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## Count Him as Blessed, Dreaming

Anes Rowe Quentin

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The dying started thus with plan and bond,  
 And faraway decree.  
 Across the country, hammers pounded ties,  
 Their drumbeat intervals  
 Evocative of legend, rhythm-wise  
 As song. Smoke hung upon the light,  
 Blurring the shattered symmetry  
 Of newly-blasted hills.  
 Yet unaware  
 Of augured change and ban,  
 This town held stillnesses and bright  
 Unsullied air. . . .

But then the exodus began,  
 The laden wagons, the slow arduous haul,  
 Tradesmen first and tall  
 Restless cowhands; smith,  
 Saddlemaker, farmer and drone.  
 Unfleshed as bone,  
 The town died, became a myth,  
 A dream in retrospect, wraith and host  
 To dust.

—SARAH SINGER

## COUNT HIM AS BLESSED, DREAMING

Count him as blessed  
 Who in the moss-dim greenwoods of his sleep  
 Summoned the kindly cows and gave them salt,  
 Threw the cooped chickens oyster-shell, and called  
 The pigs to wash themselves clean in his pool;

He waking smelled the charity of rain  
 On the dry country; stretched himself, and rose  
 To work the rocky pastures of his day.

—AMES ROWE QUENTIN