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THE FIRE

the international border is a twenty-five yard cut out of the green forest

and in the middle
right in the middle of the cut
is a fence
made of posts and wire

birds fly a field hawk & the pink sky turns brown

sun

(crackle crackle

a

wood burning July afternoon.

None said of where the fire began on the Idaho side but by two o'clock three of us laughed & pissed across the fence to protect?

the untouched BC tamaracks?

so soon it crowned the twenty-five yards

& I'm running
to catch a ride out
with the pump truck but
the hose is caught, round a stump

& he says
when I'm looking at him
look,
take the axe to it anyway
already the paint's peeling on my side

Beautiful

run because I have to
birds fly & pink smoke
how low the sky comes
the smoke
comes

just as fast but low through grass & trunks & run & run &

a man is caught in a hollow his name is Marvin