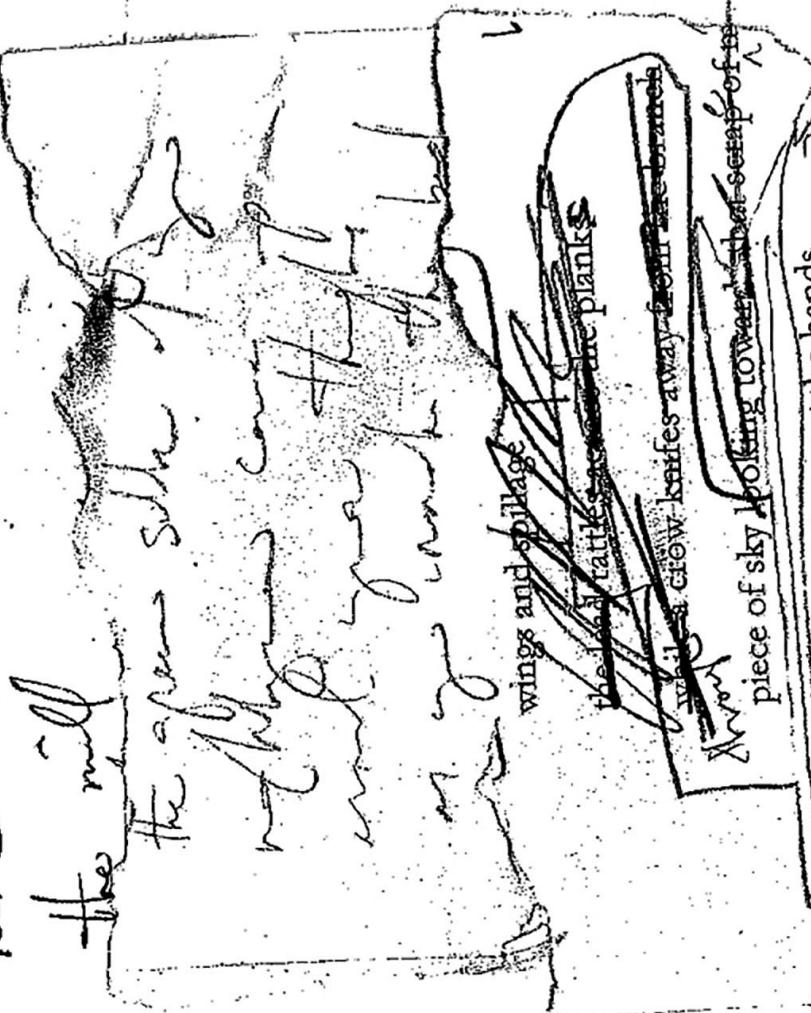


Open ~~up~~ barrels = heavily used  
near the mine



dry pine needles, the lasting tack of sap on the hands

... rounded riot of yellow flowers

NATHAN  
HAUKE IN  
DIAN  
SUM RE  
MER CYCL  
ING

THE MAGNIFICENT FIELD  
*Grand Rapids, Michigan*

**If somebody don't help me**

Language

s Torn

Weathered

Screen

Dewy

Mosquitos

+++

Hatching

Tawny

Lamplight

Incomprehensible

As the smoldering husk

Of barn-

Hollowed dawn

Creation alone as each tree folded within

The gleaming ordonnance of wide evergreen rows

Grief you can't see the end of

Stray feathers unsettled along the periphery

The rest is decomposition



**Pastoral (years later)**

*Heaven is*

*The perception*

*Of Heaven*

Tires laid across the trailer roof to weight and quiet wind  
Crusted brown cows huddled together for warmth in the corner of the field  
Munching grass blue blankets for horses  
Near the factory parking lot  
Particular natural facts are signs of  
Particular spiritual facts  
Leaning across the table with your flannel shirt buttoned low  
Beneath the truss of the old mill my eyes  
Iridescent minnows wobbling in a bucket  
A hiccup in the melody  
Means the pleasure of hearing it again

**Crab apple's gnarled branches**

Distance incommensurate in the cracked mirror  
Calendar like a crooked row of nails sheens in a clamor  
Men with rifles don't cotton to strangers  
I myself am becoming  
Dead June bug in the lawn chair's cup holder  
Sagged splintered wicker  
Harried dandelions  
Tangle of chimes steaming at the rail  
Crimson wounds the eyes to cut an opening for autumn  
You throw a stone scatters the reflection