



Ketchup (Farm Life).

"In an unidentified hand: *Susan and Peggy Grandpa and the goat in July 1943* and in Grace Brown's hand: *John Brown's girls and the goat's name was Bill*.

About this time Barbara named three goats on the Burton farm: Rock Creek Ohio, Ashtabula County and Jefferson Ohio. There was also a goose called Hannibal. Barbara was strange. She carried on in the back seat of the car. And Dorothy was a communist in a big way."

(Barbara and Dorothy Brown were Sue and Peg's cousins)





The Mathematician (with skipping stones).

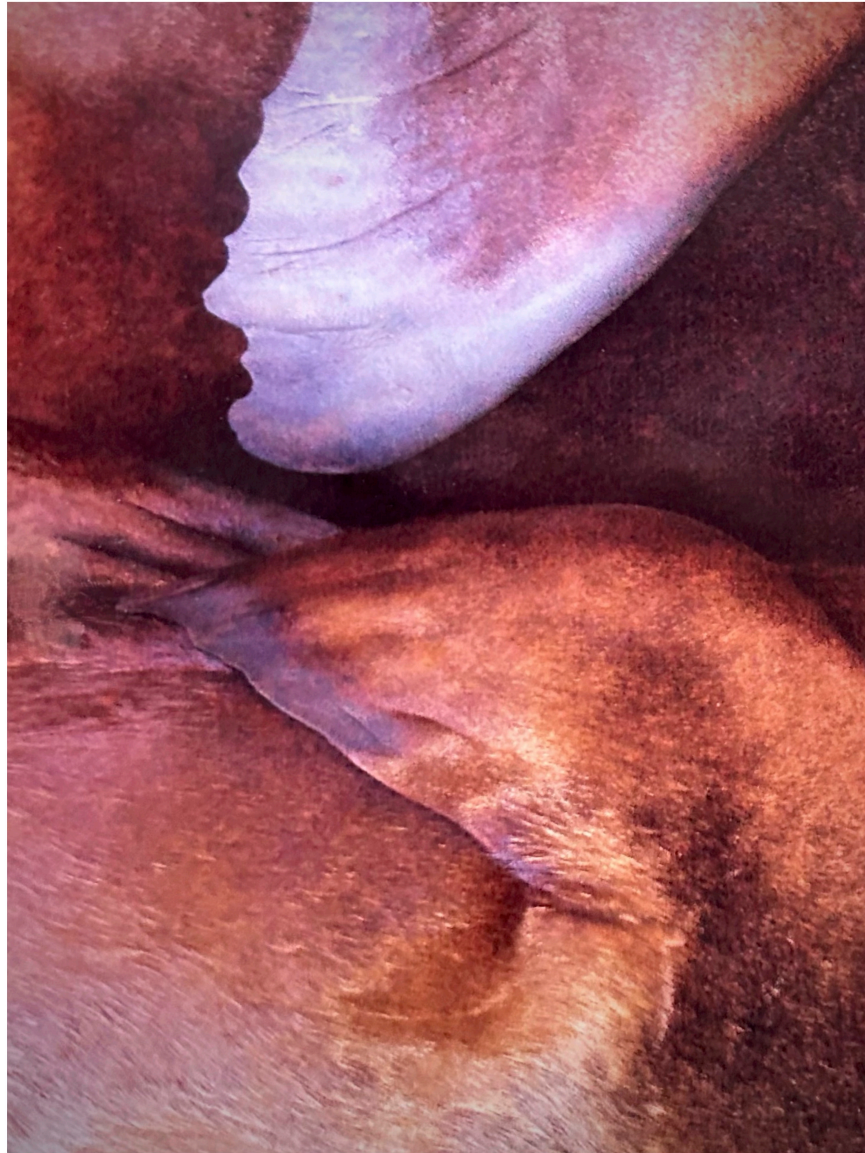
Morro Bay

I recall Morro Bay in late-morning.

The bird life, pelicans
and huddled seals below the pier
so loud I thought eventually I would tire
but never did;
so how are we not living there?

Just past noon we continued on
to San Simeon
where I ripped my jeans, significantly
on a barbed wire fence.
Huge elephant seals speckled the beach,
sand-covered and still, boulders
until we neared.

And then we checked out the Castle.



Morro Bay (2007).

Flock

Evangelicals bow to blustery winds and the approaching young woman with her clean lines of yesterday evening form-fitting now slackened and hungover below clouds bare branches sway above the birds, just listen:

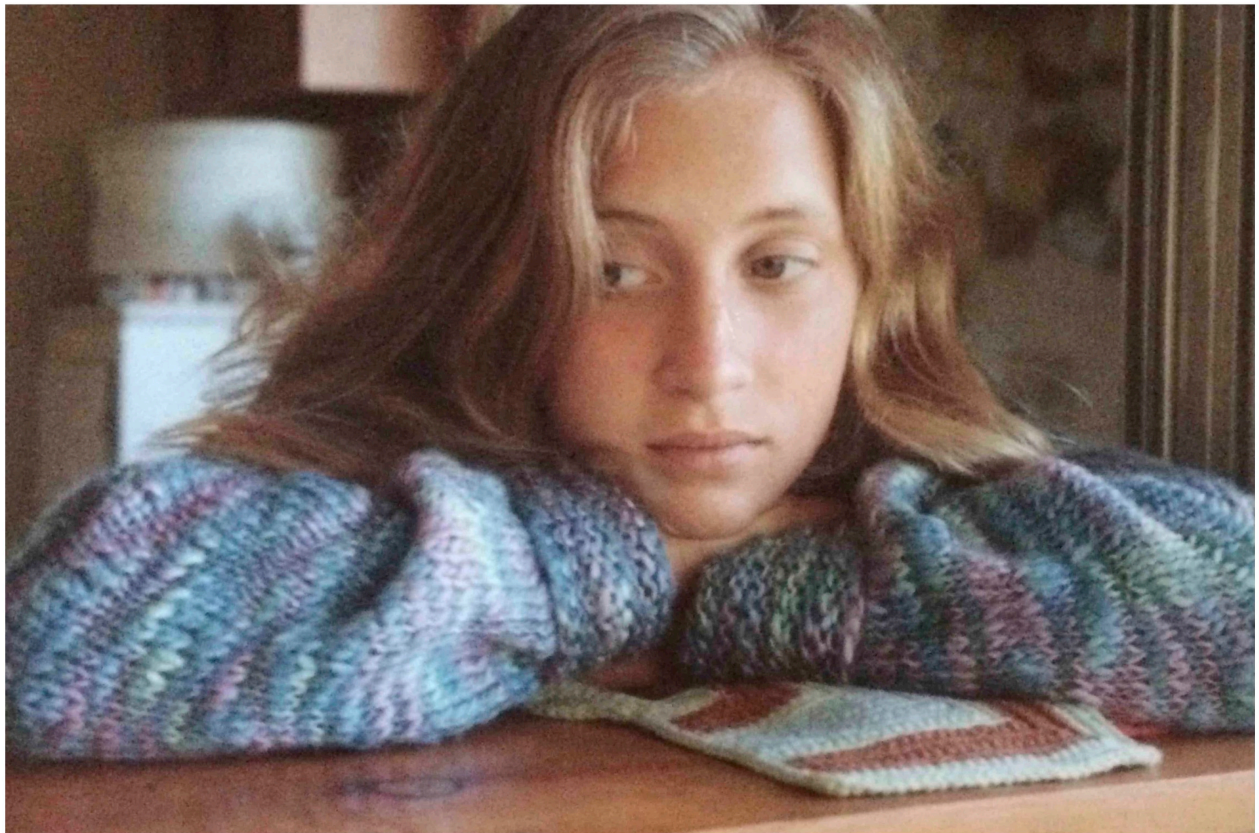
their tiny lungs must ache.



Slug and Other Stories (Chloe) and Poor Deer (Katelyn).

Emboldened and adrift
on this Lauderdale lawn
her bare thighs press hard
to my quiet warming.

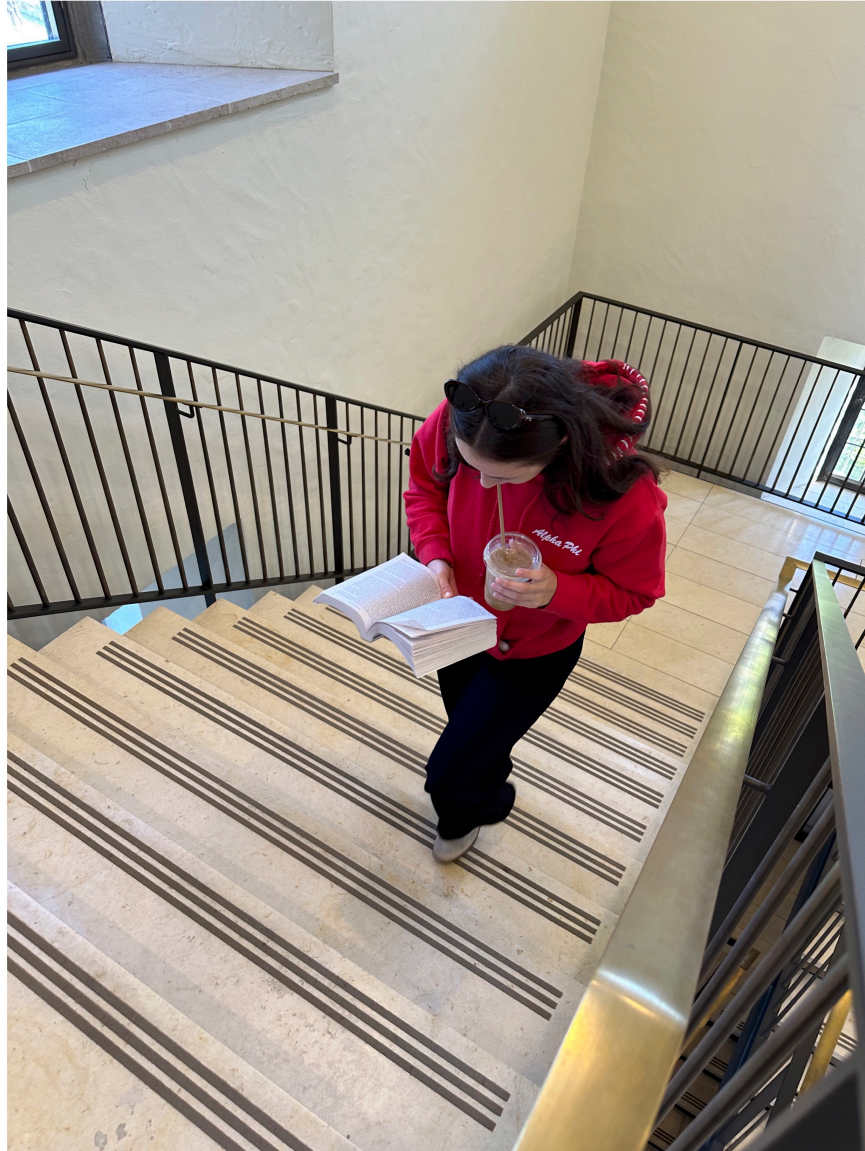
And beyond the shallows
of undisturbed waters
from the last high tide;
a sunrise aches, sideways:
several pink flamingos.



Handmade (Farm Life).



Tatiana in White Chair. Richard Learoyd at Pace/MacGill (2019).



Random Family: Love, Drugs, Trouble and Coming of Age in the Bronx. Lila.

Crescent Place

It will be measured as a smallish lot for a small ranch home
But now it is still a meadow open at the edge of the frontier;
The frontier I was learning about from the much older kids.
Someone had bought Smarties and shared them as little pills.
We encircled our red wagons then started digging for gold
But Billy (or maybe Bobby) found a German medal instead;
It had been buried by a neighbor, his souvenir from the War.

David Estes is an artist, archivist and poet interested in the poetic possibilities of images and vice versa. Estes received a BA in History from Cornell University and an MFA in Sculpture from California College of the Arts. He lives with his wife in Ithaca NY.

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