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For Ed Harkness Lost in a Contributor's Note in the Quarterly West

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Maybe you wrote too near the vanishing point and that coyote cover serenading the moon is your mourner. Did you trip on a mismatched foot, fall over the western edge mapmakers took away into Pacific cold like the sad mad rest of us grieving?

Ed, we know you're in there. Come clean or we'll shoot for the moon. We follow the faintly criminal cast of your poems. You can't trust these underworld types, their masks and their patsies. We know all about your hearing loss. Didn't Beethoven deaf hang around till 80?

I'm sorry I wrote asking for those books of mine you didn't borrow. It's OK if you keep them. Just make things right on the planet. Take over the word, dead or alive. I favor a dim religious light, myself stoking the furnace with coffee, stalking your eyelost wind with trained police dogs.

I've staked out the P. O. and the Little Mags, tacked WANTED all over town. Ed, this is the dead letter office in sheep's clothing, Washington on the lam, code perfect, every page bleeding into the gutter waiting the new moon of the next issue. Forget that fine chap book stuff. All of us love you.

Send the regular contributor's poems. Here's 50 moons of reward.