

## 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 beachsand & 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.