

1992

Wicker People

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Recommended Citation

Blank, Karry (1992) "Wicker People," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1992 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1992/iss1/6>

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Wicker People

She is really gone
Not sleeping-
Dead
Thunder grumbles
the sky is hungry
I think.
I watch the cemetery
smear and distort
the trees are alive
Their branches: arms
waving frantically goodbye
The rippling panes
are between the wicker people
and the earth
torn open
ready to receive the
red mahogany box
where she lay.

by Karry Blank