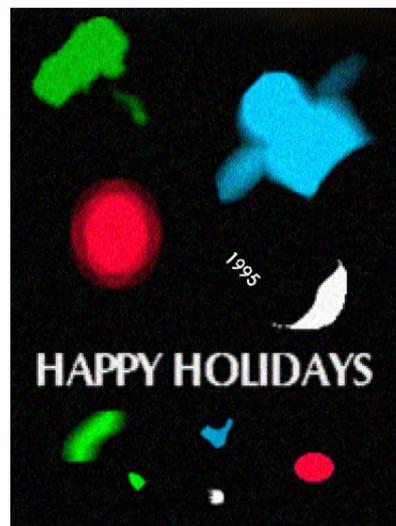


Savant Cards





family and friends —



from north of snowbound
buffalo, where the older adults
are in winter training for the
may marathon, and the younger
adults keep saying we should
exercise more, we send you
good tidings —



jessie, katie, and ann hynes
richard long

from **Going into town in the storm**

The sky is white and the earth is white
and the white wind is blowing in arabesques

through us. The world wizens in the cold
to a circle that stops beyond my mittens

outstretched on which the white froth
still dissolves. Up, north, left—

all are obliterated in the swirl.
The only color that exists clings to

your face, your coat, your scarf.
We ride the feathered back of a white goose. . . .

—Marge Piercy