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Andy

Billy Edd Wheeler

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ANDY

Billy Edd Wheeler

Old Andy comes to me in dreams
I have of deserted mining machines

At the head of a hollow, the rust of time
Riding silent motors of the mine.

He had long whiskers, ate strong cheese,
He wore black boots that reached his knees.

Not yet American he grunted praise
Of our country where he could work and raise

Dogs and flowers and live alone
In a camp no other Slav had known

Where when he died he had no friend
To tend his grave but me and the wind.

Reprinted from *Song of a Woods Colt*.