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Voyages Through The Inland Sea

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Voyages Through The Inland Sea

Randall Snyder
1977 revised 2006

poems: Ted Kooser

for
Donna Harler-Smith
and
Wes Reist

Prelude

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Dear Velma

How are you getting along? Alvah is coming over today with a bag of apples. I wish you were here now.

I hope you are
having a fine time
enjoy life

while you can
for when you get old you can't

happy new year to you from grandpa

I wish you girls had been over to hear the
sing - ing this eve - ning, it sure was dan - dy

but I sup - pose you do not care to come to

Ben - nett at night a -

gain
In The Laundromat

Our lives are brief as dimes

...dit dit dit a wash

...of odors oh and a

...rinse ss ss ff of falling leaves

...mf p ff mf< f mp pp
This picture is of the hog-house here we have been having a rain this morning and forenoon.

but I guess it is about over now and dinner will soon be ready.

Yes-ter-day there was a man supposed to be a patient here found dead in the hog-yard.
had hung himself with a wire about Thursday

I got my haircut this afternoon and the following day is shave day but

I won't get shaved until next Thursday

once in two weeks is all I get

Cadenza
Cherry County, Nebraska

Eight crows by the road eating a dog

Their wings wash

Hands ha their beaks

Bee 3 - LOOK DIRTY!
dri-vers too far off to see

Field Studies

co-yo-te is white and gray he runs a-way Owl

is brown and black he cir-cles back Mouse mouse is the color

of a stare he is not there
The crows are getting my turkey eggs so bad. I don't believe I will

have any to sell. Lah. ah. I hope you

find some. Last I heard of

you were at some church. Oh yes in Paris.
wonder where you are now

Haven't time for a letter but will write a few lines any-way. Say would you copy off that Arkansas song that Cloud used to sing up at the hospital and played on that guitar.
we have a lit-tle South ern nurse here from Ar-kan-saw and I want to tease her with it la_________ da_________ yah__________

Arkansas Song (interpolation)
The Very Old

\( \text{\textbf{fff}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{fff}} \)

\( P \)

\( \text{La} \)

\( \text{vib} \)

\( \text{non vib} \)

\( \text{\textbf{p}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{f} > p} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{pp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \)
hurt-ing them selves burn-ing their fin-gers on skil-lets fall-ing loose-ly as

trees and break-ing their hips with muff-led ex-plo-sions of bone

Down the block they are wheel-ed in- and out of our sight for years at a time
to make con-ver-sa-tion the neigh-bors ask if they are still a-
live Then ear-ly one morn-ing through our kit-chen win-

pp mp p
dows we see them again first one and then a-

no-ther out in their gar-dens on crutch-es and canes per-en-ni-al

check-ing their gaug-es for rain