

# Hungry Poet Strikes Again

He brought back  
a sheaf  
from Door County.

BY GEORGE VUKELICH

**S**teady Eddy was saying that the Hungry Poet had dropped in with another sheaf of poems and had wanted to barter them for a loaf of bread and a jug of wine, but settled for a load of Cajun shrimp and a diet Pepsi.

"I don't know if 'sheaf' is the right word," Steady said. "I like 'herd' better. A herd of poems. I mean, they come at you like a bunch of wild-eyed cows. You ever bump into a bunch of wild-eyed cows when you're trying to get over a barbed-wire fence in your waders? Just before dawn on the crick? With your fly rod in one hand and your heart in the other? I mean, one false step and your waders could wind up in rubber bands, and all the while you have to watch where those crazy cows are. Old Aldo Léopold called them 'black-and-white buffalo,' and in the dawn's early light they look big and mean as linebackers.

"Well, the HP's poems are like that. I mean, they can tear you right up if you don't protect yourself at all times."

Steady Eddy got the poems and said the Hungry Poet had been up to Door County, walking the beaches on the Lake Michigan side, and this is what he brought back.

"He told me these poems were his 'fishing trip,'" Steady Eddy said. "I told him it would be nice if we could fillet them."

A dead bird  
on the laboratory table  
will not teach you  
how to fly.

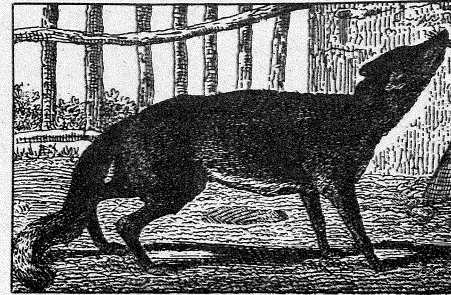
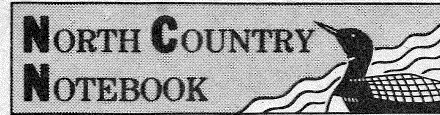
Any stone  
on these beachlands  
will teach you more  
about Flight.

*Look Up*, the stones  
will tell you  
when you ask.

*Look up.*  
*Look for seabirds.*  
*Watch them.*

On this beach  
On your knees  
you will see God.  
But first, sand fleas.

Raise this stone  
to your ear.



Whose voice  
do you hear?  
They say the Shaman  
was Talking to stones.  
They are wrong.  
Shaman was Listening.

They say the Shaman  
was Talking to stones.  
They are right.  
This time.

We told the Shaman  
Christ walked on water.  
The Shaman smiled  
and walked above it.

What are we  
trying to do here?  
SEE God? BE God?  
WHAT?

They said God  
was in the valley  
gathering stones.  
For food.

Looking for fish  
Watch the birds.  
Looking for God  
Watch your words.

If fox  
is Buddha  
and rabbit  
is Buddha  
Then  
Buddha  
is killing Buddha.

Ah. ■

*George Vukelich reads selections from  
North Country Notebook Sunday nights  
at 9:30 on Wisconsin Public Radio,  
WERN (88.7 FM).*