My Little Town

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"My Little Town"

Mrs. LeBlanc making jello
For Willard's funeral
And Sue and I
Playing frisbee
And talking about LSD
Mr. LeBlanc models shadow dust
and Jim can't call from the corn field.

The town's one policeman
Oohs and ahs over Sue's new car
Or maybe over Sue,
And we swing by the lake.
She says her grandma died
Three years ago tonight
And I say it's all very strange.
We ate fries and hot fudge
Talking about losing weight.
Charlie and Jeff come in drunk
Again
And we laugh.
I come home to find
Miss Venezuela is the new Miss Universe
And all the while
Al is off somewhere
Making Tacos.

SUE JUDNICH

POEM BY KEITH WOODRUFF

Thirteen dry Summers ago, while out
Dragons with my cattail sword,
The most picturesque tree I'd ever discovered me.
A towering piece of broccoli swaying
In golden field; So I dashed through the field towards it, killing 3 Indians
Lion on the way.
I stood under it looking for the sky
noticed that my sword had disappeared wind. Of course, that's when the God started to climb down, So stealthily around the trunk, and there he was, back and SCREAMED.
If ever a tree had an arm it was this.
Bent at the elbow, knotted into a fist the tip, but the limb was dead, bone Saddle-high, the black man hung, limp to his shoulder; his face had sunk rotting Jack-O-Lantern. From the grn mouth protruded a jerky-stick, once peaked out, black holes were the coal eyes, a commotion above!
A shiny black Crow landed on his moss kawed once, mocked me with its beauty then poked its beak into one of the bound, ruffled itself into a flap and soared away.
I noticed something sparkling in the over my feet, a locket featuring a smiling girl with a red bow in her hair. I tried to cry for him. How it must have seen on the "Trojan Horse" when he saw how the ground was. The wind blew gentle, pirouetted.