

Badger

"a badger dug a den  
wisely" Wm. Stafford

Native, shovel-shaped,  
he slipped through  
the crack beneath our  
barn door, glimpsed  
once as he disappeared  
behind his striped face,  
leading the way into  
that lair, believing  
itself into our world  
of solid planks.

S. Hind

*didn't  
quite move along  
with this word  
himself seems more  
important*

Tom, I think I'll send a few pieces  
to Philip Wedge at Cottonwood  
just in case they plan any sort  
of tribute issue to Stafford.  
I wish to pay honors. SH