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## The Mentor

Bill Dodd

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BILL DODD

## THE MENTOR

How false it is,  
and its truth, too.  
Why haven't I written  
five good books, or,  
why haven't I loved you?  
How the world is bad;  
therefore, good, or,  
the world is what I see;  
therefore, the world is me,  
observes the observer,  
says Krishnamurti.  
How I am young as you  
were once, and you  
are not as old as me.  
Not answering you direct,  
since questions such as yours  
are similarly what we affect.  
But age you have and dollars, too,  
and I cannot respond in kind,  
for if I've partially lost time  
its been in part to learn,  
among the other pointless things,  
as you yourself have said,  
that time is all we have,  
so not even love is anything  
but what the second feels it is,  
nor homage else than being kind,  
or arbitrary, expecting no return  
but same, which is merely  
truce. I've loved and hated,  
no secrets here intended,  
nothing their same number of letters,  
and likewise in this business of  
writing, it comes to this: if  
emotions and nature are the same,  
then how we put it prettily is  
all that seemingly matters,  
and as you must remember,  
I wrote a book arguing against that,  
made no money on it, either,

sent it to you with a note  
which you did not answer,  
for whatever reason.

BILL DODD

**THE HAWK**

The hawk howls  
now, and takes me back  
there, where I spent a  
long, very long time,  
a flat, one-time prairie,  
the panhandle, where  
the wind enured us  
to the selfsame silence  
of each ultimately,  
and I do not mean death,  
for when the wind  
prowls in the eaves  
and burglars every corner's warmth,  
even with rags poked into  
the crevices of door jambs  
and window sills,  
the dead lie in a warmer  
climate, and the blowing  
limbs and grass tell nothing  
in their roots to sleeping  
bones of their all too familiar past.  
Relatives that lie there, live  
there still, the stillness,  
whether dead or living,  
that wind there brings  
like the sun in Algiers.  
Certainly, I told him,  
I feel an affinity to Camus.  
What other visions in the wind  
when it pours upon the fields like this?