

# Purple IV

*by* Ann Bogle

Gage's feed reappeared in mine late the night Ned died face down. Purple not rain! I guess Prince left. It is said that Prince owned the aquifer under Jordan, Minnesota, and that he sold it but to whom? And moved to Canada—if so, does it explain why the water became average to the taste, rather than best, from the United State with most miles of shoreline? I am not very *oui* about it, except beauty of the lakes. My native land shores its own excellents at the poverty-line—joiner bunnies who wear a collar and limp around the yard in search of a family, domestics in the wild. I will miss you! I respect your shyness. I would propose a reunion of Houston's heart. Invite Judith to consume what I print from my P.C. Kat I can hoist here or levy myself there, cater sun-dried tomato artichoke enchiladas with *salsa verde* and choice of meat: crawdad, oyster, anchovy, or clam. My next car: Cadillac with sleek ashtray liner.

