

KNOWN ONLY TO GOD

I had a dream last night
 & dreamt that the two of us
 were tramps, no Boddhisattvas,
 just plain destitute in Omaha, Nebraska
 holed up in a silo, watching mold fall
 off the stale wheat while sprouting fungus
 crawled over the dead cattle in the circle
 where the crazy leprous farmers gathered weeping
 burying their kind in the green, sulfurous air
 & ochre ozone, praying to their God while we cried
 bitterly about our sex life in this land of lepers
 plotting how to get to Kansas in the spring
 & laughing at the fact we were invulnerable
 stone-drunk & right in there with God

SONNET

The old order must go down
 The voice must change
 There are too many bad drivers
 Today a crack appears a cackle snaps
 That really had to happen
 No wonder all these incidents occur
 That way we can see on thru and plant
 The dead arise we grab their arms
 They are what we reach down and pull up
 That is known as hardening the fingers
 No wonder that we jerk them up so gently
 They are almost all that we have left
 The sidewalks feel strange beneath their toes
 The sparrows standing on the highest branches
 faint to see the loveless grip their loins
 when these convulsive lechers dance towards town

COWBOY

the furtivist diminishment of logic
 is as silver as the nature of a yodel

the sun descends upon the blurry hills
 the ascends to fill the sky with resin

somewhere there is a somehow which is like
 a giant moth

except it looks more to be a crippled crab
 & eats cheese sandwiches with almost crunchy

who just joined the outfit for a smoke
 who just joined the outfit for a smoke

MARTY CHRISTENSEN, ONE OF THE BIG BAD BOYS OF OREGON POETRY,
 WAS BORN IN ASTORIA, WHERE HIS MOTHER STILL LIVES. MARTY WILL
 BE ONE OF THE POETS READING HIS POEMS FOR THE NORTH COAST
 TIMES EAGLE AT THE ASTORIA LABOR TEMPLE ON APRIL 21.

Ag.F

