

**From Country To The City,  
Wapato To Seattle  
(for my Brud-ur)**

Traffic signs shiver,  
bats fly frenetically into the orange  
sodium lights. Stomping my feet, I write  
of the freeway entrance  
near the army base.

Miles from home  
I begin to count these words  
the warm breeze steals  
the matches light.  
I light a cigarete,

finger the braided hopsack necklace  
she gave me before I left  
feeling the coarse  
threads.  
I turn

to the oncoming traffic  
like a jacked deer  
listening to a pheasant squawk  
in a nearby field. And I wait for  
a ride.

—Earle Thompson

**Ode**

I walk to avoid him coming on me,  
removed, I stare at nothing.  
She is ubiquitous, yet to the side,  
you see her everywhere and look away.  
He is soiled, unshaven...wandering,  
removed, we see nothing.  
She grumbles, she groans, she pleas pence,  
I hear her everywhere and look away.  
From place to place coins pinch your pocket,  
removed, you feel nothing.

—Svensson Couch

**Provider  
at the Globe Restaurant, Seattle**

You have next, but have  
not. In a shell, the  
corners  
turn

behind you, breaking the string of  
hopes  
that could bring food for  
today, then a place  
to sleep, or

work for tomorrow... A place to  
stand! with  
everything in the future, the  
distance,  
on the hand closet.  
This would be

mine! I tell myself while I stand  
behind you,  
in this line behind a chosen door,  
working  
at the choice—at  
being

chosen  
for a job at hand. At  
working! This

could be my own, at a  
distance.

—Stan Burriss