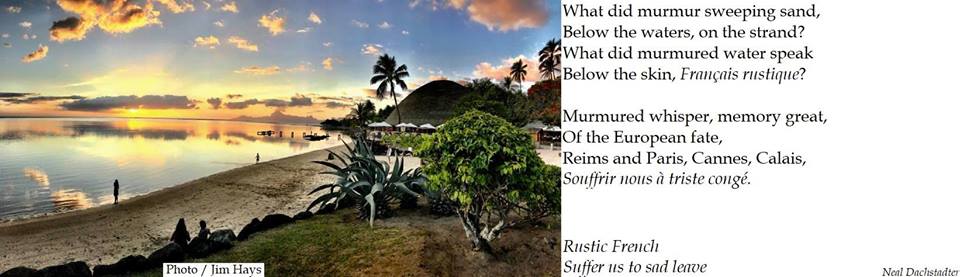
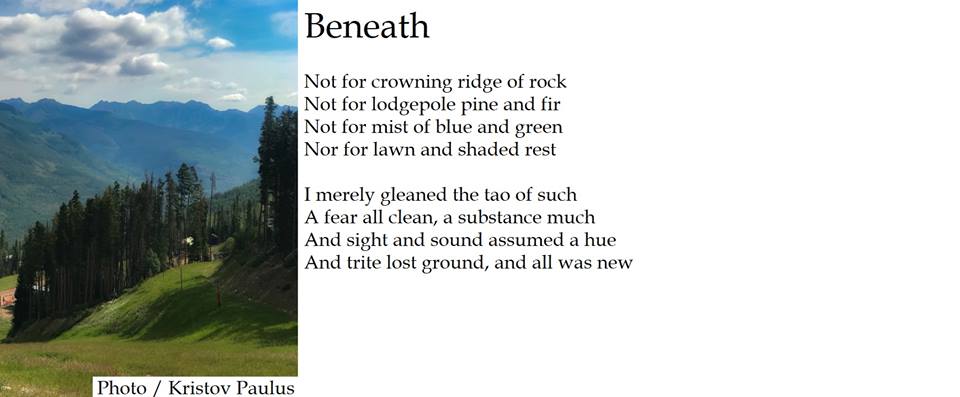
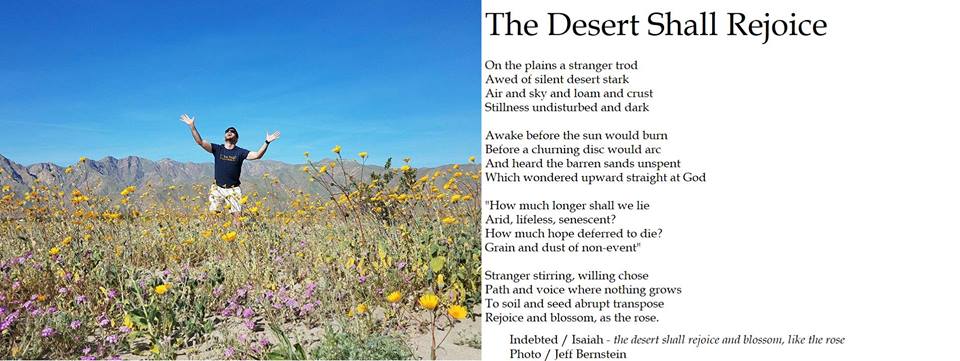
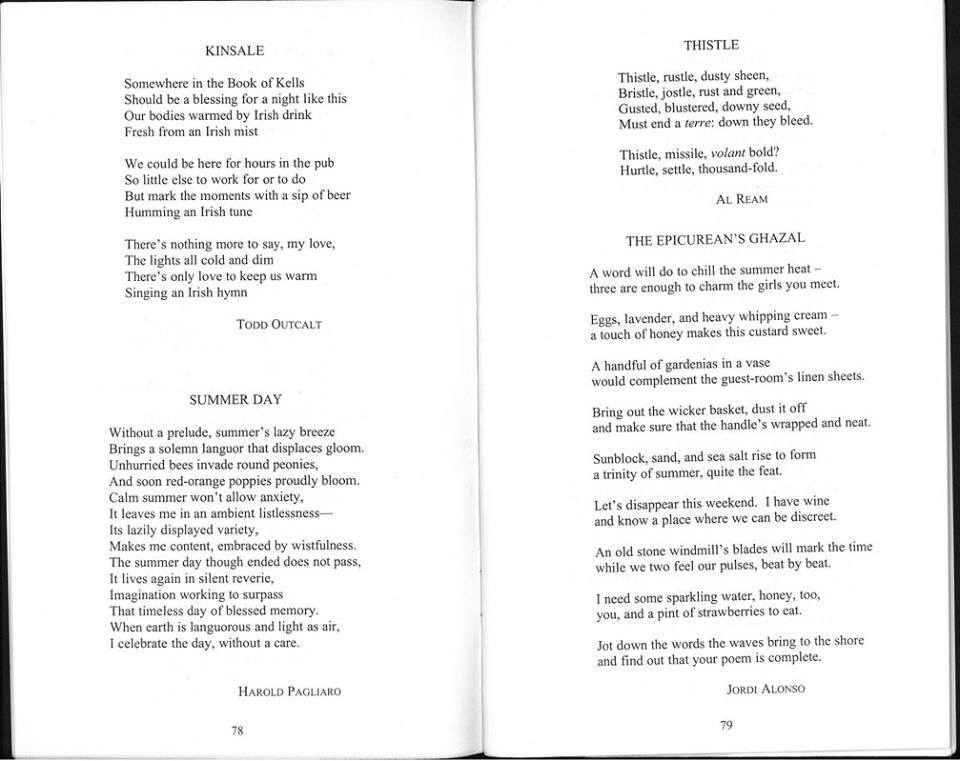


Printed in The Lyric / Jericho Vermont

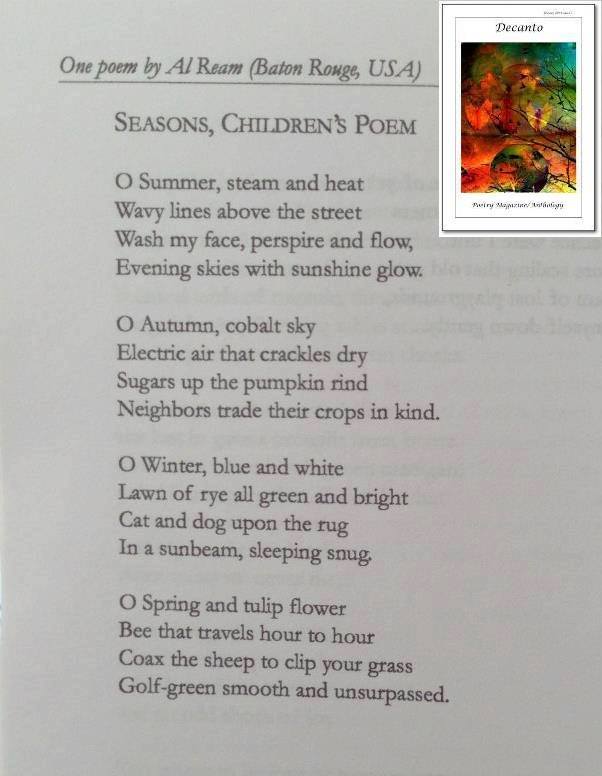




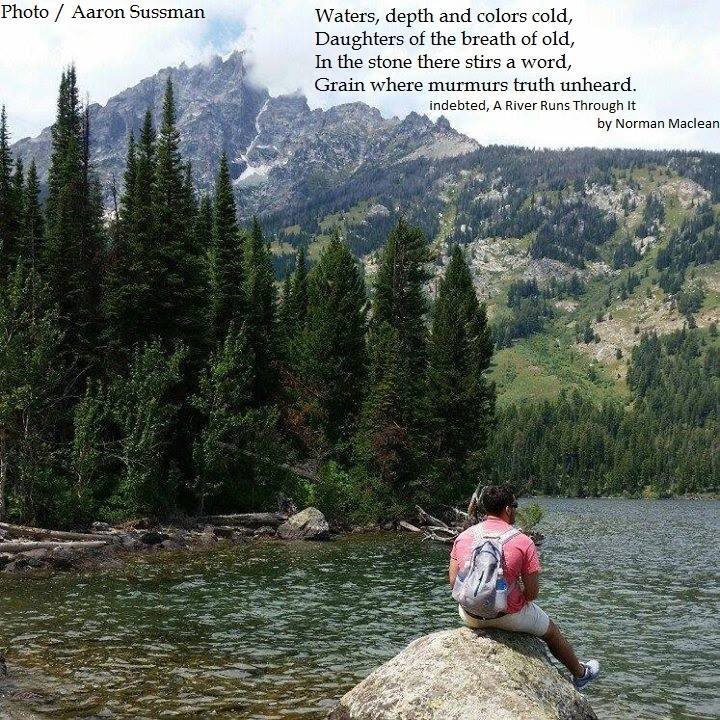




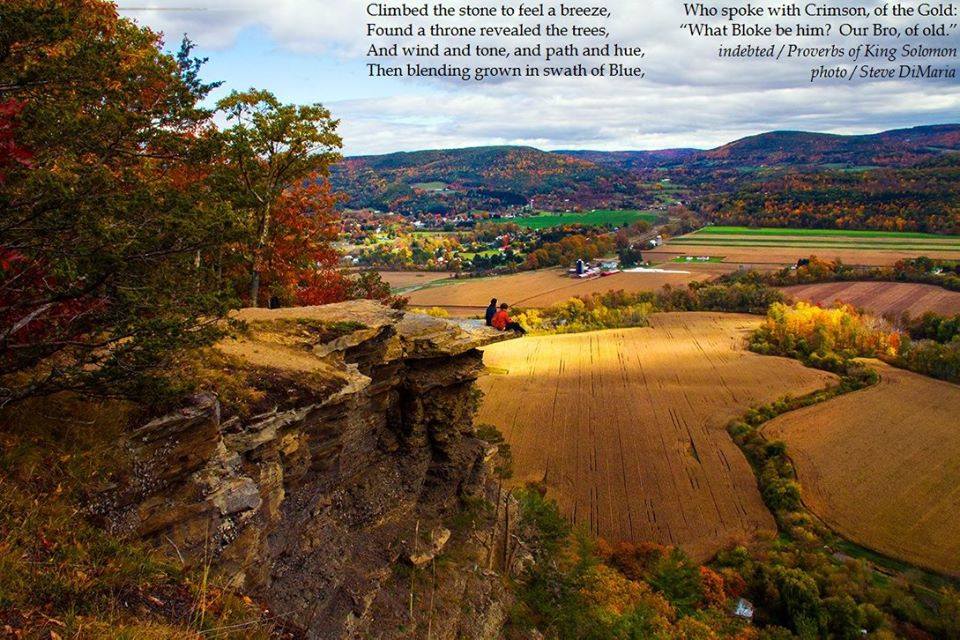
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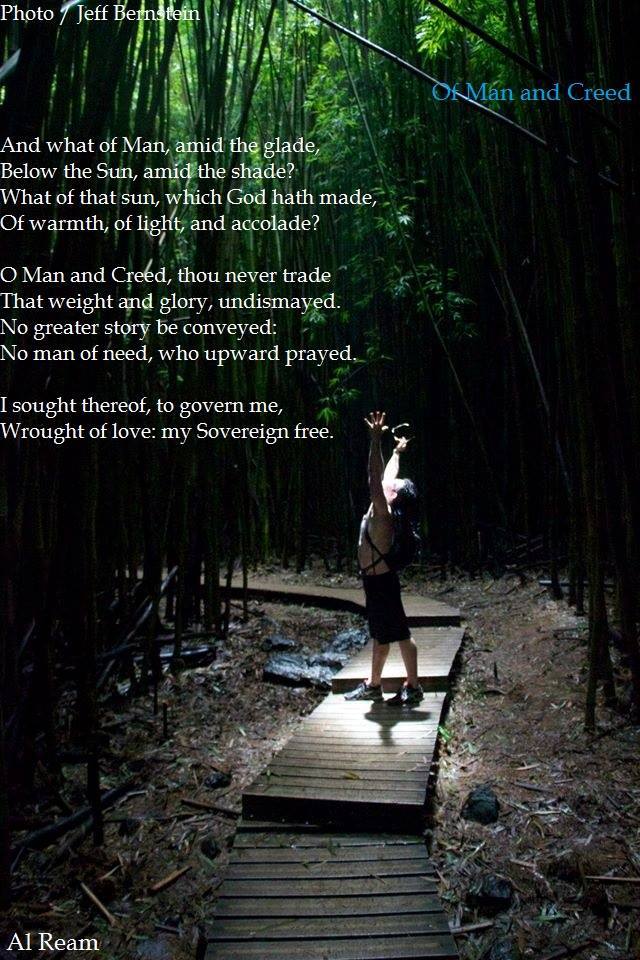


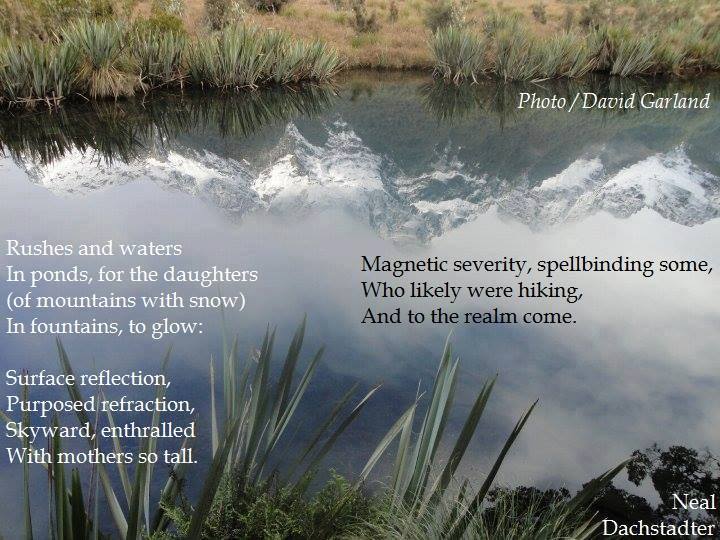
Decanto Poetry, West Sussex UK



Online, The Society of Classical Poets, Mt Hope New York



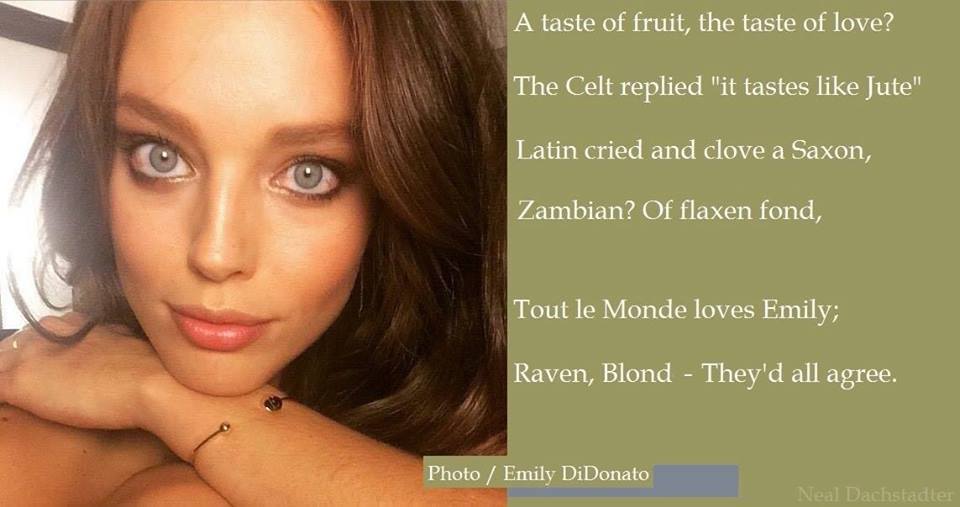


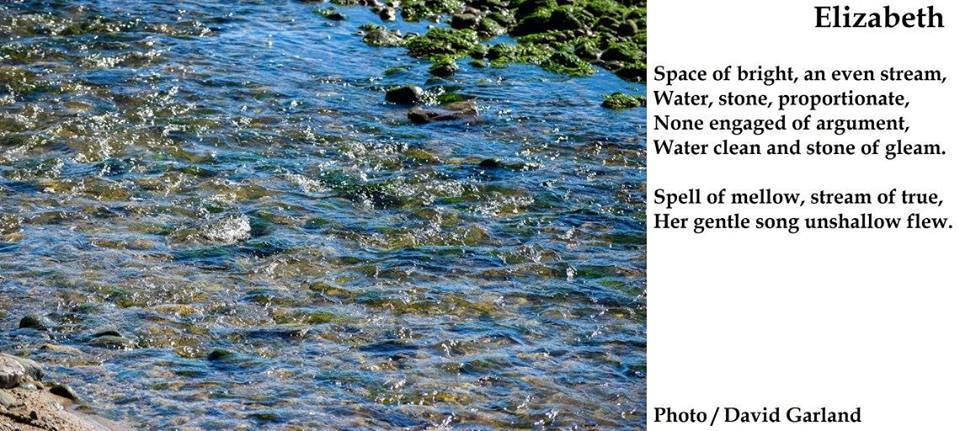




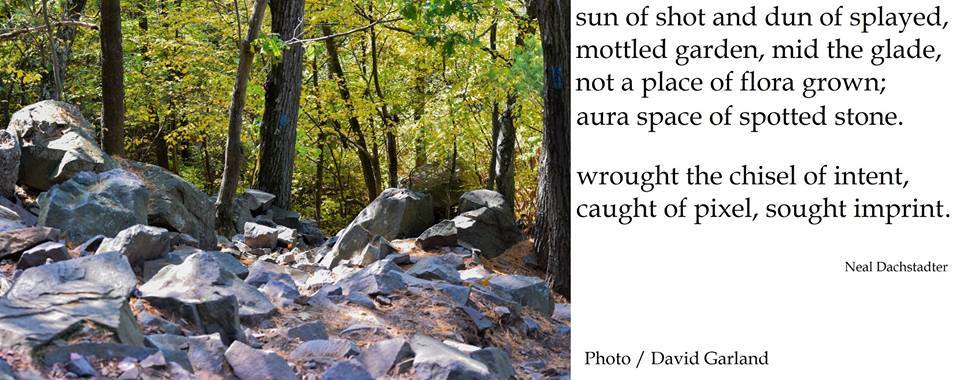


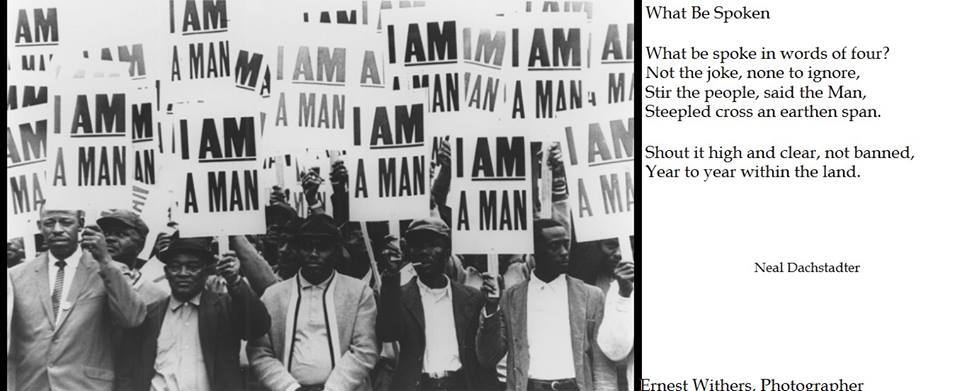


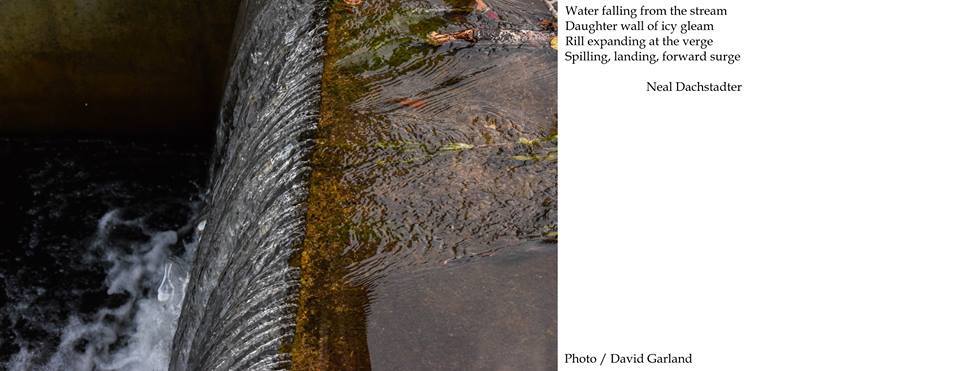




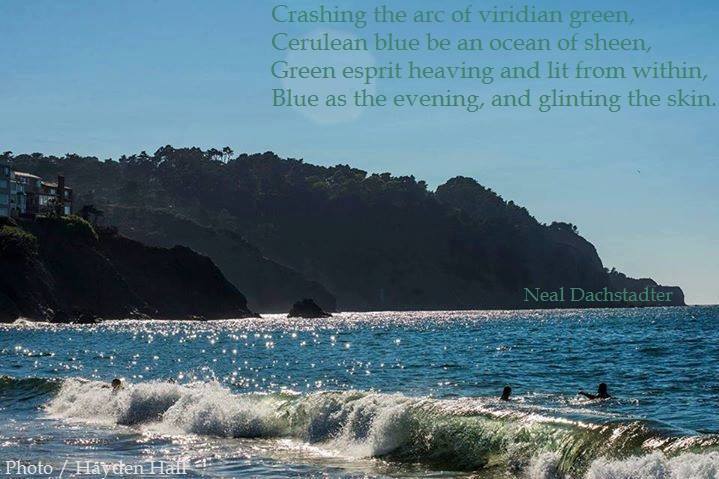


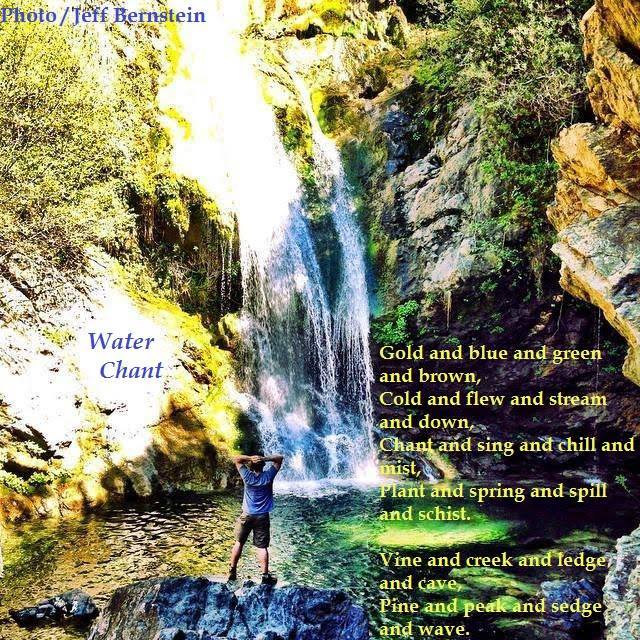


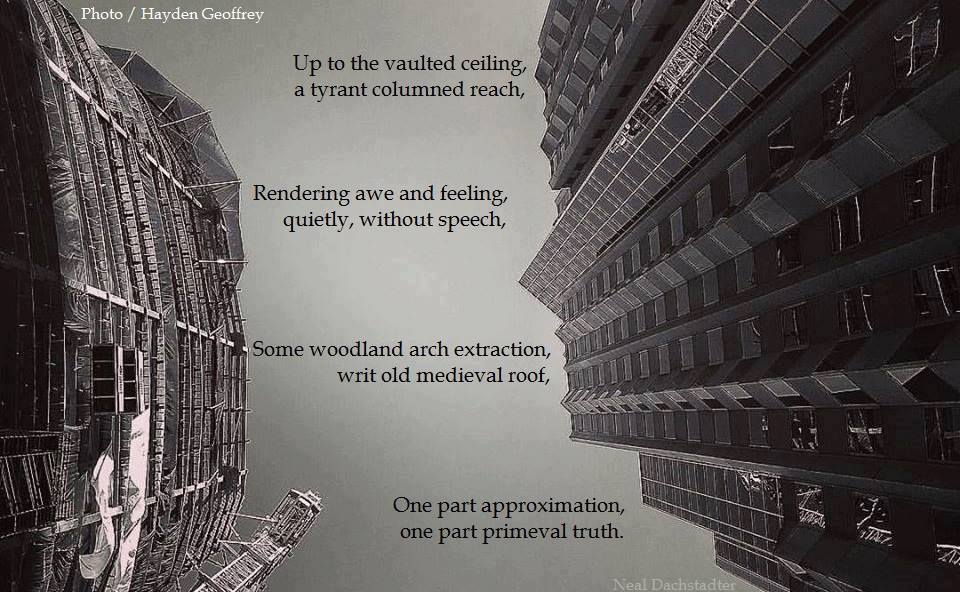


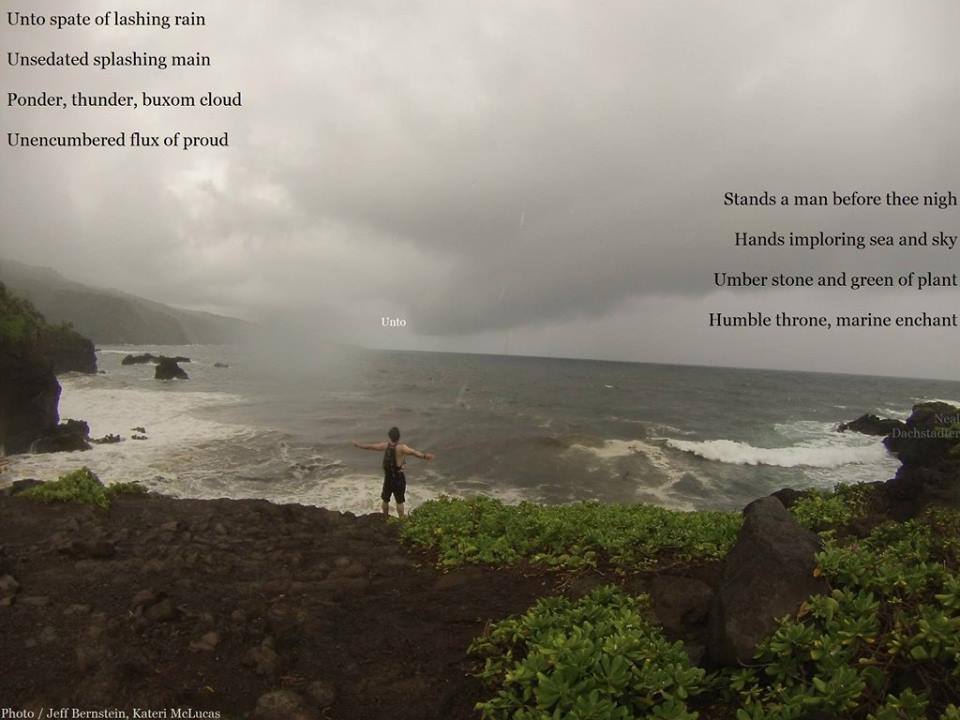


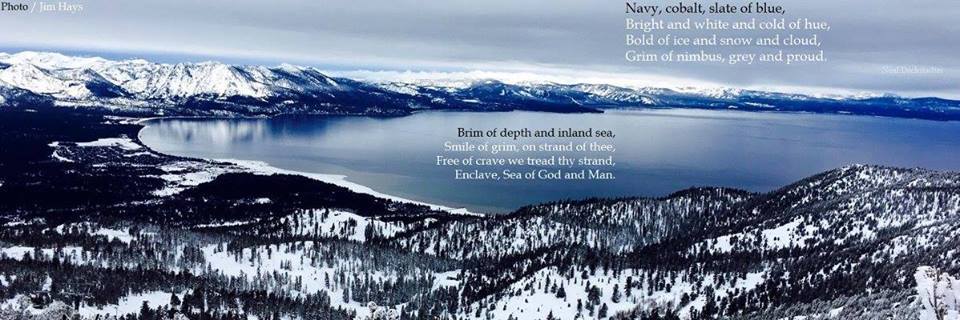




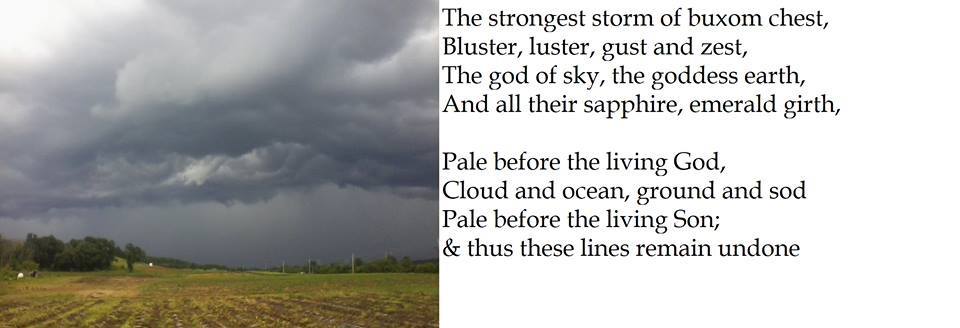


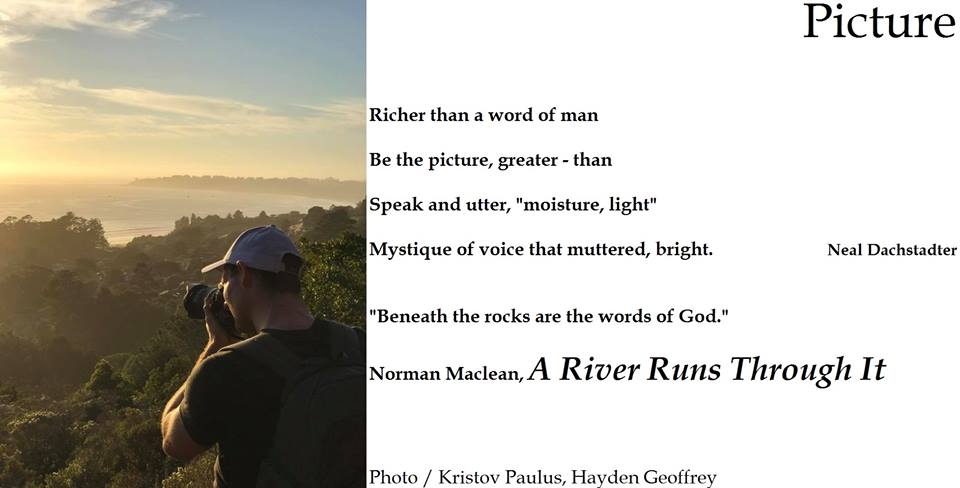




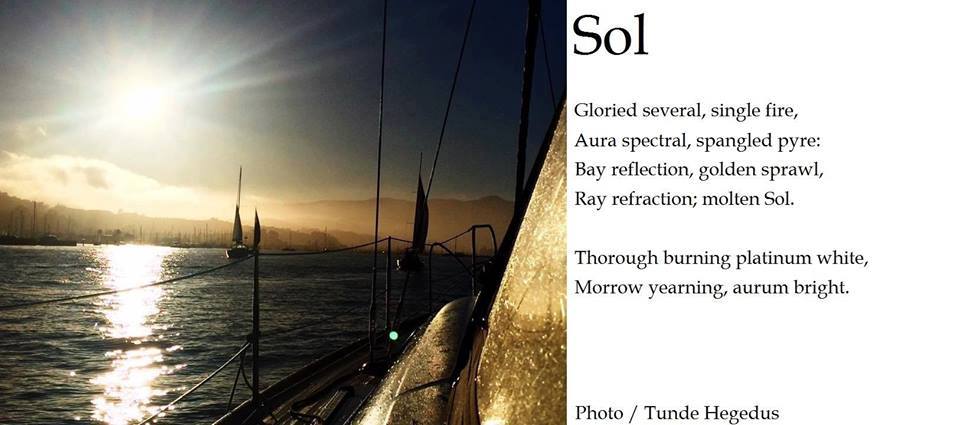


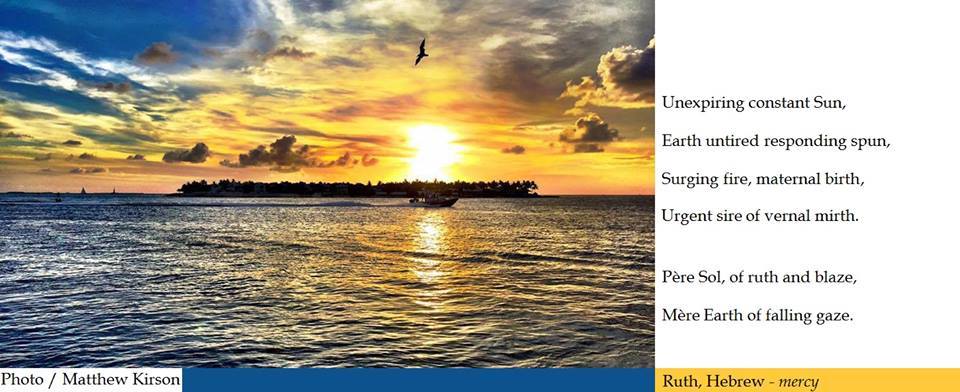


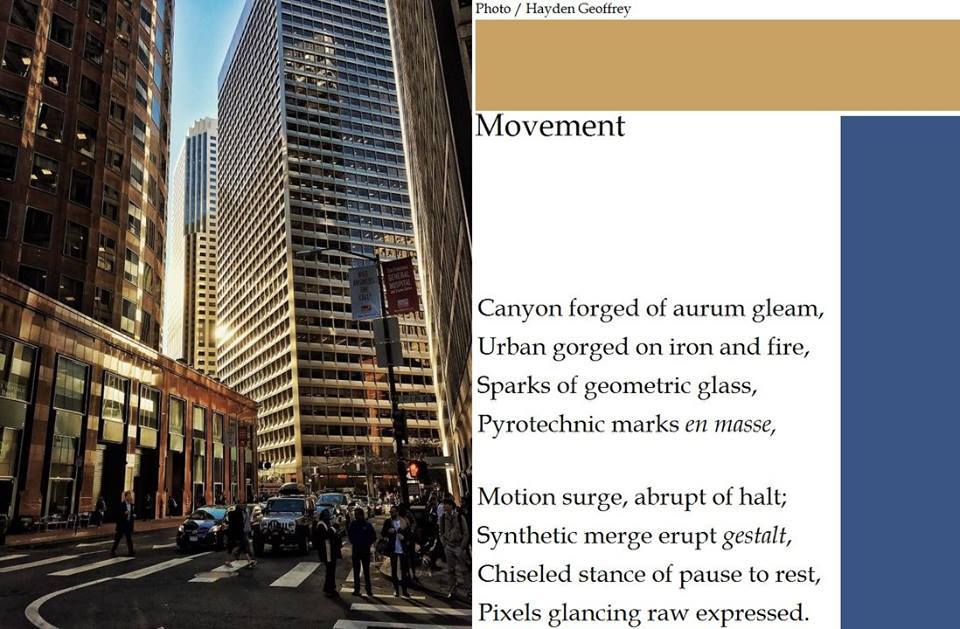


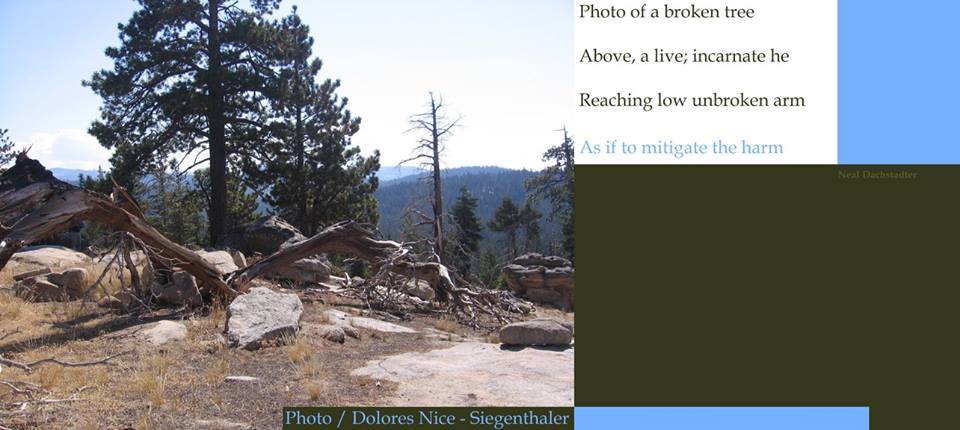


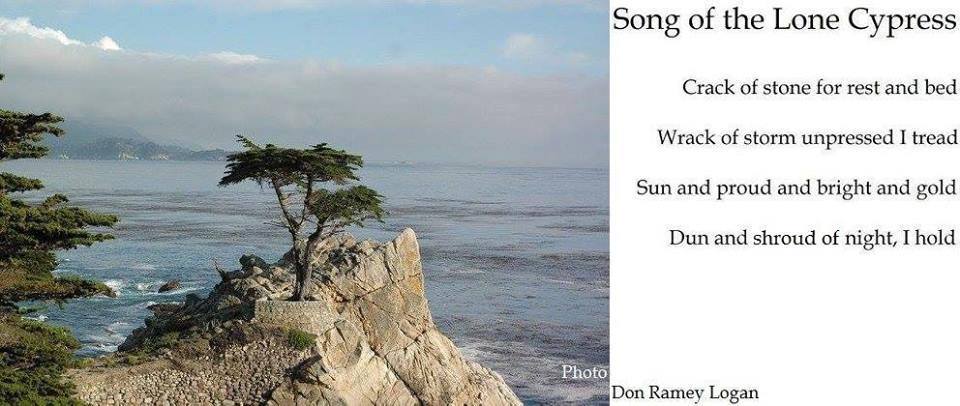




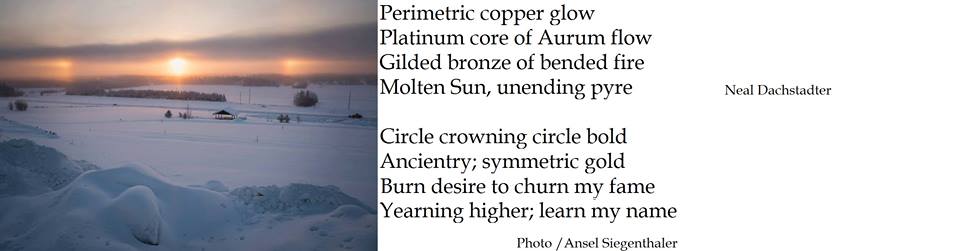


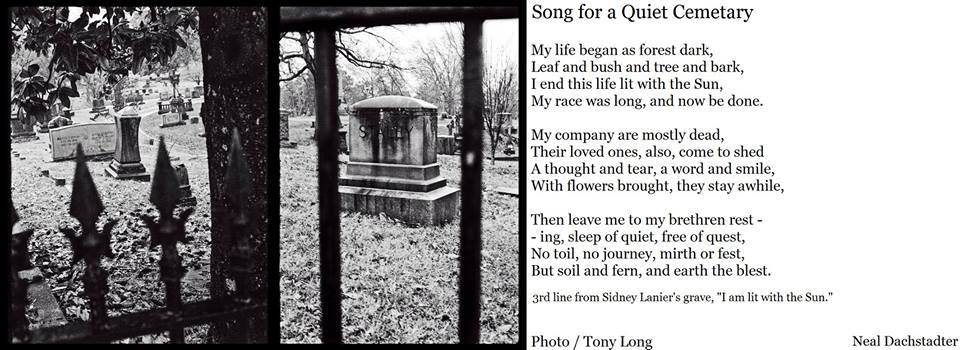


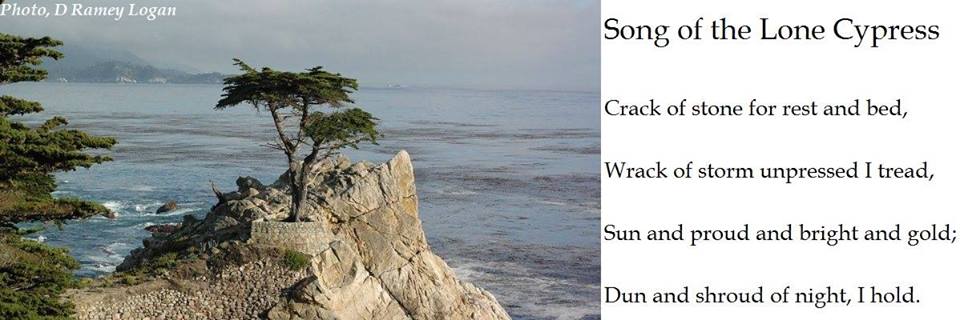












*Online, the Society of Classical Poets, Mt Hope New York*

Electric Fence

Electric Fence, electric fire

Hellacious, tense, of Vulcan pyre

Oil and gas and turbine heat

Solar, wind, and waters fleet

Should the bovine wander, zap

Electric charge accepts no flap.

The Darkling Sky

I looked upon a darkling sky,

Early to the farm was I,

Shreds of cloud were visible,

Darkness was conditional;

Pale and blue beneath the squall,

The darkling sky was not the All;

Base below was bright with hope,

Glow of grace, of light and scope.



*Indian Boundary Lake, E Tenn*

I drove up to the lake to see

A turning golden poplar tree

And bending down, upon the shore

A burning one of golden, more

I wondered why I wished to go

And thought I'd blundered, rushing so

Some type of cure from all that's stressed

As wrote John Muir, when called - out West

"*The mountains are calling, and I must go*" - John Muir

