

Six Months Later (Jan. '94)

"I would feel bad if I didn't register the blips where the writers are Yep, blip, blip, blip And I like to do that." -- William Stafford in an interview on Feb. 6, 1984

After coffee and the clock staring 2:00
I can't move without tipping my hand.
The furnace mumbles about the end
of winter, blowing its slow breath into
rooms overhead. Here in the belly
of the house, I lean over this page
trying to say something the clock's stare
overlooks, something about words
from over the mountains, riches, wavery
and kind, like a good fire by water under stars.

His sweep over the country must have
caught us by the dozens, our little blips
putting an artful face on falterings. Always
his firm hand, his care to the pen
taken up for honesty's sake. That good
hand, steady as a staff, one with heft,
burnished with use -- Bill, wherever your
words go, that's the right place to be.
More and more I know that now: "Save
up the stories." ". . . greetings and thanks
from this reborn Kansan!"

The closing quotations are from William Stafford's letters of Jan. 18 & 29, 1979,
respectively.

("My piano teacher said the one thing that great artists he had met over the years had
in common was their generosity to those in the trenches." -- Diane Alex)

Rain in the Face

Though maps and charts may be quite grand,
I want no weather secondhand.

11/25/03

Book of lies, by a liar,
If nothing else, will start a fire.

12/29/03

Coyote Banquet

Arrow wedged in bone,
To the shallows she hobbled
Thanksgiving morning.

11/27/03

ADM Haikoo

God in overalls:
"What if we look at the world
As one giant farm field?"

12/4/03

*From "Frost" moods - He made them on the train; I make them
on my walks. S. H.*