

The Great Peoria Ocean

With shirtless abandon I daily raced down the cinder alley on
Indian feet to Roger's yard who lived four houses down
from the vacant lot where new cabbages were growing,
And we played raft.

We were cast adrift on the Great Peoria Ocean more vast than a
thousand thousand cornfields rising and falling in huge
swells within a circle of gray horizons.

When we dove into the water to spear our daily food we heard the
voice of an unspeakable creature,

Like the howl-sing of whale talk or the unrelenting screech
of chalk across a blackboard,

But it was neither whale, nor chalk

But just... something...

Even now that I am old I hear the sound of whale-sing and chalk
echoing between dark ocean ranges beneath undulating
tons of water,

And I still long to haul the ancient thing screaming into language.