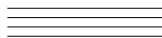


M Y B O B D Y L A N



C H A S E T W I C H E L L

Back then, everybody knew the music:
the brash, young, coarsely grated voice,
the words that said *Shut up and listen*.

August in the north country,
that's my Bob Dylan.

The cold brook of first love.
The sound of something passing.

Rain on the tent.
Rain hissing in the fire.