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Song For The Mad Hobo Who Slept In My Orchard

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... and walking back, holding it proudly:
  you scan the twelve you took in bio,
  those terrible three in eco,
  and that gut in psych.

... but sitting, you wonder if the sweat on your brow
  is from the lights?
  For despite your 3.2614,
  They never offered a course on life ... 

George Lopez

A snowstorm is slanting.
People come surprised out of the library
  where they were reading about snow.

Ray Pavelsky

SONG FOR THE MAD HOBO
WHO SLEPT IN MY ORCHARD

Crouch coated, gaze at me
  through whispers of wine
  bottles and boxcars,
  and bitch about the cold
  and lemon-lumped ground
  that puts rickets in your ribs
  while you ride a freedom-labelled
  dream train to nowhere in particular.

Exorcised from a
Bull Durham pouch, grace
  me with a taste
  from your spice-laced knife-aced
  collection of future cinders
  and ungummed papers that are
  the substances of a few
  small tokens of the appreciation
  of artists and bums, and are
  the fuel for my rocket’s
  inner appetite.

On alternate downmeets
from the lung-beats
  of a glue sniffer,
  as your face is
drowned in the darkening Sea of Sky,
and in a wrinkling rasping voice,
  plant and stamp the dirt around
  the seedling in my brain,
so that it may blossom and flower
at some future hour,
  and fertilize a forest with
  gown-trained tracks that twist
  through knotholes
and droop
  from branches
to dangle
  Rapunzel’s
three-angle,
among other things, before my nose.

Michael Williams