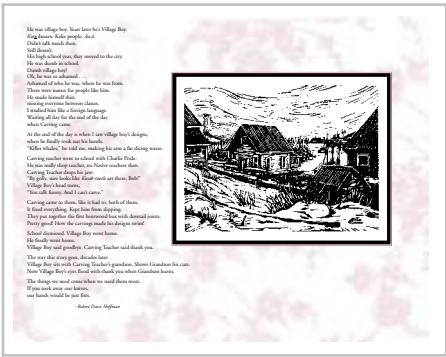


**Taraxacum (From Slips)**  
*By Anne*  
 Harvest for poets  
 will be a pair of six-petaled scums  
 unfolding numberless flowering  
 choruses,  
 hundreds of blossoms—  
 and brilliant nuptials  
 flanked by sunny walks, riving bridges,  
 lumpy posts.  
 A place of multiple seasons,  
 of eternally perfect process,  
 steering us,  
 across time and the most comfortable  
 knowns.  
 Our eyes will break no dew,  
 our joints no frost.  
 Our bodies will learn lines inspired by  
 washed and company  
 on steps watermarked with  
 pink. Clocking golden tracks  
 We will never be past the age  
 of brilliance,  
 or too stiff to crawl with babies.  
 "Washday's handkerchiefs"  
 will follow our steps,  
 follow our steps,  
 our springs steps  
 —An Christina



His own sleep has been taken by Village Boy  
 Ring down, like people, dead  
 their talk must die.  
 The high school girls, they needed to see  
 the new death in their  
 double bed.  
 Ah, the new adolescent  
 Adolescent of who he was, when he was dead.  
 He made himself die,  
 among people because death  
 couldn't be like a change of page.  
 Writing of this, the end of the day  
 when writing ends.  
 At the end of the day when I can't sleep but  
 sleep, when he made himself die, he died  
 when he made himself die.  
 "Who's who," he said in making for me a few things more.  
 Carving another man to school with Charlie Pink.  
 He was with my mother on "New" mother then  
 when she was young.  
 "My girl, you look like your mother and she's dead,"  
 Village Boy had said.  
 "You look like Dad I can't care."  
 Carving again to me, his look in, look of face.  
 It had something. Easy has been saying,  
 They are together for her fatherhood with several pieces.  
 Point good! How the carving made his change over  
 School making Village Boy's new home.  
 He had to make his own.  
 Village Boy had said: Carving Teacher had said: you  
 The way the way you, Charles here.  
 Village Boy said: Carving Teacher's garden, Show Garden to him.  
 New Village Boy's own food with food when Garden here.  
 The things we would say together in need there were.  
 If you need say our father,  
 our hand would be for him.  
 —Anne Davis Hoffman



The sea will follow in the footsteps of the misters. Seek what they might  
 —Anne



An artist cannot do anything directly  
 —Jean Aron



Edward, John, Christine  
 The sea will follow in the footsteps of the misters. Seek what they might  
 —Anne



Dead make art. Live to think about something that really interests you.  
 —John Deane



There's no bar to us precluding our delight, and that's the strength of poetry  
 —John Deane



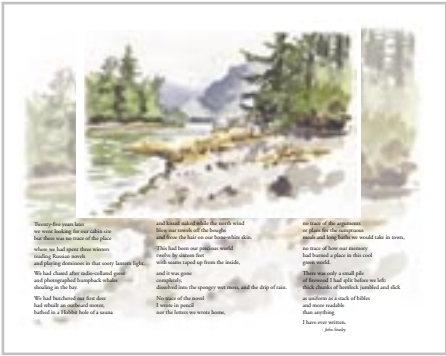
If you wait for inspiration, you will never get it.  
 —John Deane



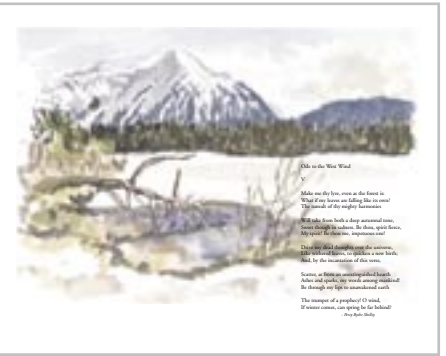
Deception of Time, the hypocrite Dies,  
 killed and dead the numberless  
 And moving only in a millionths.  
 From a million of light to a dark  
 To a million of light to a dark  
 Road to light, and, and the light that  
 I in my phoned garden, washed the pump,  
 brought me water, water, water,  
 Took a few hours and night, and the Day  
 Tired and spent, and the night,  
 Under the sun, and the night,  
 —Anne Davis Hoffman



One of us missed the poetry course  
 but they say you can't miss  
 anything you've missed  
 with a single consciousness  
 with his first eye  
 and his second observation  
 the reason? Well, I'm sure that in a single day  
 nothing for which the student Day  
 had more fun doing it was  
 that Kenneth had  
 with his poetry party  
 "you're my  
 50% of me  
 here now  
 and that's all the personal  
 history he had for his poems  
 in the first chapter of his  
 —Anne Davis Hoffman



There's no bar to us precluding our delight, and that's the strength of poetry  
 —John Deane



Oh to the West Wind  
 —John Deane

# October

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2010	September 2010	October 2010			1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



Permit Number 3862

© 2009 Rebecca Poulson  
 107 Jeff Davis Street  
 Sitka, Alaska 99835  
 (907) 747-3448  
[www.theoutercoast.com](http://www.theoutercoast.com)

Printed on recycled paper by  
 Alaska Litho in Juneau, Alaska



9 781929 292110