

DOUG BOLLING

Afternoon

The distances you imagined
in your long backyard.

The heavy stalking mountains
of black rock and an afternoon.

How far to reach the borders
of what you didn't know.

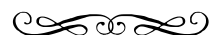
A something there inviting you
like books impatient to be read

or the shadows below your bed
waiting to claim you.

Those charged times of summer
when mystery and mind seemed one.

The figures you carved in the
mud banks of Panther Creek,

their voices lifting from earth
in the strangest of tongues.



ABOUT DOUG BOLLING

Doug Bolling's poems have appeared in such journals as *Illuminations*, *Storm Cellar*, *Tribeca Poetry Review*, *The Missing Slate*, and *Hamilton Stone Review*. He received a PhD in English literature from the University of Iowa. A retired college teacher, he lives in Flossmoor, Illinois.

