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## An Old Man's Garage Errand

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Nor, sleeping later, saw the channel churn  
 With moon-convulsions, crushing wreckage on the reefs,  
 Nor woke with screamings of the mother-tern  
 Which nested at his head; but knew and understood  
 In quiet dawn that he would not return.

Instead became a king of wasted zones,  
 Wore sea-weed crowns, adorned himself with perfect stars,  
 Pondered in silence on high sand-dune thrones,  
 Reaching with tears for strange and half-forgotten days  
 While sorting graying pearls and smooth pale stones.

JOHN T. OGILVIE

## AN OLD MAN'S GARAGE ERRAND

First, one of my old tires burst.  
 After that I just sat  
 In the car until the last star  
 Burned out . . . Five A.M. or there about.  
 The morning air was sweet. Right there,  
 Suddenly, in the glen below me  
 Was this cloud. Man, no shroud,  
 No birch log is grayer than fog.  
 Well, there was not one cloud, but a pair:  
 Fog gloom and apple orchard bloom. . . .  
 And the day just beginning to gray  
 At the mill and the high river hill.  
 I feel good because, from where I stood,  
 Part of sky was part of earth. Why,  
 I didn't mind the walk, though my kind  
 Stay in chairs. Now, you got any spares?

CLOYD CRISWELL