
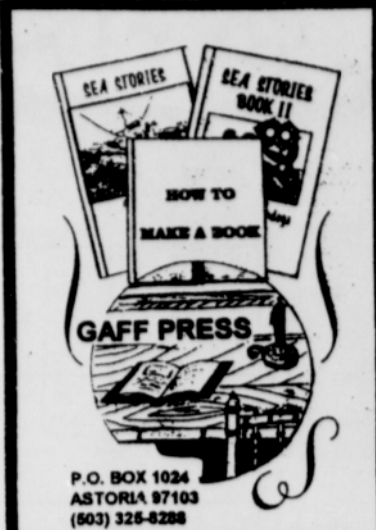


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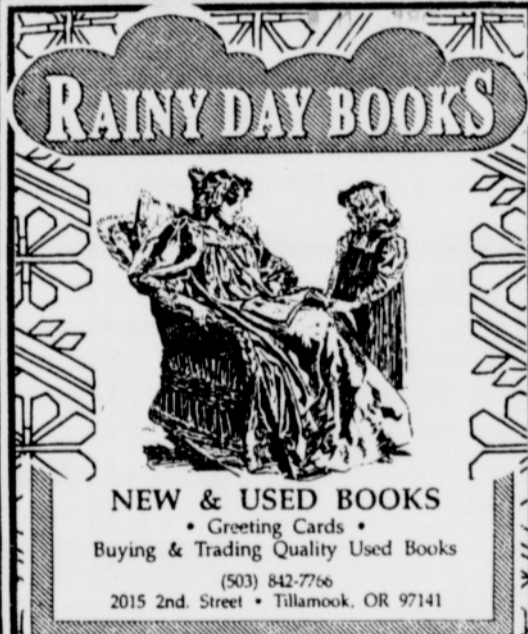


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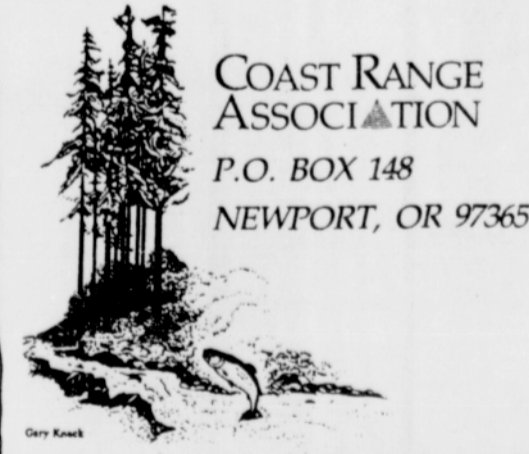
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Emergency

A body at rest tends to stay at rest in the hope it will not be called upon, be noticed, be asked to do something like lend a hand or account for itself.

And when the doctor or one of the people serving on the town's emergency rescue team bends down, carefully reaching out to shutter with the eyelids the staring,

blank eyes, maybe, if the dead one's lucky, somebody who knew and might have loved him or her will wonder to themselves, is it true? The best is just begun?

Three Poems

by John Buckley

Regarding the Millennium

1. If you could see the world today with the eye of God, what would you see? The altitude of a bench mark in the history of an idea? Dumb shows (absent plots) coming apart? The significance of a species or a slug's trail of waste?

2. The radioactive milk children drink gives them eyes like saints' and bones of silt.

3. The wild beasts have fled to hideouts having no mouth. Dread floats the story, but history is more than the bread of prices. It includes our lost accomplices, the dead.

Notes After An Exhibit of Photographs Taken From Space

They were taken from somewhere in space, those photographs of earth we were being shown, taken from somewhere as plain to a learned astronomer as your address is to you or my address is to me.

The purpose of those photographs we were told is to show us where we all live, the grave and fabled figure of earth just being there got inside a rectangle of paper the way one's own face can be caught or that of someone you know or don't know, say a chance acquaintance while vacationing become a part of a life's mementoes.

That we may see the earth is compassable and no bigger, so to speak, than a savings bond or a death certificate. That it is singular there in empty space certainly and as was said, fragile looking and lovely, and not at all shaped like a tear, but round, round and in muted colors of green and grey and white and blue, colors almost everyone likes, as almost everyone likes that shape. Its shape.

An s-curve halved and joined in a circle. S-curve, like that of your cheek or shoulder, or the arc a deer makes leaping into a thicket as you drive swiftly along a road some place where there are deer.