



**BAG
OF
BONES**

**Mark
Hansen**

Bag Of Bones
by Mark Hansen

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Old Boots

High mountain paths unfold
beneath these old beat up boots
that you gave to me long ago –
memories of noisy taverns
and angry streets now fall behind

Gelnhausen

This moist July heat
reminds me of a dark night
may long summers ago -
young soldiers in a cornfield
chasing West German fireflies

Full Buck Moon

The full Buck Moon
was nowhere to be seen
on that cloud heavy night -
did she not approve of my
humble moon gazing pavilion?

Mount Tabor

July heat burns my eyes
cicadas buzz on dusty path
as I climb Mount Tabor –
much can be seen from the top
yet I know less than before

Bitter Fruit

Summer has been mild here
amongst the Douglas fir
and white oak trees –
in far off Palestine
August bears only bitter fruit

No Need

At ease with the world
what need for the hullabaloo
as we come and go –
mountains and rivers
a simple hut far from the city

Bag of Bones

This old bag of bones
declared war upon itself
the day I was born –
not much doubt about the outcome
fixed as it is for rich or poor

The Day After

I'm setting out tomorrow
on the path to Cold Mountain
you can look for me there
but I may not answer
when you call

After Tu Fu

How long has it been
since we last spoke?

Alone in this one-room apartment
this icy evening thinking of you
my tired heart is warmed
by memories of wine and poetry.

I hope you are content now—
I have gone far away,
and may never return.

In Forest Park

Once again I seek solace
alone in the forest above Portland
reading poems of Li Po and Tu Fu,
halfway between dawn and dusk
beneath falling sprays of amber sun.

Raucous croaks of a crow coughing, twice,
echo through sentient fir trees
where our dead lay dormant
as vague memories near forgotten
beneath dark, moss draped limbs.

Two golden dragonflies duel overhead -
their immense primeval shadows fall
upon the grassy meadow below them,
upon the open pages before me.

Portland mumbles in the distance
like the restless drunk in his sleep
as the blood stained Empire on the Potomac
plots its next war,
and shadows crash to earth.

Campfire In The Woods

Why are you all so scared of the dark,
when there's this crackling campfire,
and fresh grilled largemouth bass?

Those snaggletoothed strangers,
and their damned "Feudin' Banjos"
are far, far away from here tonight.

We'll have nothing but good times
from dusk 'til dawn, my friends,
here at Camp Crystal Lake!

Across The River

I worked my oars vigorously
over wind tossed Colombia
to Fort Vancouver I rowed
where I found a Russian fellow.

He was aged well
before we ever met
conditioned for a lengthy time
in a bourbon barrel.

We soon became old chums
the best of friends –
a stout Russian Imperial no less
and a poor Stumptown artist.

A Fish Tale

Puking makes for great fishing
Or at least it catches more fish
Than fishing without it.

I chummed the waters that day
Back in '77, when Aunt Diane
And I set out to catch Coho
Out past the Columbia

"Chumming is always a must
When flounder fishing."
And yes, a flounder was caught!

Mark Hansen is a Pacific Northwest artist and poet living near the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. His girlfriend and two cats tolerate him as much as they are able.