



1986

## Like Him

Eugene Woodbury

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Eugene Woodbury

LIKE HIM

He woke in the morning  
brushed aside the curtains  
of another summer

The house was old  
worn smooth to the touch  
the barn held up another winter  
and the ghosts still lived there

Like him to think of them  
as if the feeling could stroke the stone

Like him to think of them  
in the still after evening

But now the sunlight  
pressing against the screen  
traces lines across his face.

Gary Frazier

SHORT STOPS

I could never be a shortstop.  
I haven't the daring to play  
near the edge of artistry  
to turn the double play.  
My younger brother did.  
He was willing to sacrifice  
parts of himself for a grounder  
or a line drive nearly quicker  
than reflex could allow.  
Until tired of the game,  
he turned to rodeo instead,  
riding bulls just out of the money.