

Three Poems

by Peter Waldor

Hawks' Wings

Though cool and soft the mushroom is volcanic-it erupts and pushes dirt into a mound, here hawks' wings, their Frankenstein heads shining. Two boys stoop and cut as far down as they can leaving the severed stems. They handle the mushrooms more gently than boys handle things, trimming the worms which fall in the discarded flesh, enough to nourish them into damsel flies. The boys refuse to fold their knives, walking away under the ancient canopy with hawks' wings in one hand and blades in the other.

Heart

At Trout Heaven we give a trout to a young man to gut, and after slicing head, tail and thumbing out the organs, he placed the heart on the counter for my children; a pea-size lump until he sprinkles water on it and it beats again, bouncing on the stainless steel, water squeezing through the valves. The young man

