

from *Poem's Poems*

Poem's Home in a Logging Town

the way out
is not south
even if you ride a log
down you will not arrive

Poem moves aware of the state
of colonization--he resides, spools
another ream of paper in a mill
where nothing arrives and nothing
leaves—this still
economy, one black
and blue with pain-
painted trucks and their
airborne residues

and he stands askance as the paper dries
and writes blurred letters as fast as he can

it is, of course, unsellable but
valuable as hell—I for one
can't wait to see it . . .

as the decades roll by
trees get slow slower
and stop falling and the air clears;
Poem redevelops the downtown
around a lack
of ownership and a sense
of a collective uncertain sigh

we are home

this is called living
in a logging town
and shutting it down