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John Haislip

From STORM JOURNAL

Been alone now for a week, and for two days nothing but squalls under the low, slow-moving bearded clouds. Sometimes light like an annunciation, but mostly the sun on the long swells far out from shore in pools of burnished light, rocking. Many of them as large as a meadow, but some much smaller than a barn door burning. Like those sundown flameouts through the rows of tasselled corn flashing on the farmhouse windows.