

on any of these brethren who keep on trucking. How do they square that with all that they learned on the playing fields? I went on a great while in this vein.

I happened to turn around and look up the highway behind me, and there I saw a huge tractor-trailer pulled off on the shoulder, a quarter-mile away. The driver was outside, stamping around, signalling furiously with his arm. He had been waiting for me to look around for five minutes.

He was an independent, you better believe. He was driving a rare kind of tractor called a Marmon — rare enough that other truckers passing us southbound would call him up on the CB and ask him what the dickens it was. He said he had picked me up because he knew these people down around Albany never would. He'd see a police car, and then for 30 miles or so he'd warn every other trucker that he saw about it. 'Hey there, eighteen-wheeler southbound,' he'd say, 'there be smoke at

miler one-one-seven, you best be lookin' good down thataway.' The other truckers would comeback, 'Yeah, ol' buddy, we read you and we thank you for that animal report.' They were all driving 55 mph anyway. It was just a little game they played. The trucker said that in January, if the independents didn't get their demands, whatever that might mean, they were going to go out on strike again, and this time they would shut down the whole country, by God.

There it was: one to one, we're friendly folks, good sports; collectively we're hardened, selfish, bullying gangs. Sure enough, my waits were shorter the further I got into the sticks; the less the traffic, the better the hitching. A filmmaker going up to Burlington to see a friend, a Navy recruiter looking for a woman in Lake Placid, two students driving big handmedown station wagons — it took me just five rides, and the last one brought me to my very door. I beat the afternoon bus from Albany by several hours.

TWO POEMS
by Marc Weber

Letter from Gloucester

Shadows pressing the paper, it has been a long time since I have seen you

I dwell in the quiet
the flux of energy circles there, growing
as I focus on it and move with it in the circles
the spirals that come and go within me
coursing through my body

like the tide
as I have watched the ocean surge
it is that I loved
at Gloucester, quiet on the benches
beneath the statue which guides the earth into
the wind
the old sailor at the wheel out of Gloucester Harbor
to Ten Pound Island he faces
behind him the buses always unload
on the roadway above the beach
The head of an enormous tuna
startled me down there
magnificent eyes
from another element

The town swirls in illusion
as tourists are shown facades they wish to see
although the town yet stinks of fish
making it authentic

until the fishermen must leave
as the people Olson remembered left
but these have never taken root

'O tansy city, root city'
cold in September
bone-cold in winter, freezing brine
many ships lost
the price of one tuna now a fortune
as rarity replaces the once common abundance
'these commodities'

furres, sturgeon, caviare,
black walnut-tree, and some deale boards, with such they laden are;
some pearle, some wainscot and clapboards, with some sassafras wood,
and iron promist, for tis true their myes are very good.'

The flights of birds often covered the sun.

Forest Mushroom

Nothing to be know except the presence here
that is nowhere defined
to be reminded of
oneself for no apparent reason
simply to come upon oneself
as upon
a mushroom
delectable, without flaw
spread quietly miraculously open in green mist