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When I Die

Spud Johnson

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When I Die

By SPUD JOHNSON

An acorn in my navel, when I die,
Is all I ask of ceremony.
No coffin and no shroud for me,
To postpone my obscurity.
The clinging pressure of a root
Upon my thigh, upon my foot
Is all I ask—and the embrace
Of earth upon my face . . .

On White Feet Running

By EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

On white feet running, swift, the snow
Sweeps over the green mountain,
Swirls her scarves across the valley
And flings—an iridescent fountain—
Her jewels on the brook below.
In silver haste, she dare not dally
Even to set tapers aglow.
But crystal flames her footprints are,
Each sandal mark a frozen star.