

POEM OF ADDRESS

A WIDOWER'S WISH Leo Dangel

Dora, I thought we'd get through
one more winter at least,
with my old coat blocking drafts
under the kitchen door
and cobs to burn in the cookstoves.
I know that over these last years
bickering became a habit for us,
and the farm, I hate to say,
is more peaceful with you gone.
But this blustery March afternoon
makes me want spring to come.
As I clean the stove and carry out
the ashes, I'm thinking,
it's you I would like to see
walking up from the garden,
maybe bringing me
a handful of new onions
with the damp earth
still hanging on them.

OLD FARM IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

Gary Gildner

Barn, you have leaned too far
trying for those wormy apples.
Now your cows will never come back
and fill their pails with cream.
Now the horse will never come back
with its hot breath and sweaty collar.
Barn, you have leaned too far--
even the cat thinks you are crazy
and stays close to the car.