

## Marketing Among the Pennsylvania Dutch

Strange to sit among these black-garbed citizens,  
Their hats resting squarely on unkept curls  
Limp from going it alone too long.  
At first I thought they were hassidim,  
Confused in the subways and not long out of  
Brownsville --  
Searching the grounds again for the right hole.  
But later I realized men and land were the same;  
A race of Pennsylvania Dutch running  
The tourist boom from Lancaster to Downingtown.  
They hang out in town squares on market day,  
Their women trailing skirts over the cobbled stones  
Wicker baskets filled with week-end eggs  
And bonnets that point everything straight ahead.  
Strange to move among the leeks and tomatoes,  
Among the hex signs that shout out fertility  
As I finger the cheese and move on  
Wondering what keeps this people from falling off  
As they pack up their buggies, collapse the stands,  
Turn the posters inside out and head toward home.

-- Sanford Pinsker

Lancaster, Pa.

## At the Hour of the Daily Reckoning

-- to Charles Bukowski

Because you didn't  
you haven't  
oaks, burning leaves,  
long doorways of open snow,  
but  
a cracked sun,  
empty bottles,  
a palm as brittle as old  
newspapers,  
no place to hide.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, Mich.