

# Two Poems

Robert Hedin

## Men's Day

All gone now, all except these,  
the last ones left, still sitting there

every Wednesday at the local  
country club, looking out

over the dark, empty fairways,  
the moonlit greens, old men now

just putting in their hours,  
playing euchre, and talking low

under the same old stars,  
at the same scarred tables—

Corregidor, Bataan—  
the hot tropics of the steam room.

## Elegy for the County Dead

Not that they knew then  
    where they were going,  
        lounging around  
  
those summer nights  
    at the local country club,  
        swilling martinis  
  
and settling their measly bets.  
    No, not then—  
        Watson who'd never  
  
make it beyond the hedgerows,  
    Ness who'd go spiraling  
        down over Berlin,  
  
and Webster cut to ribbons,  
    cleaning out that nest  
        of Nazis in the Ardennes.

**Robert Hedin's** most recent book is *At the Great Door of Morning: Selected Poems and Translations*, published by Copper Canyon Press in 2017. Founder and former director of the Anderson Center at Tower View, a residential artist retreat, he lives in Frontenac, Minnesota.