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Voyages Through The Inland Sea

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

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for
Donna Harler-Smith
and
Wes Reist

Voyages Through The Inland Sea

Randall Snyder
1977 revised 2006

poems: Ted Kooser

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Postcards 1

Dear Velma

Hello Hanna

How are you getting long

Alvah is coming over today with a bag of apples

I wish you were here now goodbye.

Dear Velma

hope you are
having a fine time

while you can

happy new year to you

I wish you girls had been over to hear the
singing this evening it sure was dandy

but I suppose you do not care to come to

Ben nett at night a-

gain
Our lives are brief as dimes

a tempo

In The Laundromat
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 hair cut this noon and day after tomorrow is shave day but

I won't get shaved until next Thursday

once in two weeks is all I get

Cadenza
Cherry County, Nebraska

Macabre

Eight crows by the road

eating a dog

Their wings wash

up in the wind

like surgeon's hands

ha their beaks

bee 3 - LOOK DIR-TY!

to the
156

 drivers too far off to see

161

Field Studies

Child-like

coyote is white and gray he runs away

165

is brown and black he circles back

Mouse mouse is the color

168

stage whisper

of a stare he is not there
The crows are getting my tur-key eggs so bad I don't believe I will have any to sell. Lah

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 anyway. 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 little Southern nurse here from Ar-kan-saw and I want to tease her with it. In Arkansas and I want to tease her with it.
hurting themselves burning their fingers on skillets falling loosely as

trees and breaking their hips with muffled explosions of bone

Down the block they are wheeled in and out of our sight for years at a time

to make conversation the neighbors ask if they are still alive

Then early one morning through our kitchen win—
in the windows 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