

man's, in the face of limitless space, in motion yet empty, from which no voice reaches down speaking a language I can feel and understand."

The doctor who was to weigh it, dropped Walt's brain on the floor. I imagine it, now, made of glass, and raying outward from its burst center in a billion billion particles of material light. Our earth is one. Home for me, for now, is that center.



William J. Vernon

HARD MAPLES

Early, the trees chased me
inside, caught by a windstorm,
spinning seeds into hair, hitting
my eyes, seeking the earth to
lay out their roots, massing
where wind couldn't reach them.

Then I forgot them. But after
a dry spell hexed mowing for
weeks, after rain succored grass
so it grew once again, I saw
what maple trees silently do—

shoots towered on lawns, in
beds around houses, sprang
from the cracking of sidewalks
and gutters, leaped among legs
of my sugar pines. They sang,
straining to make a new forest.