

**BOAR FINDS A  
COMFORTABLE  
HOME**

**Poem and Photographs**

**Clarence Wolfshohl**



Boar, born in mystery—  
some say carved from an oak  
of the Black Forest by a craftsman  
of Teutonic blood, others whittled  
by a pen knife from mesquite  
in the Chihuahuan desert, and

still others grown by nature's whim  
on the root of the huisatche—  
Boar was engendered to stride  
across desolate terrain.

His one desire was to find halt  
to his wandering, to harbor  
in a cove of murmuring voices  
and gentle breezes. Thus, he quested



**across desiccated lava flows**





**and over boulderous mountains**



**without the sight of man or beast.**





**Finally, he arrived in hand-shaped fields and roads, crossed paved esplanades and came to an entryway**



guarded by a giant toad, tattooed  
in gay designs of blues and greens,  
orange and red, but somber faced  
and mute as stone.



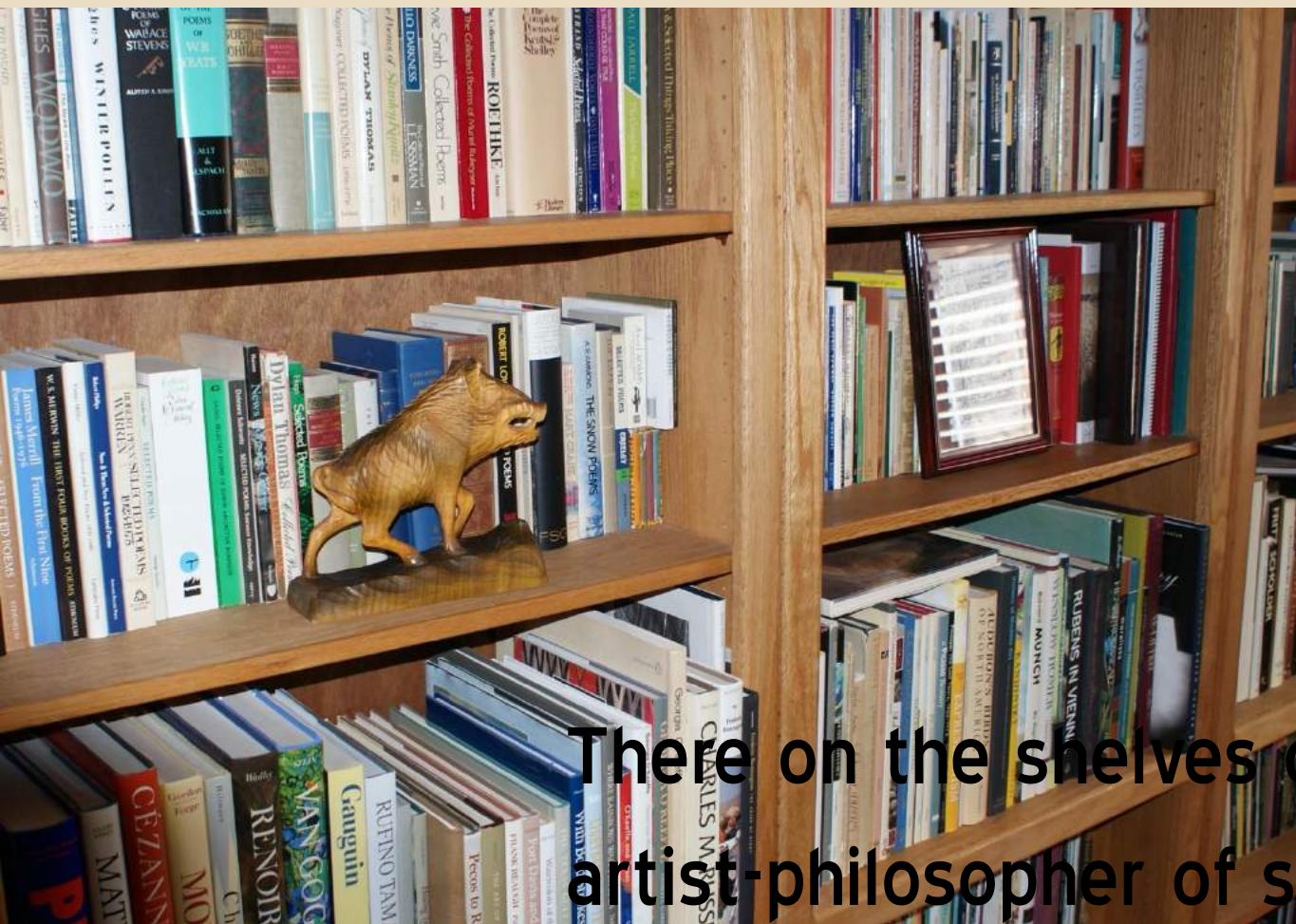




**But underfoot  
the floor declared “WELCOME,”  
and Boar felt he had come  
very well indeed and entered  
the door and made one last climb.**







There on the shelves of the rare  
artist-philosopher of seaways  
and desert lore, Boar now  
resides among volumes of head  
and heart,



nestled between tomes  
of Thomas and Seamus, his rump  
abutting *Paradise Lost* in this one  
he has found.



## Boar Finds a Comfortable Home

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