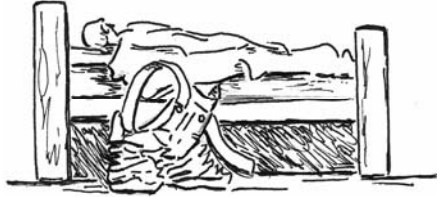


And the Dreamingest of Times

something of no importance wakened him

he slipped from beneath the covers
guiding nine-year old limbs into

blue denim overalls crouched
loyally all night beside the bed

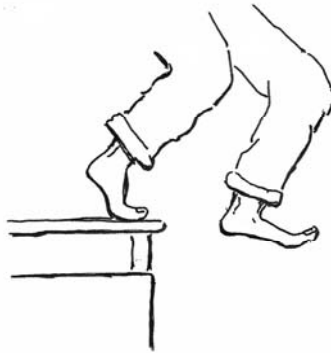


drawing a suspender across one shoulder
covering enough of naked body

barefooting softly past the attic door
down the narrow painted stairway

out on to the planks of the back porch
smooth-worn and cool against the

toughness of his toes he
paused and as the dog rose



stretched and turned to follow
he looked toward the woods

left the sleeping house behind
stepped off the porch into

forever.

