

## Letter From The Balcony

With these light winds  
It could be summer and  
Dust rising from red fields  
Would drift to rivershade,  
But such warmth, lazy ways  
of life are for others.  
Dust, gritty and fine  
Lies still  
On windowsills. You  
Beside flickering fireplace  
Heat with that Ten o'clock book,  
Grim sentences, absolute periods  
Every night  
And I write from the balcony  
Another appeal for the ideal order  
Of couples in Wichita, Kansas  
If nowhere else.

—Robert J. Brown

## Leaving Kansas For Bordeaux

Six miles into Waco  
Township a barn burns  
Dawn. Flames  
Enter the mind with sunrise  
Mingling, burning  
On south to Blackwell;  
And as ashes cool  
Rafters and shingles stretch  
In a pattern of sky  
And fire.

    The passing dewed  
Prairie grass  
Seems a lament of  
Mourning dove and quail,  
And this Wind  
Picking up smoke  
Trails it southwest  
Writing  
I have left no truth behind.

Robert J. Brown