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That First Night Home

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THAT FIRST NIGHT HOME

That first night Lavern called
Dorothy's chest was filled with # ten
Art's head stays somewhere on the wall

We fished the Betsy
I remember I hooked Black Eyed Susans
and watched a girl

burrow naked in the cold shelves
The runs were filled then
White pine grew instead of Jack

The rollway in Grant is closed
They have picnics now, listen
to the World Series

Back Home, the wind blows
in a part of this town
where a man still bowls every Thursday