Dear Mrs. Stein;

Please consider my original poetry program. Would you be interested in arranging...
The muddy creek:
a balding young bard
lands a large carp.

The muddy creek:
a balding young bard
lands a giant carp.

The muddy creek:
a spawning carp
shakes a budding lily

The budding linden:
a balding young poet
sods the bare yard.

The budding linden:
a balding young bard
sods the bare yard.

A balding young bard
stopping to mop his brow,
sods the bare yard

Now the linden's dead

The muddy lake:
spawning carp shake
the budding lilies

The town bully
making his first Communion,
holds a lily

The town bully
receiving Holy Communion,
holds a lily.

The morning star
in the shallows of the lake:
a fallen firefly.
Dear Mrs. Stein;
The frozen marsh:
a clump of cattail reeds
clashes with the crescent moon.

A run-over cat
writhing in the icy street,
draws the prostitute.

The yellow moon
steeping in the pot of tea:
the smell of camomile.

The icy street:
a run-over cat
at the prostitute's feet.

The yellow moon
steeping in the teapot:
the smell of camomile.

The wind-swept prairie:
an eagle carries a hare
back to the crag.

By the empty cell
in the empty prison -
a cicada shell.

The wind-swept prairie:
an eagle carries a hare
to the distant crag.

The icy street:
a run-over cat draws
the town prostitute.

The wind-swept prairie:
an eagle carries a hare
to the nest on the crag.

The icy street:
a run-over cat

First holy Communion:
the town bully
holds a lily.

First Holy Communion:
the town bully dressed in white
holds a lily.
Dear Mrs. Stein;

Please consider my original poetry program. Would you be interested in arranging a tour?
The city pond
a lily of

The city pond:
a lily pad of stone
supports a bronze frog

a great bronze frog perched
on a lily pad of stone

The city pond:
a great stone frog spits out
polluted water

The city pond:
a great bronze frog
spits cut water.
Dear Carl;

I forgot to mention on the telephone that Mrs. Farmer, English Language Arts Curriculum Specialist and/or Mrs Segal, Director of Motivation Program may contact you concerning the quality of my program. They are connected with the Philadelphia Public School System. There is a chance I may present the program in Philadelphia in the fall.
Moonlight and icy wind
an old muskrat trapper treads the icy marsh.

Moonlight and bitter wind: a solitary trapper treads the icy marsh.

The city pond: a stone frog perches on a bronze lily pad.

The city pond: a stone frog perched on a pedestal.

Perched in the lap of the Buddha a stone frog.

The city pond: a great stone frog spitting out water.

By the city:

In the city pond, perched on a bronze lily pad: the great stone frog.

By the city pond, on a bronze lily pad, perches a stone frog.
Dear Jim;

I would like to ask a favor of you. Would you be interested in composing a frank essay or critique
The autumn moon

Rising and falling
an empty dory
the beat of the drumfish

The muddy creek
winding through the woods

The empty attic

The misty island
a volcano belches
at the autumn moon

A distant volcano
rising out of the jungle
belches at the moon

The mission ruins:
a scorpion curls up
in the empty poor-box.

A distant drum
echoing through the jungle,
reflects the autumn moon.

The autumn moon -
a distant drum echoes
through the jungle

The darkening creek

Winter afterglow:
rows and rows of white crosses
shadow the light snow.

Winter afterglow:
rows and rows of white crosses
shadow the frozen snow.

The jungle island:
a volcano belches
at the autumn moon.

The distant island:
a volcano belches
at the autumn moon.

The muddy creek
Dear Jim;

I would like to ask a favor of you.
The rank grass waves
in the summer morning wind:
the graveyard of slaves.

A chickadee
feeding on sesame seeds,
flees from a Siamese.

A weeping willow
shadowing the creek shallows,
pillows the autumn moon.

A bulldozer
leveling the weedy field,
topples the scarecrow.

A weeping willow
shadowing the creek shallows,
pillows the autumn moon.

A song sparrow
feeding on sesame seeds
narrates the long roads.

The salt marsh grass
a scarecrow directs
a flight of geese.

A song sparrow
feeding on sesame seeds,
 drinks from the wheel barrow.

The scarecrow points south.

A song sparrow
feeding on sesame seeds,
narrows the long road.

Flight after flight
passes over the withered grasses.
the scarecrow points south.

A song sparrow
feeding on sesame seeds
narrates the long roads.

Flight after flight
passes over the withered grasses.

After the rain...
a song sparrow bathes
in the wheel barrow.

Flight after flight
passes over the withered grasses.

After the shower...
a song sparrow bathes
in the wheel barrow.
Dear Jim;

I would like to ask a favor of you. Would you be interested in composing a frank essay or critique on my work which would include some biographical material? I would like to use this in a brochure for purposes of lining up lectures etc. Since of necessity, I am my own agent, I am sometimes accused of "blowing my own horn" too much. Of course, you know the promotion game. Perhaps, the prime rule is "Don't Stop". It would be nice to have someone else compose a believable essay for this purpose.
The young bald poet
sitting on a boulder
reflects the autumn moon

A rusty fishing hook
on the bank of the creek:
the crescent moon.

The far meadow
dotted with dandelions:
the starry night.

The crescent moon -
a leaping tarpon
throws the silver spoon.

The crescent moon -
a leaping tarpon
spits out the silver spoon.

The crescent moon -
a leaping tarpon
spits out the silver spoon.

The autumn moon
in the shallows of the creek

A weeping willow
shadowing the shallows

The yellow moon
in the shallows of the creek
the willow's shadow.

The roadside mailbox
wagging its tongue in the wind,
tastes a drop of rain.
Dear Jim;

I would ask a favor of you. Would you be interested in composing a frank essay or critique on my poetry for use in a brochure that would be sent to colleges, schools and community groups? This would (I think) make my approach more effective, concerning arranging poetry.
alone under the moon
The autumn moon

Beyond the roses,
a blooming mimosa
  blends with the dawn.

The moon is gone
a blooming mimosa
  blends with the dawn

The kite festival

Now the moon is gone:
a blooming mimosa
  blends with the dawn.

Now the moon has gone:
a blooming mimosa
  blends with the dawn.

The first firefly -
and the last letter

The first firefly -
and little brother's last letter

The first firefly -
little brother's last letter
  from Viet Nam.

Beneath the linden
a firefly - the darkness
  little brother dies.

The flag-draped casket:
  roses, a blue ribbon
  and a blank name-card.

New the moon is gone:
a blooming mimosa
  blends with the dawn.
Dear Vivian;

I would like very much to speak at the annual banquet. Would 50 dollars plus 10 dollars traveling expenses (total, 60 dollars) be too much. As you know this is my sole means of support; I haven't worked in radio for quite some time.
Haiku Toronto

The plantation ruins
The evening sun sinking
The outhouse ruins
The grassy graveyard
The cathedral spire...cross afire
The graduation ring
The autumn wind...mother alone
A lone cicada
The tenement roof
The wind-swept prairie

Modern Haiku

The outhouse ruins
Little brother whittling
The grassy graveyard
The empty schoolyard...bubblegum
The tenement roof
The first firefly in a valley
The dry river bed
In the lecture hall
The autumn moon
Up the highway
The cathedral spire
Bitter cold night
A lone cicada
The wind-swept prairie
The evening sun sinking in the oily
Moonlight and biting wind
Our neighbor's driveway
The jungle village

Haiku West

The cathedral door
The autumn moon emerging
The starry night
The autumn moon half-hidden
The autumn wind...mother alone
Distant leafless trees
A great white swan
a fiddler crab
the spring wind...love-letter
In the sunbeam in the empty museum
A snapping turtle
The moonlit marsh...hound barks
A lone bulldozer
The leafless oak tree
After the funeral, before the rain
The misty woods
Like the linden leaves
Gazing at the moon
The night is brief
The rising moon, lowering flag
The autumn wind scattering manuscripts
The outgoing tide
The empty mailbox
The flag's shadow

The museum seaplane
A mossy turtle
The musty cell
A distant drum
Winter afterglow
The distant island
The mission ruins
A chickadee
A gold butterfly
The jungle island
The creeping moonlight
A gold butterfly
The mission ruins
The steaming creek
A thin band of cloud
The hot copper sun
The autumn moon...the stooping monk
The museum lawn
That pointing scarecrow
The autumn wind spreading
The mountain inn
The rickety barn
The plantation ruins
An empty dory
The/moss
A mossy willow
Little brother's grave...webs
A gust of March wind
The roaring wind
Near the battleground

July 1971
Dear Joyce;

Please send the new address list. Enclosed are two stamps for your convenience. Thank you.
Like a bouquet
a cluster of dandelion
in our neighbor's driveway.

The evening sleet:
an empty sled slides
into the icy creek.

The rising moon -
the flag at half-mast
lifts in the wind.

The flag's shadow
stretching to the crater,
shrinks the autumn moon.

Our neighbor's driveway: a cluster of dandelion growing in the gravel.

The mountain stream:
a melting rattlesnake basks in a sunbeam.

Evening sleet:
the missing boy's sled
hissing into the creek.

Evening sleet:
the missing child's sled
drifting on the creek.

Evening sleet:
an empty sled
slides into the creek.

Evening sleet:
the missing child's sled
slips into the creek.
Dear Lercy;

Someone said just
Beneath the linden

The cotton field
and the cloud peak beyond

The empty factory,
and the river below
reflect the evening sun.

The empty mailbox
wagging its tongue in the wind,
tastes a warm raindrop.

The far cloud peak
and the cotton field below
Mrs. Jack Leitch
Stony Bank Road
Glen Mills, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Leitch;

Enclosed are some of my latest poems published in Haiku West Magazine, c/o Japan Society, Inc. 250 Park Avenue, New York 10017.

On October 1st, I will present my original poetry program at Temple University (return engagement); Elmira College, Elmira, New York has booked a return engagement for November 6th. I would very much appreciate any suggestions concerning persons or organizations that might be interested in my poetry program. Poetry readings - with the exception of some part-time radio announcing - are my sole means of financial support for the past three years. It takes dedication to become a good artist; the sacrifices have paid off (I believe). My work has shown considerable improvement, and continues to improve according to editors and experts in the field. Return engagements, of course, are very important in building a platform career; The programs at Elmira and Temple should increase the number of lecture dates over last fall.

This summer, I have been seeking employment as narrator and/or actor with television film agencies and audio-visual concerns, and radio work. My experience in commercial radio covers 15 years: all aspects of announcing including play-by-play sports. I haven't been successful yet, but the effort has produced a few good leads. Money is tight; unemployment high. If I can survive the summer, things should shape up in the fall, at least lecture-wise.

I am looking forward to meeting you, and seeing your art work. I will call in a few weeks.

Enclosed is a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Sincerely,

Nick Virgilio
The white sun stares
through the bare horse chestnut tree
the day Kennedy died.

By the crumbling skull
in the corner of the dungeon
a cricket shell.

In the sick room
on a wallpaper blossom
crawling a creeping fly.

Through the drip, drip, drip
of the melting icicle
the rising sun

The cold night rain -
and here, beneath Lincoln's coffin
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
beneath Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
on the train from Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
on the train, from Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
on the train, Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
on the train, Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The April rain -
on the train, Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice

The April wind and rain -
on the train, Lincoln's coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The April wind and rain -
Lincoln's coffin entrained:
the drip of melting ice.
Omua Hirshbein  
Administrator  
Hunter College Concert Bureau  
695 Park Avenue  
New York, N.Y.  

Dear Mr. Hirshbein;

Thank you for your kind letter. And thank you forwarding my letter and enclosures to the Department of Theatre.
In the empty room
flooded with moonlight

A tiny turtle
crossing the busy turnpike,
creeps toward the creek

the dangling hangman's noose

A baby turtle
crossing the busy turnpike,
creeps toward the creek.

The prison yard

a suspended noose
hangs the autumn moon.

The prison scaffold:
a suspended

A black butterfly
keeps lighting on the sl

The prison scaffold:
a dangling noose
hangs the autumn moon.

The empty scaffold:
a dangling noose
hangs the autumn moon.

A black butterfly
is sleeping on the sleeve
of my white shirt.

A black butterfly
sleeps on the sleeve
of my white shirt.
Don Bennett  
Director of Public Relations  
American Cancer Society  
21 South 12th Street  

Dear Mr. Bennett;

Thank you very much for the offer, and appreciating my poetry.

I am sure I can do a job for you. But as I said on the telephone
The autumn wind

catterin

The autumn wind
scattering the names of the dead

The autumn wind
lifting the trampled flag

The Easter moonlight
creeping in the empty crypt;
reaches the Holy Shroud.

The village flag
lifting in the autumn wind,
hides the rising moon.

a longhorn's skeleton draped
with morning-glories.

a longhorn's skeleton

A cresting wave
brushing the crescent moon,
crashes on an empty dory.

A cresting wave
brushing the crescent moon,
smashes an empty dory.

A cresting wave:
touching the crescent moon,
clutches a empty dory.

The moonlit beach:
a schooner's skeleton
sits in a pool of oil.

The moonlit beach:
a schooner sk

The moonlit beach:
a schooner's skeleton
creaks on a swell.
Chairman
Visiting Artists and Lecturers Committee
New York University Center
for Continuing Education
White Palins, New York
The maggoty garbage
the carcass of a carp
dragging the maggoty meat

The maggoty meat
a feeding magpie
catches a hatching fly.

The maggoty meat
a fluttering magpie
catches a hatching fly

The maggoty meat
a siamese cat
catches a hatching fly

The maggoty meat:
foraging magpie
catches a hatching fly

A stray black cat
dragging the maggoty meat,
plays in the heat wave

A turkey vulture
perching in the withered tree,
eyes the clouded sun

survives the heat wave

A stray black cat
dragging the maggoty meat,
feeds in the heat wave.

A lone firefly
settles on a rose petal:
little brother's grave.

The Easter moonlight
creeping in the empty crypt,
reaches the white shroud.

Little brother's grave
a lone firefly settles
on a rose petal.

A cresting wave
touching the crescent moon,
crushes an empty dory.

A cresting wave
Chairman
Visiting Artists and Lecturers Committee
The Student Union
State University of New York
Purchase, New York

Dear Sir;

On November 6th, I will present my original poetry program at Elmira College, Elmira, New York (return engagement). While in the State, I would like to speak
A cresting wave brushing an

A cresting wave brushing the crescent moon, crushes an empty dory.

An empty dory rides a cresting wave - the crescent moon.

The crescent moon - the cresting wave crushes an empty dory.

The autumn moon the other side of the coin

In the empty room flooded by the autumn moon

Blood stains on the floor.

In the empty room flooded with moonlight...blood stains on the painted floor.

In the empty room flooded with autumn moonlight: blood stains on the floor.
On October 1st, I will present my original poetry program at Temple University, Philadelphia (return engagement). Elmira College, Elmira, New York has booked a return engagement for November 6th.

Would you consider my program for presentation at Princeton University?

I have spoken at Cornell University, Rutgers University (Camden), Villanova University (return engagement), The University of Virginia and other colleges, schools and community group meetings.

Enclosed is a resume, and examples of my poetry.

Sincerely yours,

Nicholas A. Virgilio
The cold rainy night
of the wake

The cold rainy night -
from the casket, the steady drip
of melting ice.

The cold rainy night -
the steady drip of melting ice
from the closed casket

The night of the wake
from the casket, the steady drip
of melting ice.

From the casket,
the steady drip of melting ice

From the casket,
the steady drip of melting ice -
without, the cold rain.

From the casket,
the steady drip of melting ice -
the cold rain without.

The cold rain without,
within the drip of melting ice
from the closed casket.

The cold rain without,
within the drip of melting ice
from the casket

The cold rain without,
within the drip of melting ice
from the closed casket.

The cold rain without
within, from the closed casket
the drip of melting ice.

The cold rain without,
within, the drip of melting ice
from the closed coffin.

The cold rain without,
within, the drip of melting ice
from the closed coffin.

The cold rain without,
within, from the closed coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold night rain -
within, from the closed coffin
the drip of melting ice.
Chairman
Arts Committee, Student Council
Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

On October 1st, I will present my original poetry program at Temple University, Philadelphia (return engagement). Elmira College, Elmira, New York has booked a return engagement for November 6th.

Would you consider my program for presentation at Gettysburg College?

I have spoken at Cornell University, Rutgers University (Camden), Villanova University (return engagement), The University of Virginia and other colleges, schools and community group meetings.

Enclosed is a resume, and examples of my poetry.

Sincerely yours,

Nicholas A. Virgilio

Enclosure
The cold night rain -
from the coffin within,
the drip of melting ice.

The cold rainy night -
from the closed coffin within,
the drip of melting ice.

The cold rainy night -
within, from the closed coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold rainy night -
within, beneath the coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The cold rainy night -
and here, beneath the coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

The morning sun stares
through the bare branches of the
the day J.F.K. died

The morning sun rain -
and here, beneath the coffin:
the drip of melting ice.

Mother
hanging out the wash,
holds baby brother

Hanging out the wash,
mother accepts a clothespin
from baby brother.

Hanging out the wash,
mother takes the clothespin bag
from baby brother.

The autumn wind
opening the shutter,
ushers in the moonlight.

The morning sun
is staring through the bare branc

The morning sun
is staring through the bare branches
of the horse chestnut tree.
Chairman
Northern New England Poetry Circuit
Bartlett Hall
Department of English
University of Massachusetts

Dear Sir;

On October 1st, I will present my original poetry program at Temple University, Philadelphia (return engagement). Elmira College, Elmira, New York has booked a return engagement for November 6th.

Would you consider my program for the Northern New England Poetry Circuit?

I have spoken at Cornell University, Rutgers University (Camden), Villanova University (return engagement), The University of Virginia and other colleges, schools and community group meetings.

Enclosed is a resume, and examples of my poetry.

P.S.

Several colleges are interested in scheduling my program for the fall; we are negotiating.

Sincerely yours,

Nicholas A. Virgilio
I am an empty cave with the sun shining in

Down in the abandoned mine
in the basement of the mind

By the mouth of the empty cave

A huge boulder
by the mouth of the empty cave
the morning sun shines in.

A huge boulder
rolling away from the cave -
the rising sun.
Dear Leroy;

Enclosed are some more poems that you may consider for the July issue. Of poems in the last batch, I sent, I have improved two:

A nude couple
pulling the boat ashore -
leaving the moon afloat.

(more suggestive than the other version)

By a longhorn skull
in a corner of the corral -
a horsefly corpse.

(eliminated end-rhyme; poem is now open, and it seems stronger)

Sincerely,

Nick Virgilio
The House of the Dead

On slabs in the House of the Dead,
The ill and aged lie in wait,
Abandoned to ancestral state:
Some happy, others filled with dread.

In the street below, it is said,
Families feast and celebrate
The happy spirit's journey straight
To ancestors waiting ahead.

City hall clock summons the stars,
Broadcasting stars of Broadway night;
Diamond-studded Mafia czars
Honor the God of Power and Light

The mad King of eighteenth heaven
Read commands like the voice of doom
To his trembling staff of seven
From the throne in the Men's Room.

Then Superstar scattered the seven,
He flushed the throne and bid farewell
To the King of Eighteenth Heaven
Who fell eighteen floors into Hell.

City hall clock disperses the stars
Radio stars disappear at dawn,
Gone to a top forty station on Mars
Polluting the air waves on and on,
Polluting the air waves on and on...
Dear Professor Bradley;

Here are some of my latest poems that you might enjoy. Since the summer, I have been composing metered verse, essays and articles besides the haiku.

Walt Whitman's Tomb

Not a single blade springs from his grave,  
The lusty poet who loved the grass;  
His tomb in the hill like a musty cave,  
Through the rusty gate, the chill winds pass.

Jumbled initials carved in a birch  
By a path that leads to the Tomb. I pass  
A puzzle of faded leaves and search  
In vain for a single blade of grass.

If you care to comment, please do. May you have a happy and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

Nick Virgilio
Ernie Kurkjian  
2106 Spring Street  
Philadelphia 19103

Ellem Metzger  
Box 452  
Hill Hall  
3333 Walnut  
594-5416

Chris Vilardo  
S U B (Cultural Chairman)  
Temple
Dear Professor Novak;

Enclosed are some of my latest poems that were published in Haiku West Magazine C/O Japan.
The tenement ruins:
a wrecker's ball
hides the autumn moon.

An empty canoe
cruising down the misty creek,
crosses the crescent moon.

The cold rain without
within the drip of melting ice
from Lincoln's coffin

Many New Years
scattered in the drawer
a few bright pennies

The New Year's moonlight
among many in the drawer
a few bright pennies

New Year's moonlight
The scarecrow's shadow

A stray dog
digging in the snow
covers bread crumbs

Bread crumbs on the snow
covered by a dog
digging up a bone

Digging in the snow

In the snow-covered

In the snowy yard
a stray dog digging up a bone
covers bread crumbs

Bread crumbs on the snow

In the snowy yard -
a terrier digging up a bone:
burying bread crumbs

A black terrier
digging in the deep snow
buries bread crumbs.

A black terrier
digging in the snowy yard,
buries bread crumbs.
Norman Holmes Pearson  
2731 HGS  
Yale University  
New Haven, Connecticut  

Dear Professor Pearson;

Enclosed are some of my latest poems published in Haiku West Magazine, c/o Japan Society, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 10017. I hope you enjoy. Best wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely,

Nick Virgilio

NAV/NAV

Nick Virgilio
The icicled porch
in the moonlight, the door chimes
a summer night tune.

The autumn moon -
a lone gnarled oak
marks my brother's tomb.

The icicled porch
in the moonlight, the door chimes
an old summer tune.

A golden maple
is stripping to the music
of the autumn wind.

Leaving the cathedral
at nightfall, I walk alone
against the cold wind.

A golden maple
is stripping to the music
of the morning wind.

Leaving the cathedral
walking the long road alone
against the cold wind

A lone gnarled oak
clutching the autumn moon
marks my brother's grave

Leaving the cathedral
into the cold wind, alone
on the snowy road

A lone gnarled oak
silhouetted by the moon,
marks my brother's grave.

Leaving the cathedral
into the cold wind, alone
down the dark road.

Leaving the cathedral
at night
Dear Jim;

Just read your interesting article in Modern Haiku. Am I reading you right? You do not consider me among the best haiku poets? Is this opinion based on the predominance of variants in my work? Are you saying that in 10 or 20 years I will be as good as Hoyt, Pratt and Southard when and if I achieve a consistent 5-7-5 haiku?

Of course, who is the best, if there is such a thing, is a matter of personal taste. It would be interesting to see what all the haiku people think on the matter. Why don't we survey them. Of course, a poet should be judged on what he has to say, more than how he says it. How much life, depth, power in his work, I think, should be the criteria. Is what he produces poetry? I think my work has all this. Again, one might say a matter of opinion. But if I did not believe, did not know my work had life, depth, power, I would not continue. This is not say my poetry is great. I do not believe this but do believe it is good and improving. Frankly, Jim, I won't take a back seat to no one. You know how I am. I'll stack my work up against anyone for money.
Beneath the ice,
beneath the snow

Beneath the oak leaves
beneath the ice and snow
a patch of young grass.

Now the moon is down
beyond the forested mountain

The empty scaffold:
a dangling noose
hangs the autumn moon.

The scarecrow's hat
 tumbling through the corn field

The yellow moon
silhouettes a firefly - the smell
of honeysuckle

The yellow moon -
a firefly increases the smell
of honeysuckle.

The old empty house:
a nude young woman
appears at the window.

The empty scaffold:
a dangling noose
hangs the autumn moon.
Dr. Chester R. Stroup  
Superintendent  
Haddonfield Schools  
Lincoln Avenue and Railroad  
Haddonfield, N.J.  

Dear Dr. Stroup;  

Would consider my original poetry program for presentation in Haddonfield schools? I am professional poet and lecturer whose work is widely published in the United States, Canada and Japan. I read and discuss my poetry in schools, colleges and community group meetings.

The Southern New Jersey Council for the Arts and Humanities subsidized my program in several elementary and secondary schools in the lower counties during March and April 1970.

Enclosed is a resume, and examples of my poetry.

Sincerely yours,

NAV/NAV  

Nicholas A. Virgilio
Leaving the cathedral -
into the cold night wind
and down the road alone.

Leaving the cathedral
at night - into the cold wind
down the road alone.

The bitter cold wind
sweeping the frozen swamp,
the creak of ice.

The bare cherry limbs
are reaching out
to the Washington Monument.

The rippling river winds
through the wild rice and cattail:
a string of red-winged blackbirds.

The icy river winds
through the wild rice and cattail:
a string of red-winged blackbirds.