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Sleeping in the Dark Meadows

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Sleeping in the Dark Meadows

Crescendoing,
The waves of wind
Rush in and break against
The tent; they spread to either side
Divided by the trembling
Canvas walls — and fall,
And fall and
Fall.

And I, inside
Am buried in the lull again,
And waiting for the wind
That gathers in the trenches
Drawn around the hills.
In tangled brush-grass thickets,
Picking up, it swells
And fills with gusty force
Until it spills beyond its hold
And crashes boldly up the slope.

Again it comes.
A charge of wispy men
That whelm the crest and raise
A tongueless cry, they dive and sprawl
To buffet and dislodge the foreign pod
That clings intractably, by metal teeth dug deep
And twine entangling trees in strangle grip;
But failing all, they fade again,
Dispersing shades in shadow pools.

The moon is high and nearly full —
I only know it by the milky light
That filters through the bluish skin

Above me, thin and stretched on bony poles—
But in my head I see it,
Glowing coldly on the tops of hills
And lining distant mountain ridges.

Beside me lie three bodies, still;
And only I awake to hear
The howl of the wind, a toothless wolf
Whose wailing breath sometimes devours mountains
And to feel his giant slinky body brush against the tent.
He frames us now between his monstrous paws.
A single swat could set us bouncing
Off the canyon walls.
But he will not —
Tonight, he is just playing.

J.D. Head

Best Man

Standing there, sweating, nervous, so so proud
watching him watching as the formal chords sound
When suddenly, in a white dress, life appears at the
top of the stairs and pauses, shining face and
eyes almost painfully bright, painfully happy – beautiful
And it seems for one second that the whole congregation
and the whole sanctuary and the whole world bend right around
and bow to this neutron star of happiness
True angel shining Life turns and slowly, weighing every step,
drifts down to Father God and softly slips her arm into his
looking one last time into his eyes as his
then turning, and trying to go slowly, but (even from here)
RUSH is evident in her pores, demanding him
down an impossible aisle of rose petals
down the long ancient aisle of birth
I stand and watch him watching, wishing I could see his face
wishing I could know what he is feeling... and my whole face
my whole body feels like it will just crack from the joy and awe at
this moment of being when a man takes life
takes life by the hand and says, "I do."