

PERSONA^(mask) POEMS

SCARECROW'S DREAM

Nina Nyhart

I think it's June--
crows landing in black waves.

Farmer arrives with his 22.
Stop, I say. And put away

that gun, I'll handle this.
Farmer shrugs, strides off.

For once I'm boss, and we're
a circle of friends. We discuss,

make deals: a little corn--
a little reticence. Come at night--

save your life. Peaceable
kingdom I'm thinking when

I feel a step on my shoulder,
the first peck in my eye.

GALAPAGOS TORTOISE

Alice Schertle

I saw them come, the long canoes,
the wanderers, the worshipers;
I saw the canvas sails appear,
the mariners, discoverers;
I saw them bearing treasure chests,
the castaways, the murderers;
I saw them come with instruments,
the scientists, the measurers;
They leave their footprints on this ancient land.
I leave the future buried in the sand.