A snowstorm is slanting...

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DIPLOME

... 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

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