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Country Night

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Country Night

Caw caw the crow cried.
The hound dogs woke to that
and the town dogs woke to the hounds.
Then the dogs were quiet
and the crow no longer cawed.

Alone on the bluffs
he comes in quiet:
the bluntheaded owl
has wind for wings,
his eyes two imperceptible moons.

At twelve o'clock
when there was no sound
in the deep draw beyond our house
three mockingbirds woke up
to wound the night awhile.

JOHN KNOEPFLE

Passion

the no not yet of something
whispers softly yes
and morning dies
face up to see the sun
sit topmost in the branches
while
the not yet loving
plunging
breaks dawn red
the life source seal
and hatches
one more woe.

W. GARY GROAT