

# INTO THE OWL-DREAMED NIGHT

The long red-brown hair of sunset  
unpinned in the weave of swallows  
beside this fast running,  
green Wyoming river.



Night coming on like crow-winged thermals,  
bales on the hardtack of the plains releasing  
their last green to starlight as children chase  
fireflies and voice simple wonder



You fly west over blacktop, skirting  
the edge of an ice-filled blizzard,  
Oldsmobile wagon curving down into Ogden  
as city lights opal blue veils of cold rain.



You push on towards Boise,  
engine inhaling the miles, intent on  
recovering a love dissolved by distance,  
your eyes ready for another excerpt

composed inside the pulse of moon.



**“Street literature”** or broadsides began in the 16th century and continued until the mid-19th century as a type of printing of large printed sheets of paper, designed to be plastered onto walls. By the mid 19th century, the advent of newspapers and inexpensive novels resulted in the demise of the street literature broadside. Today broadsides have been taken over by many small presses and publishers as a fine art offshoot of their work.”  
~Wikipedia

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In celebration of **Poetry Month** and as part of a larger literary installation you can expect a new poem about the fifteenth of every month. A map with other locations where you can find other street poems, like geo-caching for poetry can be downloaded on my website under the news section.

For more information about the local poetry & art scene—

The Lane Literary Guild: [www.laneliteraryguild.org](http://www.laneliteraryguild.org)  
The Oregon Poetry Association: [www.oregonpoets.org](http://www.oregonpoets.org)

A copy of the 6 prior poems I published for the poem caching project may be found on my website:

[www.utteredchaos.org](http://www.utteredchaos.org).

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### **About Charles F. Thielman—**

Raised in Charleston, SC, and Chicago, educated at red-bricked colleges and on Chicago’s streets, Charles has worked as a youth counselor, truck driver, city bus driver and enthused bookstore clerk. Having learned much via his travels, Charles now calls Eugene, Oregon home.

Recently married on a Kauai beach, and a grandfather to five joys, Charles continues his inspired work as a poet and active shareholder in an independent bookstore. He also organizes readings at the store. On the boards of the county and state writers’ organizations, Charles is one in a circle of poets promoting the Poem-Caching/Poetry Box Project. The boxes are like curbside realtor’s boxes, but with copies of poems inside for unsuspecting passersby. His poems have appeared in a myriad of national and international literary journals such as *The Pedestal*, *The Oyez Review*, *Poetry Kanto* and *uphook press*.

This poem is from his chapbook, *Into the Owl-Dreamed Night*, Uttered Chaos.

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