Crows and Fools

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Hiking In The Dunes
& Coming Upon Three Ponds
Filled With Dead Cattails

by Fred Boltz

When the world was young
three porcupines left their tracks here
headed north,
ever came back for their bodies.
Sharp sticks still waver in the night air
we are left standing on the river’s edge
lured by a last summer breeze into autumn.
The great dunes cry sand
we are smoke
billowing out from a place
where the earth goes
when it wants to be alone.

crows and fools

by Robert L. Voyles

last week
spring had given
a promise to fools
who would believe
i looked across
the bay
and saw that fishing shanties
still dotted the white shoreline
ha! the seagulls and crows
were making a lot of noise
pretending to be timely and happy
with the new snow
i could tell from the skies that
pretty soon
the sun would come out
and make the fools happy