

it amazes me that the dog tied to the porch is barking
its fool head off
it amazes me that the flashing lightning is as white as
new sneakers

— Ronald Baatz

Mt. Tremper NY

JUNIPER SMOKE STILL SCENTS THE CANYON

lichens were
powdered to
treat gums and
toothache for
textile dye

bull roarers were
twirled at the
ends of strings,

made a sound
that still echoes
thru Hopi plazas

MANOIR GENEST

boats, potato fields

long roofs like a
tongue with a curl
at the end of it

first world war,
several Germans
arrested for

spying here. We
lick fruit home
made bread spread

with maple. Near
the wharf, almost
flaunting, at the

edge, daring the
sea to get them,
maybe take them

twice, graves of
the maritime cemetery
black crosses against

pewter waves

— Lyn Lifshin

Vienna VA