

## SECRET POETS OF THE CZECH REPUBLIC

*after Mirslav Holub*

at last you prove there is a secret society of railroad worker poets, switchyard geniuses, grease-bibbed and full of grit. they stand at attention at dust-brown rail stops from Ustí nad Labem to Děčín – soot laureates near sidings of yellow rose bush / endless fields of mustard and hops. on our way to Dresden, they float down the Elbe / past hems of poplars stout as buoys. one pushes offshore, blind to demons, current mayhem and appears / at Holešovice in boots darker than the pitch of rhododendrons. another recites poems to seer mice, travels to the Eighth Millennium and returns on a seat of cabbage leaves.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry



*Laureates of the Masque* by John Elkerr  
18" x 24"  
Colored ink on paper