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## Three Poems

by William L. Alton

### The Sky was Full

My mother carried me in her stone belly. The sky was full  
of oak leaves.

*He will be a boy of words*

She washed me with a vodka tonic.

*Baptism.*

She died of a stroke before I could remember her I've found  
nothing to talk about since.

### Messiah

The black Bug has died again. The Bug dies a lot.  
The Bug is prone to random death.

You kneel behind it like obstetrician catching a babe.  
You wear red and gray flannel and wipe  
your hands on your thighs.

You are more than a teacher now. You are a messiah  
raising the dead.

### Basics

Flowers rise from your feet  
while you walk into the mountains.  
Your legs are ferns.

Disciples will follow and camp  
in your site. They will raise corn  
and lettuce. Build compost bins.

Downhill and downstream  
your disciples will build latrines  
because everyone needs someplace  
to keep their shit.

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**William L. Alton** started writing in the Eighties while incarcerated in a psychiatric hospital. Since then his work has appeared in *The Oklahoma Review*, *The Red River Review*, *Poet's Corner* and *Whalelane* among others. He earned

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both his BA and MFA in Writing from Pacific University in Forest Grove, Oregon where he continues to live.

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