



1964

The Specialist

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Recommended Citation

Gilbert, Bill (1964) "The Specialist," *Calliope*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 1 , Article 11.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol12/iss1/11>

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After the horses were gone, Mom would call me. She'd never call until after the horses were gone. I'd get up slow and walk back to our house. The way she looked made me feel like she'd been watching too.

Once, she had said the big black was fighting a war. That's why I watched night after night.

Jim Sadler

The Specialist

I pity the psychologist
who has no self,
the geologist who knows
only shelf from shelf,
and the meteorologist
who can't quite hear
because of the wind
that is in his ear,
Why do they know
only what they want to know,
like what happens
to melted snow,
Why can't they see
that they really are free
to be,
just to Be.

Bill Gilbert