THIS-AND-NO-OTHER-NESS

sticks white

to grass

dusted by

a sunrise

squall out-

of-season,

elm trunks'

snow shadows

elsewhere

the wind

rustles left

corn, cobs

half-eaten,

the stalks

straggling

gray uphill

in shale-

spattered

Carlisle

ground.

They found

the Bismarck

a mile down,

its 15 foot

swastika

peeling, a ring

of pairs of

unpalatable

boots poking

through the

placid sea-

bottom sand.