

THE PIONEER
for SB

The angry man has learned peace
from the old teacher,
an acre of garden.

Planting the Indian way:
a handful of manure, a handful of clay,
soft blankets for each sleeping seed.

In the ripened heat of dusk
he sits on the ground, silently
laying track within himself,

filling in the blank spaces of his map,
and sometimes, ear to the rail,
he can feel the sound of something far-off,

coming.