Sid Marty / THREE POEMS THE HUNTER

Maybe looking at a dead bird in your hand, you think it is a metaphor of autumn For you appreciate the symbols and the burning bush of the seasons as you throw it in the bag there with the others, dead Their throats are stuffed with rose hips they have gathered in the coulees For all the land is bleeding and the pyres of the year are smoking

Maybe you remember, how like a baby a plucked bird looks All beasts look the same under their thin veneer

But the land is under your feet And you have the means to reach into the sky, so you go on gathering the birds out of the air

And those that are crippled are timid in the grass They are beautiful as you take them up

to feel their captive wings quivering in your heavy hands

AT CRAIGELLACHIE

At Craigellachie a phallic tower of stone remarks each locomotive horn since men drove steel through these scarred canyons

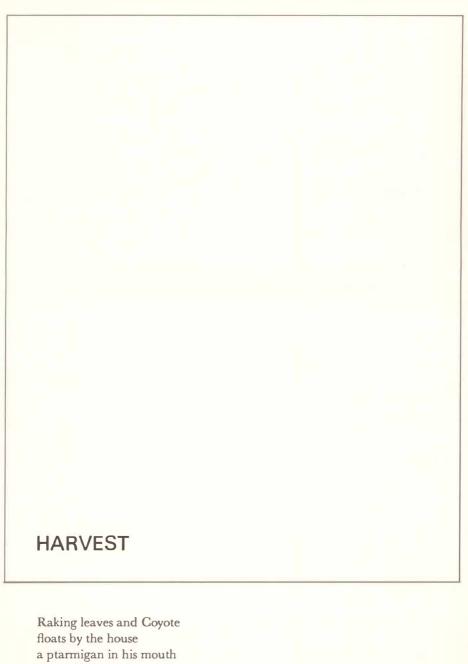
But women are everything

Wind in the trees, the passage sings of survey gangs and powder monkeys blown to bits by tamping nitro with a crowbar, bad jokes in the pride of the builders Pride of men

But women are everything Wind on the winding curve Wheels that catch the shoulder Margins of passage are narrow and the forest falls into the streams forgetting the travellers

Women are more, are all of these

May it always be Land of hope and sorrow Flesh at the edge of our dreams



Hapless fool hen, she clucks and trembles