

# Three Stanzas Ending with a Line from R. Crumb

*by* Bill Yarrow

The tin roofs of the blue banks have been pockmarked by hail.  
The green squirrels will not stop peeing on the trees.  
I'm still alive in the flatlands of Dixon.

The raw cost of loss.  
The past recuses the sutures of the future.  
I'm still alive in the flatlands of Dixon.

The fallow ballot has been cast.  
I saw a film composed entirely of jump cuts.  
I'm still alive in the flatlands of Dixon.

