Songs from an Earlier Century

Ira Joe Fisher



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Set in New Baskerville

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Intrusion

As I loll burned by words a poet wrote
Spear-topped pines stab a storm, warm and splotching.
There's rain and wind but no alerting note
That this sky is deviling, needs watching
And it slyly slips lower quite quiet.
The rascally clouds bump and break and spill
(I am not prepared, I'll not deny it)
On me, on my book; they spill where they will.
The strangling damp glowers all in a haze
And thickens and dims day around me;
It shrouds yellows and greens with wet grays
Halting my reading, killing it soundly.
Closing my book, I tuck it under my shirt
And slog through rude rain muddying the dirt.