

## The Kettles of My Neighbors

the kettles of my neighbors  
wrought nature's smite  
iced, peened, thawed  
from glacier, icy sail  
having come, they went  
and now these stay  
these yoked pails tilled in loam  
by borrowed boulders, gneiss and granite  
superior sent  
amid their inferiors, shale and clay  
and the all too common dolomite  
where trilobites play

they hold no bail  
for me to carry home

Joel Van Haaften  
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## Of Lisp and Wisp

Far shore  
Near shoal  
These waters lapping  
Trees bend  
Lights dance  
On river snaking  
Hissing by  
As lips whisper  
    Here am I

Far shoal  
Near shore  
These waters slapping  
Trees dance  
Lights bend  
On river hissing  
Snaking by  
Hear my lips  
    Whisper I

Joel Van Haaften

## Night Swing

Swing high in the night  
Skies jetting fast  
Stars shine bright  
Eyes swept past

Sway low in the deep  
Push back, the ground  
Below, knees leap  
Rush, the wind sound

Night swing in the high  
Fast jetting skies  
Stars bright shine  
Past swept eyes

Deep sway in the low  
Push, the background  
Leap, knees below  
Wind, the rush sound

High swing in the fast  
Night jetting skies  
Stars swept past  
Bright shiny eyes

Sway back in the ground  
Deep, knees below  
Push the leap sound  
Rush, the wind low

Stars swing in the past  
High jetting skies  
A night swept fast  
Shiny bright eyes

Sway deep in the rush  
Back, the low ground  
Knees below push  
Leap, the wind sound

Fast stars in the night  
Swing jetting skies  
Shine swept bright  
High past eyes