaves  
shading other apples  
rotting on the ground

                  through hills  
                  black against a red sunset  
                  a snaking of headlights

that moving queue  
of concrete slabs?  
just a side walking

                  under crushing feet  
                  grapes turning whichever way  
                  they can

— William Woodruff

Pasadena CA

Note: The first poem on this page appeared in WR:124  
marred by a printer's error. Here it is corrected.