

~~Kidnapped Girl Dead after Kansas Shootout Between Police, Suspect~~

July 19 (Reuters) - A 5-year-old Kansas girl who was kidnapped on Friday night, died amid a gun battle between police and the abductor following a high-speed chase,

police said on Saturday. "The matter unfolded quite rapidly," said Leavenworth Police Chief Patrick Kitchens, "who called the girl's death tragic."

"We are still trying to sort out specifically what happened." Police said the sequence of events began about 7:30 p.m. Friday night when

~~Cadence Harris of Leavenworth~~

~~was reported kidnapped.~~ Police said there was some relationship between the young girl and her abductor but would not provide details.

~~Police in both Missouri and Kansas were involved in the chase as the~~

~~suspect crossed the state line~~

~~before the incident ended in the northeast Kansas town of Leavenworth. At some point the suspect~~

~~exited his vehicle and~~

~~pointed a gun at~~

~~officers and they~~

~~exchanged fire~~, Kitchens said.

~~It was not clear if the abductor shot the girl or if she was hit by police gunfire in the exchange, he said. The suspect was seriously wounded and is hospitalized in Kansas City, he said. The Kansas Bureau of Investigation has been called in to help investigate the matter. "Anytime we have the loss of a small child it is devastating,"~~ Kitchens said at a press conference.

(Reporting By Carey Gillam in Kansas City; Editing by Bernard Orr; Erasing by Paul Dickey)

Fox Hunting in the I. B. M. Environment

I hold the hounds at bay by a mental thread.
My hands redden in laughter calculated from hurt. --
In honest men, young dogs rip at old men's flesh.
I have seen them exposed to the elements: swirling
snow, the hot and cold. I have seen them stumble,
and become mere lives thumbing a technical magazine
at coffee break, still in shock, crawling back
to the mountain cabin, though upon return no longer
to be a manager in The Life Insurance Company.
No doubt about it, here a heart is a fox. The pulse
skips a beat. Mercy prays for snow to continue.

But no, last night the fox got into the chicken shack.
Again Operator Error erased the master policy file.
I pray now for the snow to quit, program software
to install P. M. D. S. the Permanent Master Disk System.
The firm's airplane fuels to retrieve from another site
recovery tapes. New hires board, ride to hounds.
Modern sport flourishes at the box office. Mom writes,
the dog I grew up with on a South Dakota farm is dying.
I feel the keypunched hole infect the central processing unit.
Night shift leaves scars on the terminal typewriter ribbon.

Ars Poetica, or the Poem that Makes No Sense

I am not a painter, I am a poet. Why? I think I would rather be a painter, but I am not. Well, ...” Why I Am Not a Painter,” Frank O’Hara

I asked the graphic artist if he could teach me to draw, although I warned him I could not in turn teach him to write poetry – which of course he had not asked. He drew a 3-D box with a vanishing point and said something about typography and the media that manipulates me to feel guilty. I asked, “Like not drinking the politically correct coffee on Sunday mornings when I putter around the house without a PhD or a professorship? He got interested. He countered: but does that make it wrong? He himself was considering an offer, it seems. Well no, I admitted, that is an entirely different matter, I said. That’s ethics.

He said if I really wanted to draw, the first thing to understand was the artistically untrained mind conceives objects with purpose, objects with meaning -- that is, ways that preclude artistic rendering. Only experienced artists like himself could draw from such abstraction. Yes, cups are for drinking but that is not how beginners can draw them. Don’t think coffee cup, he said. Think lines and shading of coffee cup. I told him I have no idea what this poem is about – which of course he had not asked, but perhaps I have the advertising company to thank for creating my lifetime of pleasure in a delusion of aroma. That was when a Pulitzer Prize winning New York Times entered the room dressed naked like an old girl-friend in a questionable state of virginity partially awake.

He looked at my work and said now maybe I was getting the point. So I rewrote this poem over and over and never changed a line. Without meter or an MFA, so tomorrow I’ll be arrested by the English department, published in the newspaper, and have my property seized for the library’s rare book room. I opine to him I may never again now enjoy the young woman with whom once I consummated abstractly and brilliantly in hot tubs. He said that is one funny way to use the words abstractly and consummate. And then he looked down at my doodling and laughed: “But there. See there. You are drawing a perfect coffee cup-ish thing.”

Crisis of Faith

My science teacher
called out to me
to the hall: I whined:
“More? There is more?”

But Mr. Cobb hadn’t said
anything but it was only.
I just had forgotten
my backpack.

It was what
in the class had said.
Perhaps nothing now
can still ever be the same.

I did now want
to stand anything more.
Mother already
had told me of faith.

When only for years,
she had told me
everything I’ll need.
But I know now,

it will be soon
and I will listen more,
for more,