

Blizzard (or Another Franconia Elegy)

by John Repp

I won't swing my ice-axe anymore nor run up the mountain
nor stamp my boots in the melt soaking the bowed floorboards

near the sardine tins & #10 cans of string beans & beets
at the Village Store, where the beer came in cans I mistook

for crankcase oil the first time. No one thought anything
of an afternoon reading Blake nor an impromptu argument

about Kropotkin & what Bakunin meant versus what he did.
I will never again walk with Roy on the Pemigewasset nor peer

along the arc his finger made where the frozen falls went blue.
When Karl frailed, the strings burred tunes of hickory & silence.

I didn't want for anything when John Ryan's wolfhound galloped
across the soccer field toward Xanadu, where Little Lisa, Harvey,

New Lisa & Dorcas lived in a welter of hand-sewn pillows,
bundles of yarrow, mandalas & batiked clothes worn interchangeably.

Song

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“That holy hell of a bungalow”
goes the refrain's first line,
the rest lost. Atsion Lake a billion
miles across, lily pads in the muck
of the culvert, a wagon heaped

with salt hay to line caskets
(white silk tucked & tacked over it),
husk at last lowered, cob gnawed clean,
root filaments, grubs, worms dully shining—

the song no one hears gets sung.
Can that bungalow line be right?
This isn't Lethe or Jordan, no one

poling the raft, Atsion Avalon for all
the solace a name brings. Ah, here's

a wild onion, juice so sweet.