

## AT WINDFALL

I'm shown to an upstairs room  
 which is empty except for  
 a massive oak wardrobe,  
 a mattress on the floor,  
 & an ironing board which squawks  
 as I fold it to fit in the wardrobe.  
 Downstairs, Barbara pounds dough  
 flat against wood for a pie crust.  
 Janice puts a rack of raw pots  
 into the kiln in the cellar.  
 Stretched out on the bare mattress  
 I see the room isn't so empty:  
 three spiders weave webs in  
 the angle between ceiling & wall.  
 I drove all day through rain  
 to arrive here unannounced  
 & now hardly know where I am.  
 "Will you look at  
 what the wind blew in..."  
 The roof over my head  
 feels that much better  
 for rain beating on the window.  
 For the use of this room, thanks  
 to bakers, potters, spiders, all  
 makers of the intended community.  
 I thought I'd come down to  
 tell you a story in which  
 little by little you'd all appear  
 unawares & hard at work, but  
 now darkness comes on & sleep  
 overtakes me at the house  
 named for unexpected gifts.

-S. Lewandowski

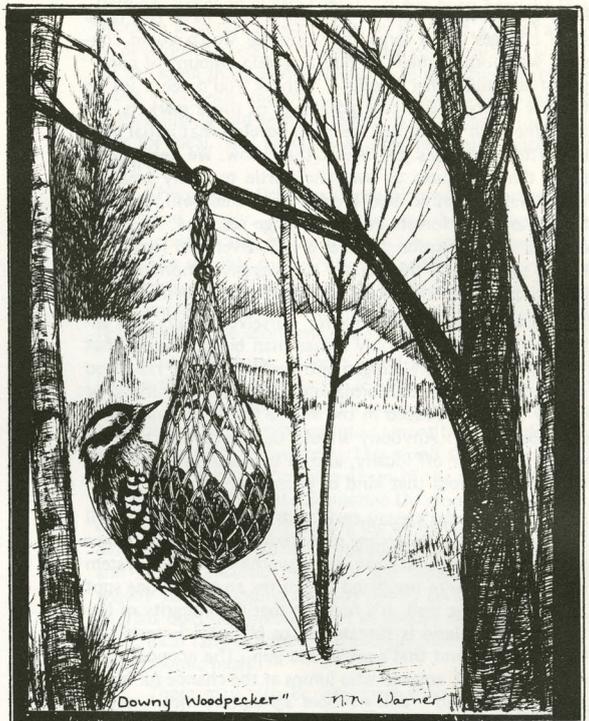
## THE HUDSON RIVER AT CORINTH

Flows  
 through the center of town,  
 below the paper company  
 whose walls rise high  
 as those of any prison.

It breaks free of the dam,  
 surges downstream,  
 exchanging the sweetness  
 of high mountain water  
 for the waste of the mills.

It is the long artery  
 of this land,  
 a heartbeat pulsing  
 to the sea.

-Joseph Bruchac



D.,

as if I were spring I  
love you as if  
I were spring

(Midnight Express)

# 1

like a bird to the breathing  
 surface desire draws us  
 through our deaths hedges prison  
 walls open as in winter to us all and wind  
 the bird's head opens spilling  
 milkweed like our blood —  
 cut on the reed, edge, entering  
 the city together — tears, barley  
 malt, some —

Desire, open

our veins most  
 tender is most open

our veins let

us know let  
 us know

-Linda Parker