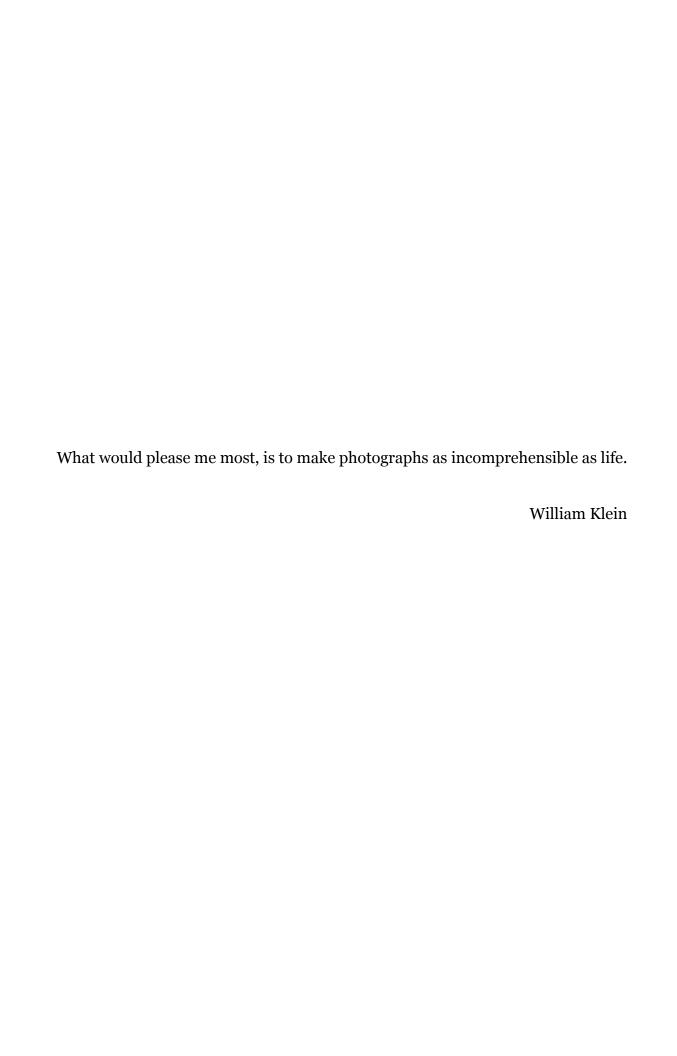
Thin Hardcover Artbook Vice Versa | vol 3



David Estes





Kansas Ave.

Razed lots the years flattened by tornadoes and urban flight except for that McDonald's at the corner or this building where she still lives now alone with a phone book opened at her side dialing strangers she hopes she may know.



Crescent Place

from the War.

It will be measured as a smallish lot for a small ranch home but now it is still a meadow open at the edge of the frontier; the frontier I was learning about from the much older kids.

Someone had bought Smarties and shared them as little pills. We encircled our red wagons and started digging for gold but Billy (or maybe Bobby) found a German medal instead; it had been buried by a neighbor, his souvenir

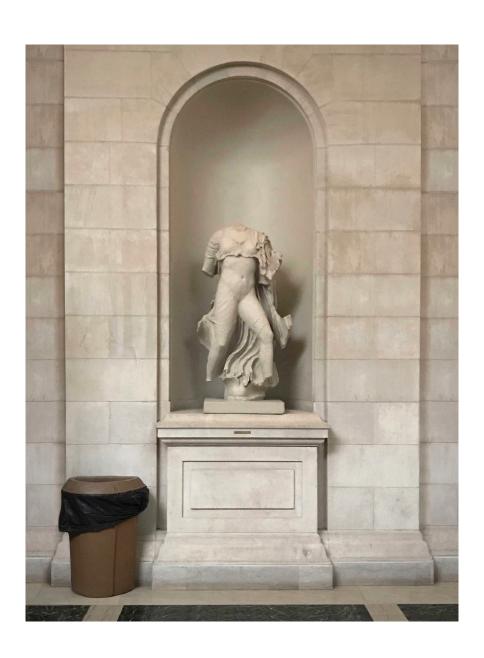




Fall

Do you remember our family visit to the Lincoln Memorial just a few weeks after Nixon waved farewell? How a young man wearing a saffron robe handed me a small green bible then approached Dad asking for a donation? And how Dad appeared baffled but reached for his wallet until I returned the book insisting that I didn't even want it? And how in all the commotion you lost your balance stepping back on the high-rise marble stairs to fall crumpling in the August heat?

Your knees bleeding dark onto the warm whitestone.



Morro Bay

I recall Morro Bay in late-morning

the bird life, pelicans
and entitled seals below the pier
so loud I thought eventually I would tire
but I didn't;
so how are we not living there?

We continued on to San Simeon
where I ripped my jeans, significantly
on a barbed wire fence.
Huge elephant seals speckled the beach
sand-covered and still, boulders
until we neared

and then later we checked out the Castle.

David Estes received his BA in History from Cornell University and MFA in Sculpture from California College of the Arts. He has recently become interested in poetry and
how it relates to making images; and vice versa.
Ithaca NY
2024