SEEN ON A COUNTRY ROAD

An abandoned all-you-can-drink cider stand that a man and woman once ran—

traffic from the city dried up, so also the apples. No one could drink any at all.

Boys chase girls inside, and girls chase them out. Among a broken cider jug lie rat-bones that some cat spit out.

The man and woman are at play in the hollow of a huge tree. Both are young and wealthy now.

The huge tree rains apples upon the busy citylarge, costly apples, hard and dry, that kill when they hit.

LATE NOVEMBER, MADISON

Across the lake the lights of the rich people signal a code *warm money*. We stand in a room where a dog is yawning, and a boy is reading his poems written, he murmurs, from the bottom of a pit of acute paranoia.

A mile of late November to those stars across the pit of water. Farm income will fall again this year. Massive layoffs from the second biggest payroll in town. And the poetry is poor, is terrible, and we applaud.

17 David Hilton