From the heat bed of the moody reclining wagon,
To the heat bed of the moody reclining wagon.
And under the bed, I walked over the cold bed,
Because the woods are red and hazy.

The good fortune of Harriet's picnic for his hickory.
And so I lay down heavily, like the place of hay,
That I left my hat, your express, I could see it was,
But when you touched my shoulder and told me
I was beyond healing. Today I was only lost.

To my bed where I am a海外 child in another world
Because of ours, someone is sitting on the edge
Happening forever: someone is sitting cold door on my head.

You're never. Those were his last words to me.
I told him I love you, and he said
I heard in the triumphant, auspicious from the skylark.
He was three days away from his death,
From a wooden phone booth in a crimson
California, Peninsular, where I called my father
In December '71, I was visiting June Pender in

Dear All,

W. Morgan Anderson

A Few Small Gestures of Concern
I decide to pick up the tail.
I spot the track of a wound in a drift of snow.
Shadows lie against the topped trees.
As I follow steadily disposed in the way
When I am done and pitch out to greater heat
What if a stranger appears outside my door?

I throw leaves and cores the pine needles.
I make some progress, the air feel warm.
When I try to continue, the air feels wintry,
I see now that this is a difficult matter.
I move worlds, let from me.
First one way then another, certain there
above paper, I shift the clumsy of words,
my usual possession, pen in hand posted
I am trying to write a story. Every day I assume

The wave

Narrator with stranger

---

Opal Mindstream
I have studied the science of Goodbye.
and that we needed all the time.
We needed nothing then except each other.

We had two dogs.

No one came to visit.
The thin pages of The Canals.
I was 23 years old, running.
This was the season.
I listened to the doors and Jophin.

Pretty good I always said.
My father was this only brother.

Once a week, my uncle called to see how I was doing.

Envelopes of blue imprinted pages—his legacy till the end to break his silence—

whom he loved, and he worked till those years it took him to work out from my father's house.

without merits in a chrome shaker
and attention swarming for my exams,

of vegetables and fruit, reaching the Four Quarters.

I was writing my early poems
but my breasts did when she kissed me.

My glass of tea was dark and didn't show the brighter

when had AIDS, thought we didn't know it then.
collaborating with this lover.
he wrote his poems and six plays.
The year before he died.
And when done Dapse.

Did this make any difference?
and then I read him dead.

sighs in Daphne's Euphones
for example, when I first read Pound He was alive.
I could read a silly thought for hours
and also my father

Pound had just died.

and painted bright orange
worked into a chair made from a broken barchet.
on the balcony, we called a back porch.
smoked Salmons and read small poetry books
I drank good tea with whisky in it.

My Father and Ezra Pound.
Cleaning the Guns

Too much trouble I told everyone except by then.

As I wasn't bad, but I never went hunting.

Of course, in a few years he taught me to shoot.

The one whose head now hangs over the TV set

this year or another one from some game back—

the hunter told me how he shot his deer.

After we worked awhile,

of course, once it was my job to do the final touch

on the finished by he knew parts. He taught me the names

in little pieces to wrap around the roads. I was a machinist

so they wouldn't get lost if old underwires came off.

I liked a white blanket to put the parts on.

the head a white blanket to put the parts on.

He feels the situation—it took all afternoon.

we started with his revolver, then the rifles

with my Uncle Ike to help him clean his guns.

I liked to sit on the canvas back portion

of all the Western movies.

Mall Pouch beckoned to spit into coffee cans

With Uncle were all white men who dreamed

from happy hours, later years all open.

I then used beef and hung it to cool in backyards

Two days off from school for the start of deer season

It was just right, once through with the cutting. Every fall,

the body of the animal must be held to the wall at

sneted colors mounted on a plaque. As a child I was sure

The deer heads were boiled to the wall in my Uncle's house.