

ENCOUNTERS 1970

Reluctantly I left
the young woman to hitchhike westward
on the Chicago turnpike
after her three day social call
on the lam from trashing
a draftboard in Pennsylvania
by pouring lamb's blood
obtained from a butcher with a pigtail
over the records.
When I returned, I found a man on my
doorstep wearing a brown
fedora over a brown suit with
brown shoes. As we finished
talking, he stood stiffly, and removed
from his coat a printed
card, and read me The Harboring Act.