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LAST FRONTIER

Walt Franklin
Trumpeter

The tavern is a last frontier,
A flower on the grave of wildness.
When a last primeval forest
echoes
With machinery of our greed, unruly
Passionate drinkers root the earth
Like crowberry, saxifrage and moss
In a northern hinterland. Then,
A Greek barwoman, bent with age,
Serves cold beer and homemade soup,
A jukebox dishes up another disc of
Unrequited love, even as the city
Stalks for renovation, uniformity,
As a nation stalks with caribou-grace
To drink from hidden pools of wealth!
Drinkers sense the myth of Midas,
Know a history from saloon to
Disco-bar, from tundra's voice
To engine's wail, from gold to oil.
The tavern is a last frontier,
A flower on the grave of wildness.
Still, the root remains.

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