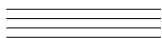


# E A R L Y N O V E M B E R



D E V I N J O H N S T O N

Overhead a wood duck  
sounds the dark, its whine  
a thin rise and fall,  
a vibrating column of air,  
a call that could be carved  
from walnut or osage  
cut along the Meramec  
and fitted with a reed  
to draw down the real duck  
from wherever it was bound.  
Now it glides among the reeds  
and through a raft of decoys,  
red eye of morning set  
in an iridescent whorl.