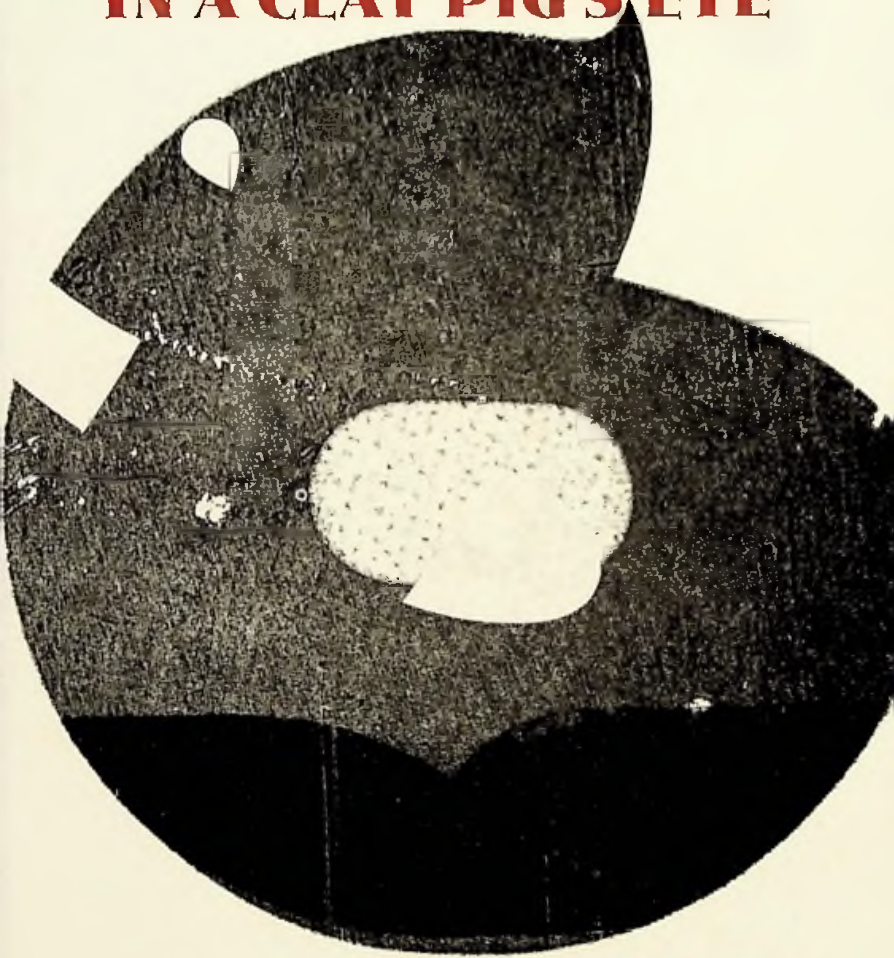
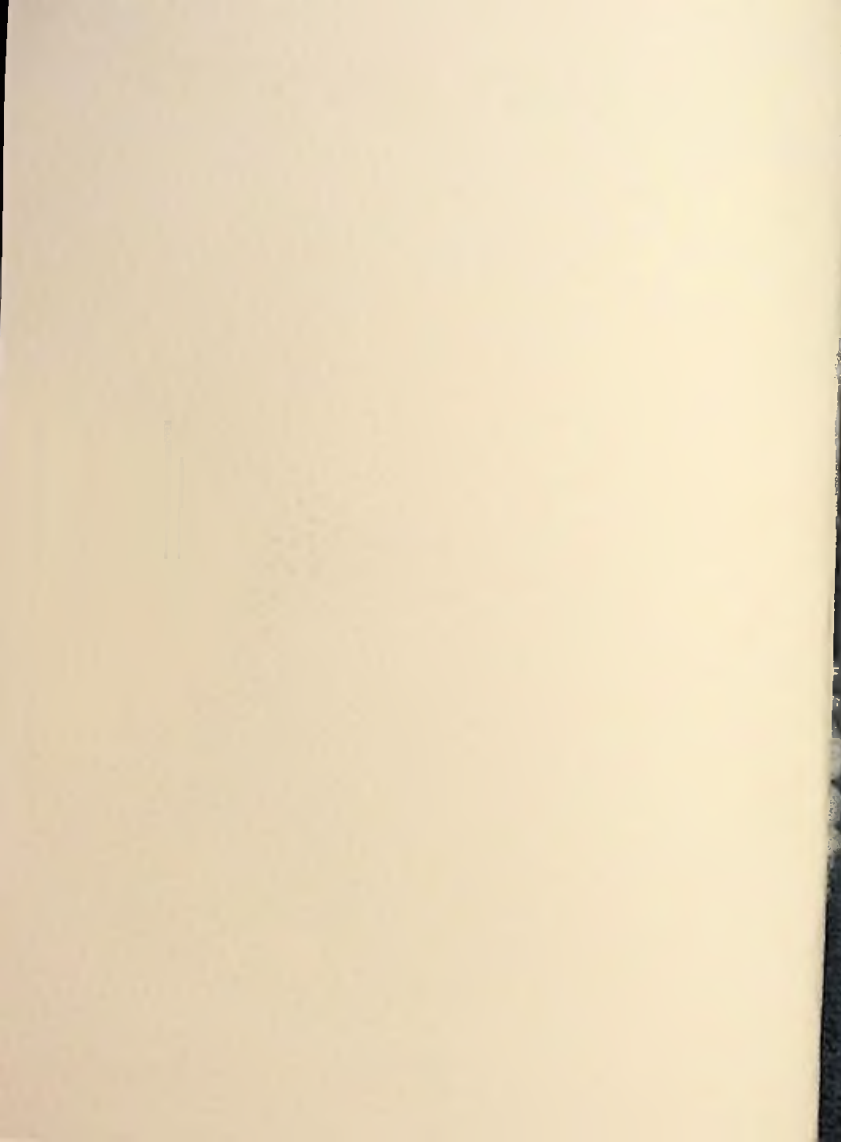


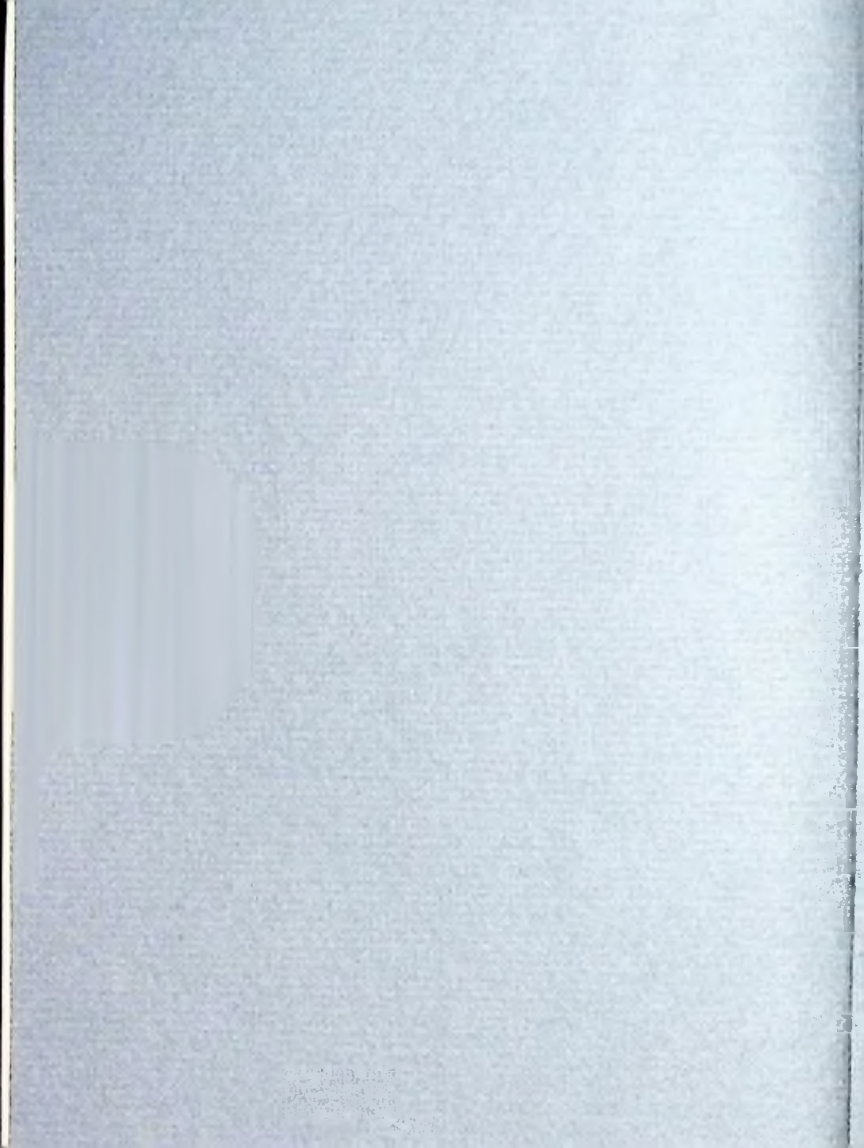
# **IN A CLAY PIG'S EYE**



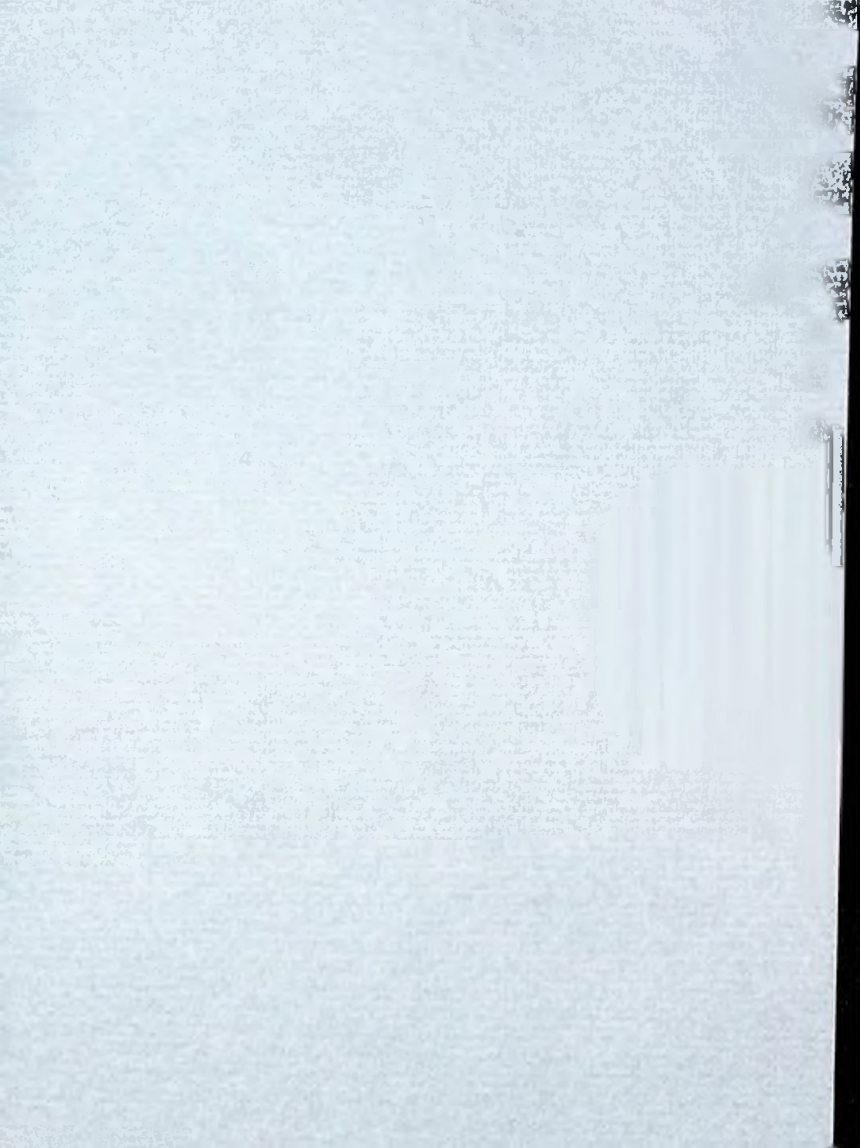
**Ronald Baatz**

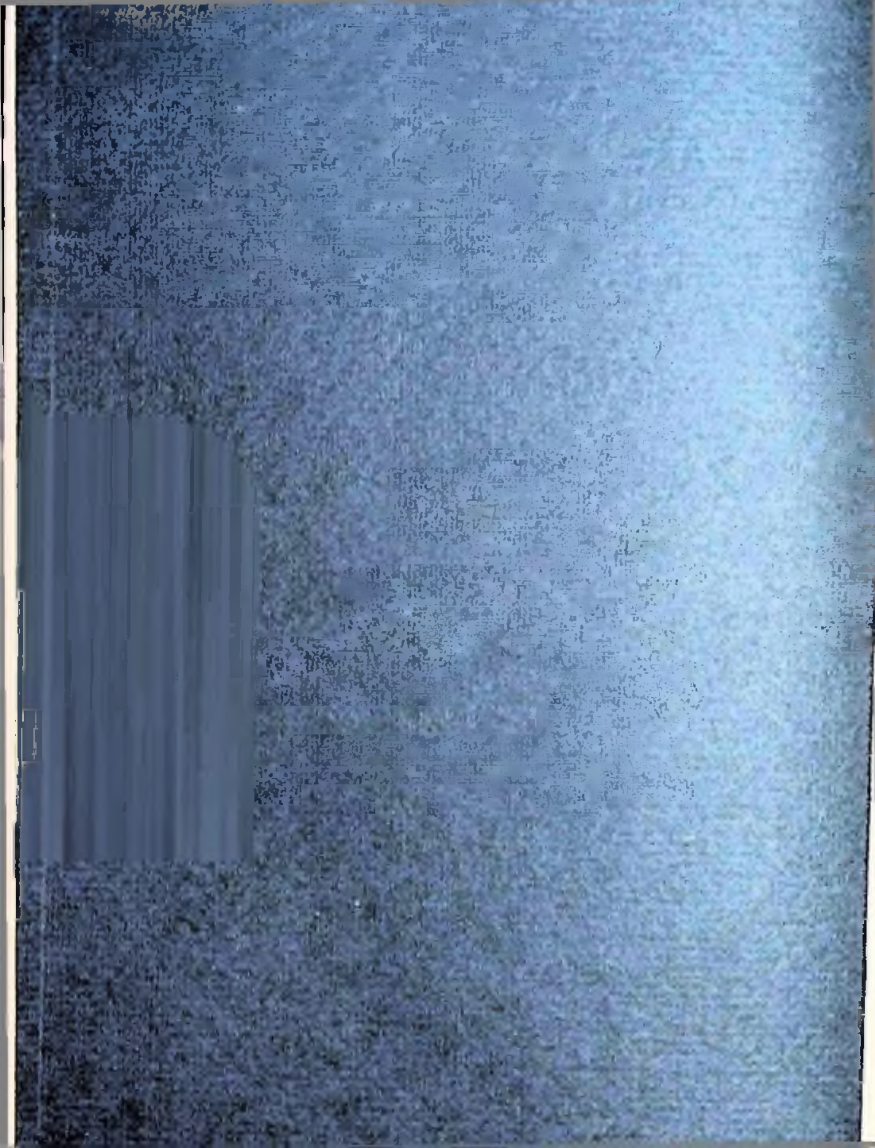


















**IN A CLAY PIG'S EYE**

IN A CLEAR BRIGHT LIGHT

# **IN A CLAY PIG'S EYE**

**Ronald Baatz**



SEASTONE EDITIONS

THE CLAY PIGEON

Ronald Baatz



Copyright 2005 by Ronald Baatz

This book is for Lynne





it's easy to communicate with deer  
~such big ears  
to chirp into



smoke rising from the belly  
of an ashtray  
that's in the shape of a fish

a squirrel leaping  
from a tree in the rain  
loves the soft earth of april



the rake~  
of no use against  
the constant rain



going out the door  
i pass a grape that had  
rolled away from breakfast

on the back porch  
neglected geraniums  
grasping for moonlight

a rare thunderstorm in march  
knocks the bread machine  
out of commission

screeching like baby birds  
in a crowded nest~  
dumplings frying

the red onion  
dropped in the rain  
which she almost trips over



side by side  
three crows  
perhaps with names



shadows  
of leafless branches~  
my fingers age



a fence between  
the cemetery and the road  
leans toward the road

on a weedy sidewalk  
sparrows frantic  
over a crust of pizza

ponies once raised here~  
every so often a shoe  
turns up in the garden

under a river of rain  
sharing a catfish sandwich  
in bed



one by one  
chickadees become unglued  
from the wind-blown birches



gray as ashes  
in the dry birdbath~  
the sunlight of march

back door left open~  
mashed potatoes  
cooling off

as though the whole earth  
were ringing~  
that's how many crickets

so chalky looking~  
will those birches be there  
when the rain stops?

by a smoking fire  
a wheelchair  
with only moonlight in it

a twittering at the window  
but in the distance  
the madness of crows

in the dark she whispers to me  
"the deer have eaten  
my tulips"





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Volume 100, Part 1  
1970

rising like two old men  
in a sunless infirmary~  
my waking eyelids

peanut shells  
on the summer lawn  
spilling over with moonlight

in dawn fog the crow  
answers the mourning dove  
then looks at its hardened feet

clothespins~  
like skinny wooden birds  
on the line



cabbage soup  
which smells like heaven~  
my mother's swollen wrist



the last of the stars  
a little bit of a moon  
the rising of the sun

dog at the back door~  
moth hugging  
its restless tail



a spider  
living in the dashboard  
gets its fill of mozart



waiting to wash the dog's dish  
she says  
"dot eats slow"

i retreat to the couch~  
worn loafers causing more pain  
than comfort now



in times of peace  
i'd fall asleep thinking of  
the shrimp tails at dinner



even her charley horse  
brings a new thrill  
to our lovemaking

three in the morning~  
i go out to the car  
to get some roasted peanuts

crows cawing  
so close to the kitchen window  
shot glasses turn

after the storm  
an apology  
of soft rain

a little prayer  
for my sleepless self  
and the dog that has bad dreams



it's well past midnight  
when i open the fridge  
to find my glass of wine



dawn~  
dreams trapped in the bedroom  
like scared finches

only ashes now~  
the incense burned  
in a clay pig's eye



while my head's in the sink  
might as well  
brush my teeth too



that sliced tomato~  
you can almost hear it  
crying out for salt



blood finds the drain  
when washing a sharp knife  
i slice my pinky open



spilt wine~  
don't worry my love  
this napkin will do the trick



yellow canary  
singing its little heart out  
on a friday night



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because of my old father  
my old mother has learned  
to make baby food



rag rug  
fresh from the laundromat  
full of life but less color



late at night my mother  
unlocks the back door for me  
no teeth in her mouth

that cuke that's going bad~  
save it  
for the turtle



red dragonfly~  
all four wings of it  
attracted to my red coat



a splinter  
pulled from my thumb  
spit into the fire

picking  
the last of the mint leaves  
i pick a spider web also



still good for another cup~  
the tea bag  
leaning against some egg shells



eating a twinkie  
a boy watches his mother  
take off her nylons

in the mental ward  
a small woman who thinks  
she's a dying sparrow



left from her birthday  
in a tall glass vase~  
shivering roses



every day at dawn  
i walk the road out front  
to the same old bird songs

a single snowflake falling~  
or are my eyes  
just going bad



truck parked by the curb~  
reflected in the windshield  
a big winter moon



kitchen window  
held open till dark  
by a wooden spoon



what's left from breakfast~  
hard toast with the word "birds"  
scratched into it



the banana peel  
thrown out the back door  
hangs in a frozen plum tree



on the side of the house  
the shadows of branches  
climbed by the winter cold





in leafless branches  
a nest close to where  
the moon is caught



our beautiful old love  
on such thin ice  
we can't even shiver



dark sleepless bedroom ~  
closet door open  
emitting even more darkness

moonlight clinging  
to my black overcoat~  
i walk the dog



new teeth~  
i wish they were as easy  
to screw in as tiny light bulbs



bought three pairs  
of underpants today  
all of a same stripe

out for the mail~  
the light's brighter  
on the other side of the hill



my senile father  
eats the fortune cookie  
and the fortune



tree finally down~  
the male cat chews on tinsel  
as though it were a stick of gum

we act like children  
laughing when i fart in bed  
between my bony legs



her lips  
facing the ceiling  
replace talking with sighing



in the window  
enough leafless branches  
to weave me a coffin

as rain drills hard snow  
my mother serves apple rings  
with bright red jelly

leaving the supermarket  
i push my turkey through  
the chilly november rain

on the fourth day  
i named the fly  
howard



first chance the cat gets  
it's on the table licking  
her buttered toast



orange peels  
in the snow  
curling towards the sun



in the cold  
a fly scaling the chimney  
stops for a rest

an icy evening  
a bowl of noodles and thoughts  
of a naked woman

on a bare branch  
extending over the road  
a nest like cupped hands

in the driveway  
shoveling snow that's the same  
eerie white as the moon

lonely pussy willows~  
the only place snow  
seems to be sticking



on the birdhouse  
a decaying roof allows  
snow to fall inside



sparkling spring water  
at night next to the bed  
to quench her hot flashes

tv nature show~  
when wolves kill a caribou  
the tongue's eaten first



my old father  
idle in the solar room  
eyeing his garden in snow



take a potato  
and let it roll  
its crooked roll

who needs the reflection  
of an empty bowl  
in an empty vase?



out in the field  
waiting to piss  
it starts raining first



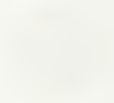
pressed inside her slipper  
the foil  
from a chocolate kiss

after the game  
the chess pieces stand around  
shocked at what happened

old crow  
so close to dying~  
why walk across that frozen pond?

like a hungry ghost  
the smoke from birthday candles  
clinging to the cake

mountains disappear in fog  
and i want to go right along  
with them



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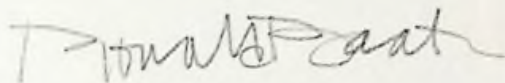


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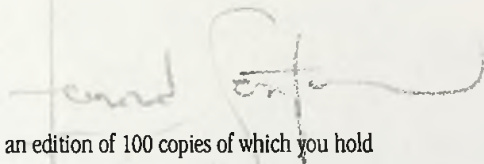
The titling is hand set Metropolis Bold and is letterpress printed  
on a Vandercook number 4.

The design of the book as well as the relief prints are by  
Leonard Seastone at The Tideline Press.

Signed by the author,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Donald Spaut". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Donald" written in a more formal, slightly blocky script, and the last name "Spaut" in a more flowing, cursive style.

and artist,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Leonard Seastone". The signature is very fluid and cursive, with the first name "Leonard" written in a more formal, slightly blocky script, and the last name "Seastone" in a more flowing, cursive style.

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