

our guns in the grass and exited as though we were barefooted and the Russian thistles were coming. We came up to the farmyard innocently from behind the house and looked. It was the feed man. The MoorMan's feed man. His name was Dick. He was our age. He was a buddy. If we had wanted help poaching a goose, we could have asked Dick. We stood there splattered with hog muck and felt foolish. When Dick noticed the geese flying away, Gary just said, "Yeah, been a good wet spring for 'em."

Poem

by
Deborah Fitzgerald
English 3

Someday
 through a silvery moonglow
 a voice will open
 a howl will scatter
 the stars,
 a shriek not entirely human
 will split
 the wavering spool of light.

somewhere
 the voice will swallow a language
 trapped in teeth and tongue,
 will pour the sounds
 like dry bones
 into the dark pulsing water—
 watch the words go
 clattering down.