

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL
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CIRCUIT

The radio is broken.

Every radio is
broken.

The knobs of all the radios in the world
have turned into soup: babies
and chicken-bones
float to the surface, surrounded
by drowned onions and
Mozart.

Believe me, that static
is something darker
than sound: the air is unravelling
like a torn shirt, the rain
is electric.

Bits of IBM tape
are rolling down from the mountains
choking trees, whispering
in gardens,
wrinkling the grass.

Birds
are freezing
in mid-flight.

Stanley Cooperman

bedroom bending for a goodnight kiss.

and god bless daddy
 three four five
 with his big bald head
 and his squinty eyes

Eliot says we must be still and still moving. He sings
 of the photograph album.

Mother liked that poem. Said so in the kitchen.
 But I never understood it till I saw that deathless
 (lifeless) three-D

color transparency of Father supersubtly
 smiling

king of the hill

above an unknown city.

No photo can hold him.

His jet-set tie is about to take off.

He wants to leap up and dance down the hill into the
 city.

As a son, I am not entirely satisfied with this.

Fathers should be set, predictable,

despite what Eliot says about old men being

explorers,

which Mother repeated to me again and again in the
 kitchen—

despite Father.

James Reiss

BANANA REPUBLIC

The man looks like a hood from Chicago,
Dark, thick, saturated in his own oils.
Though they abound, he eats a banana
Like the only one, with absorbed interest.
Oblivious of heat, the dusty road,
Aware the natives eat iguana meat,
He likes the palm's sound of green knives clashing,
The sea colored like droppings from the sky.
This is the sort of climate he admires
Where men eat bananas undisturbed
Among iguana hunters, embezzlers.
He likes to be pointed at by tourists,
Somewhat lecherous to share his life—
It would be absurd to offer them regrets.
He eats his banana slowly, peeling
Back the skin, holding it like a yellow
Lily with a speckled beige eye that grows
Till it is slack and wilted in his hand.
But the tourists know he is up to something—
Suppose he sees a creamy, lissom nude
Rising from the peeled-back skin—in this
dry land

A Lady of the Lake, hiding her breasts—
There in the sun a ripe meeting of minds.
They know why he came to this republic:
To eat a banana on a hot porch
And make them think it holds a naked girl.
Once they are sure he has this kind of loot,
The world's newspapers will not let him alone,
The government will do its best to extradite—
Let there be speckled lilies everywhere,
Wholesale traffic in Ladies of the Lake —
The man contents himself to be on view.

There are no émigrés, missing persons,
 A naked girl rises from every hand.
 Nevertheless it was better to eat
 The fruit than leave it to rot like a corpse
 On the table, redolent of some grief.
 So he must share the girl they think he sees,
 Eat iguana with the natives just to find
 If there is anything more potent than his dream.

Charles Edward Eaton

A KIND OF PROTHALAMION

Friday, testing a green bean at the stove,
 I remembered "I Remember Mama" — *O, love!*
have I come so far? Fridays long before
 we had TV, back in the olden days
 when I was nine, I'd go to Mrs. Field's
 to watch the memorying. Tonight those pearl-heeled
 feet and the red nightgown curl near the place
 our unborn children own. I feel a ply
 there snuggle in my cradling the ways
 my body feels hot, cold, sweets, and to cry.
 How do you tell fetal things? Here's this, kneeled
 in a green bean. Here's the first time I dove
 headfirst. From our dolphin's back you, too, pour
 a past, another child I see but not to shore.

Ellen Kirvin Dudis

FOUR POEMS

Introit

The old Eskimo method
Of naming a child was this:
Names were shouted in the room
Of the woman in her labor
And when the child heard his name called
He knew it and leaped from the womb.

So I scream bits of past joy,
Past pain at my walls to make
Meaning leap alive into
The light. Give up. How can I write
A song about the fear I feel
When I stare at my hands too long?

I flip through my loves like slides.
Absurd. How explain passion
That sprang from the *cruel* way
Her red pencil slashed through a word?
His clumsiness unbuttoning
My coat that long ago cold day?

Dreams? One of the Notre Dame
Gargoyles is slipping. Its thick
Stone thighs scramble, then slide down.
I walk in a brick-walled garden;
Huge warm bubbles form on the blooms,
Fusing, dividing endlessly.

Pollen spins in them like sperm.
I hug the earth, hoping each
Time for the perfect child: smooth,
Independent, wise, wild. But I

May be that woman I met in Greece,
So crippled she couldn't give birth.

The child died and was cut and
Taken from her piece by piece.

The Goddess

My mother had a goddess for a friend.
Slim and brown, slightly hyper-extended knees,
She could hold her liquor and won at cards.
Once she told how she was ironing
And her husband was touching the faucet
And they kissed. Wham! A shock pulsed through
 them
Just like in cartoons.

On picnics they made each other eat grass.
They had a little boy; they bought new cars.
They started running with a drinking crowd,
My mother said. When he told jokes that weren't
Allowed, I loved the way her head flew back
In smoky, throaty laughter. It was long,
Long after

That I found out he was a womanizer.
After he was red faced and hard fatted.
The boy grew up. She had the house re-done.
Then one day she noticed that her arms were numb.
Soon they found her standing naked among
Her green-and-while striped chairs, holding back
 screams
With both hands.

They let her come home for her son's wedding,
But she stood up and shouted down the priest
With babble about a dripping beast.
Now she won't talk to anyone, nor hold
Her grandson for fear that she'll drop him.
If they let her cook she gets cut and burned,
And she won't brush her teeth.

Encounter

One dead-hot day, when I was midwifing
Great ice clots from the fridge with numbing hands,
A boy-o crow, too big for the trees
And bold as a drummer, flew down to sing
To me, so close that I could see his fleas.

Head cocked, throat feathers puffed
Like a dirty ascot,
He swiftly manufactured
A manic monologue
Of low, sweet, rapid talk
To charm me out of crumbs.

Black crow, black Irish boozing man,
Just so, fifty years ago, you returned
To my grandmother. While you begged your skilled
Hands started on her buttons and she burned
Like a bride for the baby that killed her.

Old, *verboden* wino,
I saw you once in the park.
You shuffled with the pack
Of bums dwarfed by the elms.
You heard my cousin say
"That one's our grandpa."

You stopped and peered with red eyes sad as
 Rembrandt's
 At us, the priceless ones. You drank us in.
 I had your dead wife's mouth ; he, your long bones.
 I wanted to wave, but my mother had to hide
 The knives from you. My arm stiffened at my side.

Branca

Branca's eyes were as green as the Drac,
 Her cheekbones high as unbombed bridges.

For most of the term she was a rumor,
 The long-awaited Yugoslav whose room
 Stood empty on Two. Empty, but passing it
 I knew gray ash was falling endlessly
 In there, softly filling up her mirror.

Then, toward spring, when the Isère bulged with
 run-off

And our dorm's giant beech tree,
 Flaming with buds from trunk to twig ends,
 Became a tender, splitting paradigm
 Of all of France, she arrived exhausted.
 Every year of her life had been breathed on,
 Fingered, and finally stamped in some office,
 And her low voice, still one country behind,
 Scattered phrases of broken Italian
 Like lost pieces of luggage down the hall.

She slept for two days and woke up starved
 For faces, mountains, light, clouds, anything
 Green, or French, bright brass knobs on old carved
 doors.

While I sipped her pale prune brandy
She devoured the view from my window
And thanked me for the parachuted
U.S. process cheese she ate in Forty-four.

Soon her room was filled with wreaths of twigs,
friends,
And puppy pictures clipped from magazines.
We, with our muted prints, could smile,
But none of us could play the strict, no-handed
Hopscotch that she chalked in the passageway.

Her fiancé slept with his party card.
Only her grandmother still believed in God
And prayed in the house. But she was blind and
scared
To eat the sticky prune tarts she adored
For fear of taking a wasp in her mouth.

And Branca? Somehow she had kicked her stone,
Leaped and landed in her own space.
Gracefully as a scalloped chain of wires
She soared above her country's wild terrain.
Stubborn as a dialect or a river
She found ways to surround and embrace it.
By June she was longing for strange-sounding
Sausages, for Belgrade's wide, cement heart,
For wheat, for solid fields of sunflowers
Turning as one, poppies orange as silk in heat.

The morning she left, already half ghost,
She came to memorize the mountains.

When the Nazis bombed Belgrade, she said,
She drew pictures of them with bullets for teeth.
And when they marched beneath her window
She flung it wide and screamed with all her hate
Some strange German words she had heard:

“Ich liebe dich! Ich liebe Dich!” We laughed.
 Then the train swallowed her up. I thought of
 People with mist for hair, bodies of loam,
 People passing by thousands through barbed wire
 And emerging whole. I thought of Branca home.

Judith Hemschemeyer

“MAN MUSS IMMER UMKEHREN.”

(Karl Jacobi, mathematician, + 1851)

In a barn, in another
 dimension,
 they condemned us before
 we were born, and
 barely in time.

We came, when there
 was no moon
 and the sun had gone dumb
 in the sky. In an
 iron atmosphere

the planet was like
 an opened
 brain and we swore at the
 weird horizons.

The demons of

quantum unlocked our
 gear. We began.

In a barn on a motherless
 planet, again in
 time, and more than an immanent prayer in our
 atoms.

Marina

FIVE POEMS

1 Hey.
Hey you,
 lady going to church
 on sunday morning
wearing the old fashion
 ink blue dress
 with white silk circles
 over it all—
You wanna know where
 Jesus is?
 He's hiding
with the hippies
 in central park
 smoking pot
at a love-in.
 Hey lady
you always take your dog
 to church on sunday
 morning?
Thats good.
 Jesus likes that—
They say last year
 in chicago
Jesus gave alleycats baths
 in buckingham fountain
 before he got all
arrested
 for exposure.

- 2 At the city zoo
I went for the toilets,
 of bowls there I
 found two;
the first had no roll
 of paper—
The second bowl had a roll
 and a half:
 I thought the second bowl
 must be for those who
 just visit the zoo,
 so I shit
 in the first.
- 3 I was going to Mount Rushmore,
 to see the famous faces.
 When in view of the mountain
 I came to a seductive halt::::::::::
- A He Mule, (his redness roused obvious)
 mounted up a She Mule.
 Her ears went straight up
 and all the while they
stayed straight up—She never moved
 off the yellow highway no-passing line.
Our dozen tourist faces
 went blushed to the core
 going to mount rushmore.
Back on all fours,
 His redness diminished;
the She Mule moved off
 the yellow line to eat
 some sugar from my hand—
She poked Her head

through my open'd window
and licked my face
for more sugar.

Imagine me on the way to
mount rushmore being licked
by a She Mule for sugar—
Imagine me coming back from
the nearest store
with more
sugar,
looking for She Mules
on yellow lines:::::
On two feet there must be
some mule in me,
Undiminished

- 4 Wrap me in earth!
 Wrap me in earth—A casket of clay
with worms and moths and secrets
and bury me in the breeze—
 O' deep in the sky
 O' mortician of May!
- Never has a bee been jail'd for rape,
never has a rose refused
to be so commonly mounted!
- A bull eating roses was busted by a bee;
the bee buzz'd round the bulls
 balls and stung one and died—
The bull ran screaming through
the field with a mouthful of
roses.

- 5 I hardly
 notic'd
the glacier laughing
 among the snowflakes—
Snowflakes getting
 prepared
 for the big push.
I gather'd my wife, my daughter,
 my son, and my dog
 and we ran down the street
 in chicago
that goes to mexico
 yelling like
 paul reveres:
 *"The Glaciers are coming—
 The Glaciers are coming!
 Run for your life!"*

Ron Lang

FOUR POEMS

Among the Cannibals

I spear on my fork
raw pieces of my father's heart
 "Eat and his strength is yours"

It is dull brown and bloody
like calves' liver.
 "Eat and his strength is yours"

It is shrunken and hollow.
It has gnawed at itself
for years.
 "Eat and his strength will be yours."

Seeing My Father Again

My father the cricket
sings under the dead leaves.
The vegetable weight of years
presses on his black armor.
He is still scratching
his thin legs in the dark.

Cornered

Cornered. Like a starfish
I cut off my arms
bury them in the sand.
I roll out with the tide,
a bloody wheel
dreaming regeneration.

Black Frog's Pity Poem

Feel the pulse in the throat?
Odd that a black frog
has a jugular.

Wind is one of three
diseases all frogs
suffer once in their lives.
It shakes their long, thin
hands like leafless trees.
It dries their skin.

There is only one cure.
They crawl under moist
flat rocks.
They bury their hands
in their throats.

Gregory Orr

TWO POEMS**Field Guide**

For Jerry Evans

Listen, how the words flourish
as we walk the finite paths
between the fields of infinite events of

lupine, spiderwort, and shooting star;
birdsfoot-trefoil, indian
paintbrush, blue-eyed grass,
puccoon; of prairie-dock to come
and spring ephemerals, gone beneath the shade.
We stop, match names of things
to what is there, and listen, now,
how after we have passed, the plants
revert to seeds and syllables.

Definition of Itself

It is enough that
this perfect oakleaf
is melting through the ice
and resting
in a perfect, two-inch deep
sheer-ice wall outline
of itself,
under a quarter inch of
clear ice-water
cold to the touch,
symbolic of nothing.

Richard Dauenhauer

PORTRAIT OF THE RATTLESNAKE AS A PORTABLE JOY

20

This is the time.

Suppose it is called Coulter's Cafe, Waynoka, Oklahoma.

Population indistinguishable. Some magenta carbon
pungent menus.

Morning: old farmers

Evening: young farmers

A fat man volunteers—he caught a couple of rattlesnakes **fuckin**g.

Boys, I was curious about that (jerking around
back there) and one got out from under the bar.

One bite and I was gone. So Frank and Harry
who I was with—I've been bit!—I yelled and
they walked me to the car. I couldn't even use
mouthwash in the hospital. Alcohol speeds up
the blood. .

Hand shows frantic cuts made on the way to the hospital.

Fat saved him.

(It slowed down the poison boys)

HARLEY ELLIOTT

Advice on where to go to find
 rattlesnakes,
 all the places he knows.
 A farmer of the territory.

Although
 we have a place filed away. A mesa turning in our minds,
 half-asleep on the night drive down. There is a
 question of what changes may have occurred in the
 intimate caprock,
 or that the snakes may be fewer this year for
 reasons we have no ideas on.

This is 4 of us drinking coffee & cleaning pancake off our teeth.

The thermometer as a signal:
 it must say 57 degrees. Otherwise
 the snakes will
 not
 come out.

(Now I watched this thermometer go to 58 degrees. That is,
 the boredom of the scene was memorable. 3 of us sat on red
 high gloss enamel benches. A jeweler crossed the street and
 opened his shop. He stepped into the shop, locking the door

behind him, and turned to look at the glass cases and linoleum, which was well understood by all concerned. There were also some dead flies in the corner of the cafe window. There were some dogs who walked up the street, looking solemn. I was at a slight angle to the thermometer in the cold, my finger curled around my peter through the pocket of my pants).

The mesa
beyond the Cimarron River

Before that: some railroads, red knife blades of jutting
rock, windmills. All of this our minds are past,
focusing on the mesa.

A prairie dog town is just previous, where there have
always been Prairie Rattlesnakes, and 3 of us want
to hunt there now, first. We say:

it might be good.

it is warm enough.

it is probably too windy to hunt on the mesa.

The fourth person wears a cream cowboy hat and says—

I doubt it.

Of course he is right
(we
are
all
fools).

He doubts; usually thoughtfully and correctly.
Sometimes it becomes a game:

I saw a coyote wiping his ass behind that tree.

I doubt it.

Of course we
allow him the doubt
as it seems he is
beautiful with snakes.
They will be
after the mesa,
lying on the mounds with chins tilted up. Their
bodies a pastel red
to confuse them with the earth.

The memory of the mesa, like an insignia lasting a year, has outgrown itself. The mesa is too small. But rocks and ledges, tiny from the road, begin fitting into spaces of the memory. The fence, two certain posts, the certain place in the wire that had been crawled through before. Going through the barbed wire, there is a hope it will recall itself being done before: A formal and magical rebirth of the event. This does not work.

The hiss as a jacket grazes a barb, pieces of conversation, or the wind being stronger than times before: do not allow it. Going through the wire the new beginning of the hunt.

The History Of This Particular Hill
a common mesa

no more distinct than any other to the eye driving by. There have been other people on it in other years. Some college kids with potato bags and forked sticks, a farmer or two.

A kid who lives in the history of the region for
pulling himself up to a ledge without looking,
thus getting struck between the eyes by a
sunning rattlesnake.

(He lives
and becomes a farmer afraid of snakes).

Our snakecatchers are metal. Quarter-inch brake
rod fitted with springs, etc., clamping jaws at
the end that close around the snake. They are
4 feet long.

Used in old grocery stores to get boxes of cereal
off the top shelf. Here
they are the same
as a gun,
metallic noises smooth hard
an alien piece
carried into the landscape.

A heavy linen close-weave
sack to put the snake in and
nylon cord to tie it with.

The snake will lie quietly in the dark.

Toward the vertical rim of rocks; scrub brush and boulders, though recognizable from past visits, have changed; the light different, as if something had been broken slightly or changed minutely as in a kaleidoscope since the last time. The hunt can not be extended from the mind. It begins again
within a new frame.

Cautious weighing of the placement of the snakes,
whether or not we are early enough to catch them
just as they emerge from the crevices.
Or whether they will have scattered downhill by
now, into the tall grass slopes. So
a tender eye on each future footstep.

This is a portrait of
the Western Diamond-Backed Rattlesnake
(Coon Tail)
(*Crotalus atrox*)
to 8 ft.

A perfect and natural creation.

Word most commonly used to describe it: brown

Actual colors: buff, black, cream, gold, white,
grey, various earth yellows, and
brown

A vicious killer.

A devoted husband (or wife).

Brutal. Sly insidious clever relentless brave fearless
easily antagonized cowardly ruthless deliberate tenacious
evil courageous noble. Responsible.

All that is human in the above is false.

Within the crevices of rock, fissures vertical and
horizontal on the rim face, snakes coming out into
Spring. They lie velvet, flat, at the opening. The
4 of us walking the base of the rock wall, eager to
see the first of them
the snake that will be imposed upon or
dissolve back into the crevice, escaping.
Our bodies and clothing unconscious.

Hands and eyes awaiting snakes.

The imagined snake—circles of light dappled on the
diamond back.

Whirring of a grasshopper as an omen to the snakes
presence. The snake unaware
thoughtless in its circle of being
reacting to sky, stone, grass,
climate, as we move toward where it is hidden
all yet to be discovered by each other.

the rock wall surface
glistening
granite blinding
flecks of silver dark blue
patches where cracks disappear
into
the heart of the mesa.

A winter landscape would be:
mesas quiet under snow on the prairie
At the core of each a

cave of snakes.

Walking
the eyes walking ahead.
There are repeating patterns of rock, two silent
snake faces, long grass streaming from the rocks,
turquoise sky over the rim above, two
snake faces
as they are realized
a frozen blood
as the image emerges clearly from the rock
and grass and is
finally understood
is the beginning
of the dream.

Rattlesnakes:

two heads, as if carved from the rock. Slow, cold,
electricity of the four eyes.
Dust colored heads
caught in the silence.

The noise of scales on rock as one pulls back and disappears. The other breaking, turning, to go headfirst into the mesa center, presents a loop of body.

I reach out

Fear is that which crawls on its belly
That which walks upright
Which wakes in the elliptical lidless eye, the
black-lashed blue iris.

A snake thrashing violently in
dealing with a ruptured world

And there is the fear
of its frantic hypodermic kiss. Chance desperate
strike that switches the balance of power, restoring
the hunted to a hunter.

The snake contorts, attacked by the supernatural.
Clear amber poison runs out onto the metal of the
snakecatcher.

Rattling.
Rattling

Rattling
 Rattling
 Rattling
 Rattling

Subdued

it drapes from hand to hand. A mosaic length of
 diamonds and stripes. Forefinger tight on the blade
 of its head, thumb and fingers behind its jaws;
 the snake displayed at the end of a process. Now

less snake than once, less a
 segment of the landscape
 being briefly: property.

History Of The Uncomprehending Snake

born in country surrounding Waynoka, Oklahoma
 (grass rock sky earth water)

length 47 inches
 (grass rock sky earth water)

age

3 yrs.

grass
rock
sky
earth
water

Controlled by
turning to and away from
a subject of
(the snake striking a black hat; ignoring a white hat
the sun having soaked into black).

Heat

Only a small percentage of Untreated Rattlesnake Bites
are fatal.

It is 8%
perhaps it is 12%
The 100% being so volatile, all
unique bodies. Holding the snake by its head, a death
apparatus to a certain percent. Open mouth frozen
into a strike at space. Pink webbing of the muscles,

two delicate hollow teeth, as spun glass in the sun.

Seen as

a beautiful involved mechanism

as the hand that holds it

as the snake itself

the eye of the snake

which is lidless, grey-gold,
a centered black slit

the pit of the snake

heat sensing organ
between nostril and eye, by
which the snake turns and
returns, receptor of the
sun, subject of the sun

the skin of the snake

which lives

the skeleton of the snake

geometric
master of motion

the penis of the snake

which is double-headed

the tongue of the snake

which glistens black and
is double-headed, disappearing

the rattle of the snake

at the ends into infinity

which is the pure
voice of energy

Whether or not any of the 4 of us, holding the snake,
are within the
unfatal percentage.
If a gnat flies into my face.
If my fingers wet against the snake
begin to slip.

There is a movie run in the mind, of the snakes head turning,
signals being sent, the heat receptor, muscles, bone springing
as the snake obeys the message of the sun. The flickering
movie of the mind; double needles sink beneath the skin.

The punctures bead with red.
The blood becomes confused.

This remains
imagination. The snake is lowered in the bag and
then enclosed. At the mercy of my hand as I carry

the snake
rides inches above
rock and grass.

This is the account for us

At 3:30 p.m. on April 4, 1959, we walked upon
a mesa
holding bags
containing rattlesnakes

At 5:20 p.m. we untie the cord and lay the bags upon
the ground. The snakes appear one by one. Re-sensing
the sun and landscape.

Gently folding into the fissures of the mesa
carrying our impressions into the heart of the mesa

as the snake carries my being

as I carry the being of
the snake.

One of us wears a watch

Two of us speak

One of us wears a cream-colored hat

Three of us smoke a cigarette

One of us sings

Four of us will marry

One of us will carry a gun in a different land

after imposing ourselves
on the snakes

circle of power.

This is the time as we speak of it.
Rattlesnakes
will have
spoken
of it differently.

Harvey Elliott

TWO POEMS

Burly

It must have been the fall of nineteen-fifty
When Burly and his boys moved into the house
Just below the flume half-way up
On Screwball Hill—and after a fist fight
Or two, we were all friends. It was just then
That chain saws were getting common
In the woods, and Burly (who was running
His own gyppo cutting outfit) managed to get
Hold of, finally, four saws (all used)
Which he liked to bring home with him—
Babied them like a bitch licking her pups.

And I will always remember
One night in spring, just as it was getting
Dark and the lights were coming on
In the little valley down below, how Burly
Said, Listen here, I want to show you boys
Something, and then there on the front porch
He started the saws and took wire and hooked
The triggers at full blast, and all four saws
Raging and snarling at once an almost deafening,
Resonating uproar, the sound spreading out
Through the dark woods and across the valley
And Burly hardly able to stand up he was laughing
So hard, holding on to one of the porch piers,
Throwing back his head and laughing so you
Could hear him even above the wail of the saws,
And that strange gleam of lights in his eyes.

Coon Hunting

We used to go coon hunting sometimes with Burly
On moonlit nights, you just follow the dogs
And run and stumble, down across Little Greenhorn,
Up over Cedar Ridge, down through Woodpecker,
Around the back side of Screwball Hill
Or over to Sonntag—just run after the yelping
Dogs until dawn. Sometimes they would even
Actually tree a coon, and Burly would put the beam
Of the big flashlight on him (the blinking,
Defiant eyes up in the tree, like small yellow
Reflectors) and would shoot him with the twenty-two
Pistol. Lena went with us of course, she
Was supposed to be his housekeeper, her brooding
Eyes and voluptuous body and full mouth
Even at sixteen, which is all she was, though
We boys of course didn't know it and wouldn't
Have thought anything about it if we had, though
Sometimes I admit it got bothersome having to wait
For them a half hour at a time.

It was years
Later when I saw Burly again. I was a teacher
At the college by then and had gone up
To the Fourth of July parade in Nevada City
When there he was, a little drunk and in every
Other way exactly as he had always been—he even
Remembered me, knew I was a teacher, was willing
To make allowances. I asked about coon hunting
And he said, yes, he still did, and as we talked
I realized something that I didn't know when
I was a boy, that to Burly coon hunting was an art,
One of the finest things in life. He had bought

A place down in Penn Valley—plenty of coons
At first. Then he began thinning the ranks
Until one night when he had treed the biggest
Old boar coon you could imagine, he saw it wasn't
Going to be the same after that—so he called off
The dogs and he left the coon in the tree.

He did a lot of thinking then, and he decided
To invent a coon-net. Blind the coon with
The flashlight, send someone up in the tree after him,
And bring the old coon down in the net—even take
His picture if you want, though it's a lot of bother
To carry a camera. He said, I've caught that
Same old boar coon seven times now, he hates it
Worse than death, says to himself, here comes
That damn fool with his net again, God Almighty.

Bill Hotchkiss