CORNELIS VLEESKENS

SOUTH AMERICA

the rabbits have stopped playing in the valley. 
they heard the deer were coming. 
they’re planted like wild-flowers along the creek. 
one sniffs the sea-breeze with a strong nose. 
he’s trying 
to get the smell of South America.

we’re reading comicbooks 
beside an open fire & drinking 
cups of tea. 
we don’t feel at all 
out of place. 
we can’t smell South America, either.

WHITE LADY BAY

Clarrie lives in a fairytale, over there, 
about a mile along the trail.

people say he became a hermit through personality 
rather than choice. i can’t say either way.

he sits on his beachesand & coral verandah, 
watching soldier-birds. see that one on the 
swing there, about to try the birdbath . . . 
oh . . . OH. someone beat him. i don’t know 
about the rank of birds. they never seem 
to wear their stripes & medals. we’ll let 
them sort out their own differences.