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

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FOR ED HARKNESS LOST IN A CONTRIBUTOR'S
NOTE IN THE *Quarterly West*

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.