THE FIRST POEM

the soft dawn it's light
I mean your body and how I ache now yes, tremble

the words? how can they . . .

"I fuck you"

somehow the raven flying through endless skies that ache too much the unbearable distance borne

Across the valley the sun catches the white silos of these scattered farms Up on the ridge

I mean following the creek . . .

other-birds-wind

As we lie in each other dazed and hanging like birds on the wind

dawn—light—body—words—raven—skies—ache—distance—valley—sun—silos—farms—ridge—creek—each

walk up the ridge west of the town—the minnows darting in the creek. The rock bed, and the currents. The smell of young ferns as I walk up the hill through the beech woods.

Go up to the wild strawberry patch again, squat down and eat some. Continue up along the road, the pine woods by the crest of the ridge—"see for miles".

felt so good this morning—as though I woke up beside you.

Lee Harwood

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