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Goats Out

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Goats Out

ANGELA CHAPMAN

Mama yells, "The goats are out!"
We all scramble here and there...
Darting, tripping, running to and fro.
We herd them in and latch the gate.

Mama turns, assessing the damage.
Broken limbs, bushes eaten to the ground.
Wasn't there a young tree growing there?
But the grass, it hasn't been touched.

THE FOREST TAMANEECA SMITH

Period.

STEVE SEALE

As I'm lowered into the ground,
my final wish is to confound
the Eternity worshipers gathered 'round
by having a band play the Looney Tunes jig
with the immortal words of Porky the Pig,
"That's all, folks!"

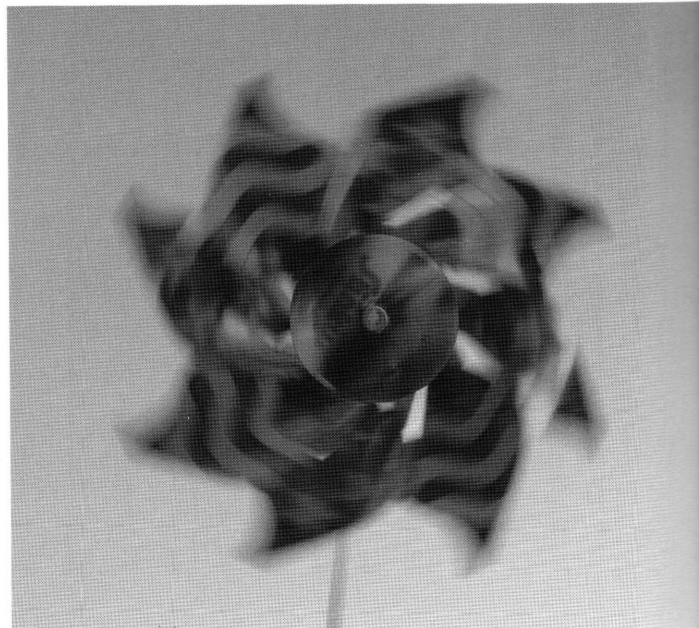


IMAGE 4324 AMY HASKELL