

wm mason

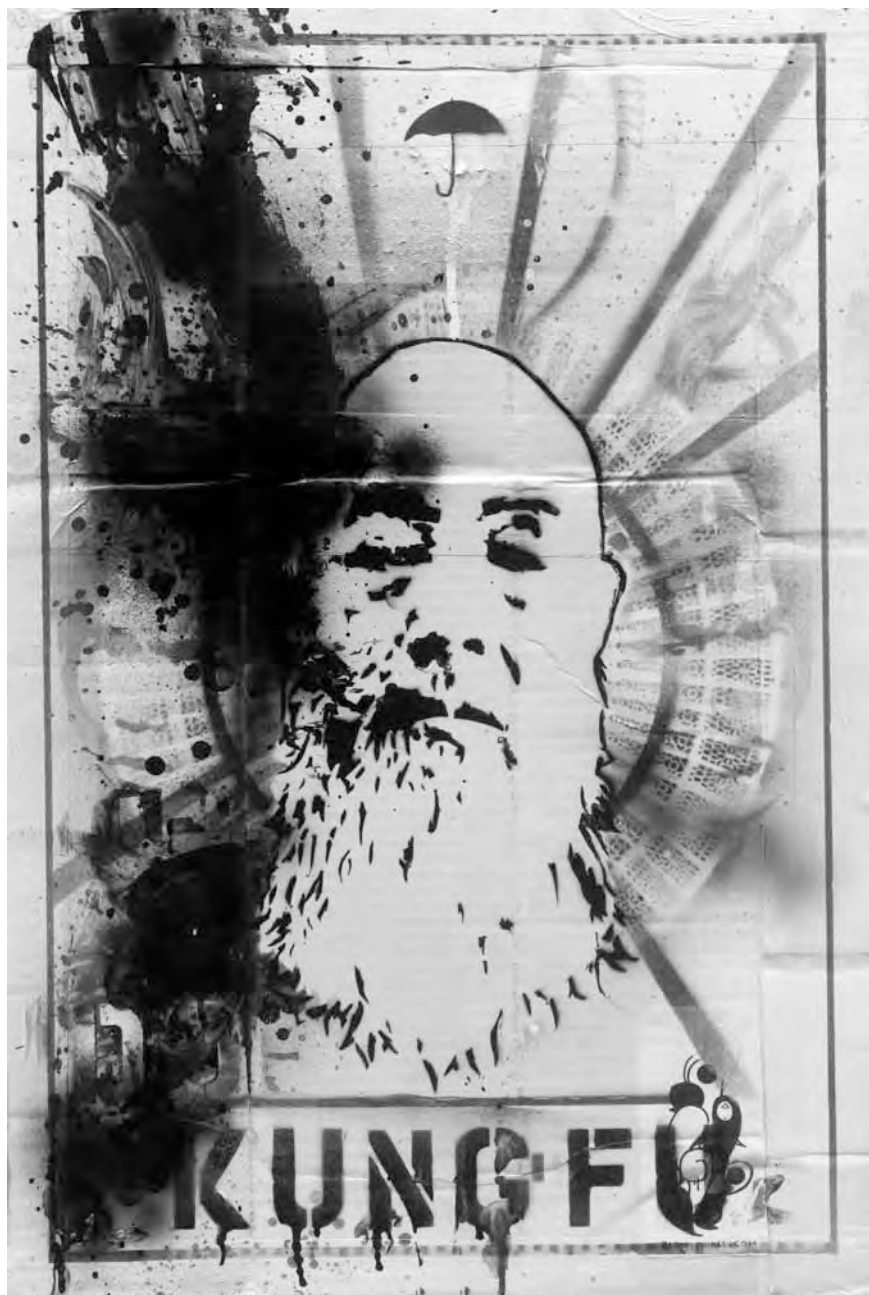
*red clay & diesel*

before dawn breezes rise  
long slanted light  
echoes out across my valley  
this spring's redbelt hawk screeching  
lilting over the greennesses  
deep summer and first leaves falling  
the gospel call and answer  
of new sheep bleating  
listening for familiar sounds  
that never come  
we create from the remains  
that each day conspires to deliver  
our dreams always broken by sleep  
as we walk about  
seeking to nourish our secret desires  
all the while afraid to indulge  
fearing to lose to implacable Gods  
what is already in place  
how many times  
does the laughter rise up  
from deep within our souls  
the red clay of newly ripped earth  
ancient moisture in the heat  
of summer's embrace  
silent streams of spilt diesel fuel  
finding raw earth and manifold  
dancing sinuously toward the sun  
the clay's essence  
still binding it to its source  
lucent fluid



**AQC**

**Revolt of the Underdogs**



iron stained dirt  
strange poetry of summers past  
and what now recalls this distinction  
that I must explore  
the fleeting sensations  
of coarse work  
building the connecting ribbons  
we float upon  
of structures that will not endure  
concentrating our labors  
taxing our resources  
a tiny operator surrounded  
by the machine  
complexity  
focused  
simple actions reverberated  
from imagination  
into manifestation  
what part do we each play  
how we are moved  
to such detachment  
directed by desires  
that strum our deepest chords  
our molecules are whipped  
like meringue for pie  
peaks stand upon the filling  
baked golden firm  
first impressions  
as the essence in spheres  
invites one to slice  
to serve  
to consume  
potato salad  
tomato sandwiches  
bacon  
mayonnaise  
mustard  
long wooden tables  
mosquitoes  
fanning house flies