1) **Starry Sky Above a Leafless Tree-Line**

The
world's
a dark
theater
tonight, its curtains
of clouds drawn back to reveal a
wide-screen, panoramic shot of a starry sky
above a leafless tree-line, for which we can
imagine what the musical soundtrack
must be: maybe something moody and atmospheric,
maybe even ominous and full of menace, or,
to our surprise, just a couple
of cows bellowing out to each other, back and forth,
from different dark points across the
valley, or lone farm dog out patrolling the woods this
evening, whereupon our story
requires that the first
plot point show
itself
now
with
the
dog
finding the
body of a census-
taker who's been missing for months.

2) **What dark, foreign wind**

A small, incandescent butterfly, at the center
    of a crossroads in a dream that
we can’t quite tell whether it’s going to be good or
bad, yet. What dark, foreign wind brought
you to us and where
will it be
taking
you
next?

3) **Do Clotheslines Only Cry When It Rains?**

> *I've seen things you people wouldn't believe:*
> *attack ships on-fire off the shoulder of Orion.*
> *I've seen C-beams glitter in the dark near the*
> *Tanhouser Gate. All these moments will be lost*
> *in time like tears in rain.* – Roy Batty, *Blade Runner*

Drops
of
rain still
dripping down
from the cross-bar of
a clothesline in the backyard where
a sudden summer thunder-shower just now seems to
be finishing up with its impromptu morning
performance; the sky grumbling, here and
there a little, still, with a distant boxcar rumble
of thunder, and I just can't help
but wonder, sometimes,
if clotheslines
only
cry
when
it
rains
because
it's the rain
that reminds them
that they are no longer needed.

4) **Family Graveyard**

The slamming of cars as a train crashes past,
    the barking of dogs coming from the woods,
the call of a bird from a family graveyard, grown-
over with grass now, taller than
the tombstones, which all
lean this way
and that
in,
to
the
wind.

5) **Sad, Gray and Russian**

The
scene
calls for
leaves falling,
maybe a little
mist, maybe a little wind, but
most definitely an old blind man playing an old
violin (which, of course, later on turns out
to be a Stradivarius which he's
being forced to sell, for some unknown reason) and it's
something sad, gray and Russian that
he seems to be lost
in, and right
over
there,
a
young
girl,
who has
been sitting
by herself most of
the day on a park bench, weeping.