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Song For The Mad Hobo Who Slept In My Orchard

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Cover Page Footnote
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**DIPLÔME**

... 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

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**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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