The Pag rel Bone Show

February 28, 1980

## An Einen Dichter

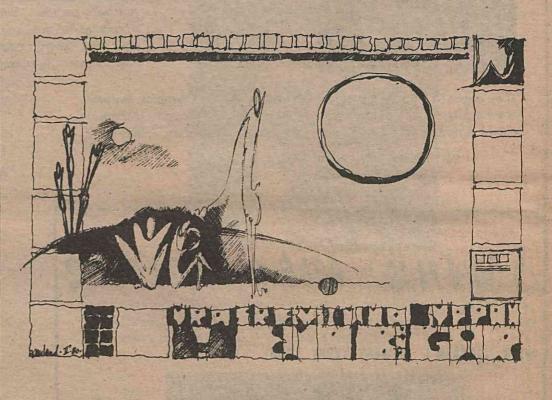
Words are your business, but ii collect them: a lepidopterist who carefully sorts, but cannot give her collection flight. You, however, soar with your vowelsrising above bright eyes that flock to you and your creations.

But have a care of me: at times my eyes can turn green as luna moths, and when the moon is ripe they may rise to softly beat their wings against the brilliance of your windows.

katherine kremer

## The Vision

I lived in the forest and walked through the trees Until fall turned the leaves into dancers. All the colors of sunset were filling my eyes And my eyes were still searching for answers. Will I find myself following the river forever Wandering through all of my seasons? Will my dreams and their danger and all of this anger Carry me while I follow the vision?



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Wait for me winter, I'm sleeping, Softly the river she's weeping; Wondering at night who is keeping My dreams, til the vision returns.

I stood in the sunlight and sang to the hawk Then fell to my knees by the river. The clouds slowly gathered they'd been waiting some time, Quietly, the night's getting nearer. Still the hawk's small reflection was there on the water And my hand reached out for the reason. Touch the river with fingers that would barely remember How easily they destroyed the vision. Wait for me winter, I'm sleeping, Softly the river she's weeping; Wondering at night who is keeping My dreams, til the vision returns.

Larry Ray Formato