

love is the silence out of which
woman speaks. the female
country, the grieving country.

 i stole
those images from a
wild girl's mouth. i am a
witch. i deal with
death. she sd. i
struggle against it.

the poem
is my struggle, i sd. a different
craft.

 tho once i hungered
where the two crafts cross
to take within my hands
that power
& heat it
at will.

her lips moved in the dark room. blue with
kissing that cold thing. woman is
silence, she sd.
a different craft.

-- stuart z perkoff

ELEGY: William Carlos Williams
(2)

this is what
has come to the pine --
green taken from green,
the redbird flown
carrying the green shadow
suddenly away --
shadow and song
from William's tree

-- Joe Nickell

West Liberty, Ky.