

these fields of oozing black dirt,  
these rows upon rows of crops as far  
as the eye can bear to strain,  
these people who live like snorting bears:  
forgetting, as each day passes, the language  
that raises us above the beasts,  
and draws us, on wings of glory  
up to the spheres where God listens  
to the harmony Rosalee begins to hear.



**Dan Murray**

### **ANOTHER LESSON**

“A waste of time,” decreed the suburban  
lawmaker preening himself with bourbon  
& loyal echoes from his deputy,  
who whined then lines of Whitman’s poetry,  
lispig spider, the sick, oxen manure.  
Pride is a silk tie & a sinecure.

Nothing could corrupt my silent rage.  
That night I dreamt I was in a cortege  
dancing to an American fanfare.  
Whitman shaped horsedung into boutonnières,  
& pointing the way to the town hall bell,  
said, “Brown flower for proud man’s lapel.”