then finally blackout wondering ....

hell

who's gonna buck 15 carloads of ....

## One Christmas Away From Home

timeless Ernest in his hairy buffalo robes who drove a sleigh in old-Ouebec in 5 below zero weather & loved it was truly a snowmad saint with a toothy smile & smelled of mustvfur

he was 'old French' from 'wayback' said he & all bundled up he stood at head of sleigh talking to his horse then me then horse (poor frozenthing with icycles hanging

on his nose)

& a beard of frosted slobber good horse he was said Ernest good coat too

buffalo fur

said he pounding his chest good weather for sleighride

just right

i nodded & after 2 hours of trotting through coldglazed city



we were back at hotel-starting place

&

i got out & paid him & patted stiff horse-with-icebeard "merci!" said Ernest laughing

(for my 10 dollarbill)

chest pounding again "anytime, just ask for old Ernest"

we bid farewell & when i walked away i couldn't even

feel

my

feet

- S. A. Osterlund

Ashland, Ohio

Ivan and Ellen

-for Jerome Rothenberg

The first summer fog closing over the Prebilofs
Saw people groping through streets to rejoice
With their friends
"The fog is here," they shouted.
"Good luck to you," Ivan said to the fog.

Ivan was chopping Ellen.

Peering through the fog,

He looked her over. She resembled

Somebody's baggy trousers.

Ivan began to pound harder.

Her bobbing head gazed up at him.

"My eyes are swimming and my brain is all awhirl,"

Ellen said to Ivan.

"Is my back swelling?"

"Looks puffy," answered Ivan.

"Then you ought to stop soon," Ellen suggested.

- Michael Silverton Brooklyn, New York