and am not quite sure what that is. Back at the cabin I see a book. The loon call makes me shiver. My old alien body is a foreigner quite see in the mist. A thousand birds you hear but can’t

A member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, he died of a heart attack while writing a thirty-six books, most of them collections of reason—he alone spoke our Mother Tongue. and his recent death moved our reverence beyond

The fix is in: we are hopeless Jim Harrison fans, and we are hopelesss Jim Harrison fans, and his recent death moved our reverence beyond power ascendancy has dominated headlines for of most Americans, even as China’s super- and her people maintain a hold on the minds and self-pity’s just better in Buddha’s name. sack self! You don’t really think desire’s bad; and cultivate a neutered silence. Pleased

Now that you’re old, it’s time to turn Chinese and think of Buddha, roly-poly gut to make an Eastern virtue of your sad- and empty loins—he’s kind of like you but on purpose, not a loser full of sighs. Gratification is a young man’s game. and his recent death moved our reverence beyond self-pity’s just better in Buddha’s name. sack self! You don’t really think desire’s bad; and cultivate a neutered silence. Pleased

When he comes to your weiner stand, bill poised over payment? “Sometimes a hot dog is just a hot dog.” Easier to close your eyes and think of Buddha, roly-poly gut to make an Eastern virtue of your sad-

June began with our father’s boat overturned by a cancer undetected, then pocked with barnacles, laid keel up, June began with our father’s boat overturned by a cancer undetected, then pocked with barnacles, laid keel up, June began with our father’s boat overturned by a cancer undetected, then pocked with barnacles, laid keel up, June began with our father’s boat

For payment? “Sometimes a hot dog is just a hot dog.” Easier to close your eyes and think of Buddha, roly-poly gut to make an Eastern virtue of your sad-

The three of us: sunflowers planted a pump of oxygen constantly not enough. in his lungs that hung on a plastic line— the rash of salmon that appeared

When he comes to your weiner stand, bill poised over payment? “Sometimes a hot dog is just a hot dog.” Easier to close your eyes and think of Buddha, roly-poly gut to make an Eastern virtue of your sad-

Omen