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wind vane which you read in bed, the campus at Charlottesville filling that grand head. I listen for your laugh and help drink your sherry.

Beyond the glare of sun on white facade we walked the black passage of the Negro quarters. Tom, you who knew the world so well, I hope you freed your slaves in some last testament. It will help me free mine.

The Weight Of It

The weight of it not the body rather her all of it. I loved her but she was heavy.

Country dancing my shadow, spare intellectual swung from the elephant's tail. Talking she swallowed me her voice cold cider on a Vermont afternoon if that means anything to you.

Three years later watching her cross Harvard Yard part of me fingered the scar. I loved her. She was heavy.

-- Robert F. Stowell

Christchurch, New Zealand