

III
WHERE JUNE MEETS JULY:
III.
At a Dance Where the Stars Cross

3 6 9 12
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4/3

I "...June, I've longed my whole year
to be where we are now...
I mean... You can't see this
past the lights of the city..."

2 "WITH MUSIC RUMBLING IN THE BACKGROUND HE
WIGGLES HIS TOES THINKING:"

"Can wonder get trapped in a cage?"

4 "y'ever think we are the movements
in some grander wheel?"

"You mean like the pinions in a clock
from the second hand view?"

3 "Yes, and when our beats cross
we act the cardinal rhymes.

...that must sound silly...
...I just...

...I've never felt this small or this important...

5 "Don't your feet get restless all pent up like that?"
Shucks, you're fast as Atalanta...
you should never hold back!

6 "Though my heart is a "McClellan"
...all they'll laud is an "Earnshaw..."
...but when I graduate,
I'll earn the sway inside to change it all..."

7 "...But can you fence Life in
...when life like wind
Is the movement made, not the air moving?"

8 I don't think the wind will publish me.
No ...I'm stuck There til Then...

Well... Tonight all I see's a gypsy
who broke free of her pen...

...Come on they're playing one I know!

9 "Take my hand, and..."

"O June, wait!"

"...Step and
... One and lean and..."

"SHOE'S CAST OFF"

"One, Two, Three!"

"Twirl!"

"LIP-BIT..."

"Turn!"

"...AND TEASE... YIP AND YELL:"

"One, Two, Three!"

"AND FOR THAT EVE SHE SPINS FREE IN MESSY WET HAIR
MACRAME..."

10 Can you fence life in?

II "IN THE FRONT SEAT, HEARTS REACH TO WANDER
THAT FLAT LAND -MOONLIT SIDEWALK, THROUGH THE
WIDE LOT, TO THE STORE LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.

TO A BOOTH WHERE TIME WOULD CEASE HE SEES BURNS
FROM HER WAR WITH CONTRADICTION... ONE COLUMN
WHERE SHE IS, ONE COLUMN WHERE SHE WANTS TO BE..."

12 O are we the of movements
in some grander wheel
Seeing like the pinions in a clock
from the second hand view
and when our beats cross
we act the cardinal rhymes?

"...SHE SAID HER:"

"folks grew old, but never grown..."

"Guess She's never known much "home..."

13 "LATER AMONG BOOK-STACKED ROWS OF FRIENDS ON
THE BUS -THEY'D PICKED NEIGHBORED BUNKS TO AC
HUM AND SILENT SMIRKS -COQUETTISHLY.

14 WITH EVERYONE ASLEEP HE THROWS A NOTE INTO HER
BED... LAYIN' EAGERLY AWAKE, STILL AS A DEER, WITH A
KNOT IN HIS GUT..."