



The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner*

*little to be
dead on in
a card*

*State of
Plane*

*RANDALL
Bittell*

*burn
dressed
fighter
shot up*

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from all drag of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

transition

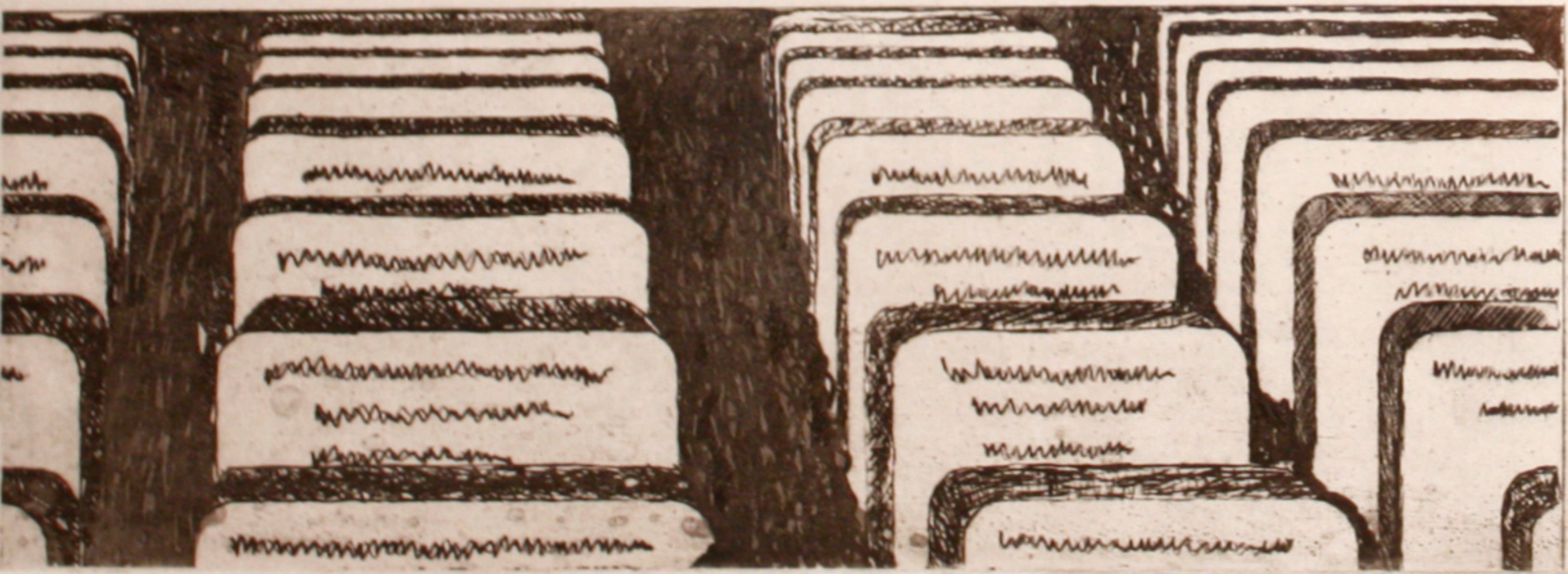
*fill out by
how well
writing*

life

*on the
ground
when
realty
great fighter*

*will hit a field and though
a dream then back to nothing*

aborted



Field of... or Death

7/26

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