J.F.K. IN THE AUTUMN OF HIS LIFE

I like most any apples, 'cept them that Ma
Keeps on ice too long, then slips in my lunch;
They fool ya'. Come lunch time there's a thaw
That stops just under that bright skin. One munch
Is like biting into an ice cream cone.
You get a chill that crawls so terrible slow
From your teeth—to your face—down your backbone.
I often get them trick apples; Ma must know . . . .
But I like apples. Ones nipped off trees 'n
Chilled by some early Fall frosts are the best.
You just peel away the cold dirty skin
And inside is the sweetest, tastiest
Apple you ever had. That chill sure brings
Out the zip. You forget those hid-ice things.

Darryl Smith

CHILDHOOD

Sitting on a hill,
I threw a stone
In water . . . . gurgle,
Then all alone.
I threw more,
But still alone.
Darkness crept,
And I, too, home

K. R.

SEPTEMBER

White waves' anger rising now;
Gulls, the gulls high to themselves.
Beach soiled, bath house peeled,
Oars broken, waste and one left
With regret for a past too soon;
In the mind it is not yet noon.
Waves, waves and the cooling sun;
But no punking pong of racket on ball,
Fresh pool plunge, dreamy nap;
No starblue stroll, clasp of hands.
Now but hollow of pink conch shell;
Fading voices with nothing to tell,
Here bath house—no swimmers,
Boardwalk—no strollers.
Water, shore, beach, trees—
But no eyes, no painting hand.
Here but the gulls
An insouciant sand.

John Frank

story of a philadelphia mummers parade
as it should have been
in black and white

one day
black was not black
and
white faces were red
and a bearded savior
brought the field slaves in
from the fields
and the house servants
went into the fields to look at the sun
this time the black death only hit the white
and suddenly the dark were in the light
and the underground railway
became the back of the bus
and the naacp said
let there be integration
and there was james baldwin
and martin luther king
and mississippi
and gas bombs
and upon occasion
a burning cross
then came the great day when it was decreed
that blackface shall be banned
but it wasn't
so the black
very wisely
fought back
sho nuff
they all put on whiteface
and went to a parade
and as soon as those minstrels danced by
all o dem dere darkies
shouted

NIGGER

S. M.
DAYS

THE FIRST DAY

We turned left at Thompson's road
onto rut and clay
The red banks eroded their
way to road and to field
Pines stood tall yet many
were bent about the tops
Like shoulders of old men
Like Atlas and tired of supporting
the sky
The sky straddled the earth
Not blinking, not wavering in the heat
Only the pines and the road waivered
Punctured by the crush and churl
of stones which the car threw up
A wind-mill ragged in silhouette
its sweating-days ceased
multi-arms in racked repose
We neared the pond
its blue grown green and brown
I turned to catch the oaks
the rough embrace
they would throw around me
And the breath was stopped in
my throat
For the oaks were dead
Everything stopped
Then everything started
And I could not move
fast enough
Across Augustine grass
water-worn stones
splintering porch
And he reached his arms
way around
And he gathered me
into his warmth
The coarseness of his hair
beneath my palms
The sudden frailty of
his bones—
the tight-stretched skin
shocked
And we rocked
Locked in anguish
and joy

THE THIRD DAY

We loved in silence
this man who was
now bent about the shoulders
And in actions
We would sit
he in a rocker
I on the steps
and look out
at the road
and the oaks
and feed the
lizards
Once in a while
I would reheat
the chicory-coffee
Or watch him
roll cigarettes
from a tin of
Prince Albert

THE FIFTH DAY

It would rain in the afternoon
The sky shuddering against
sudden spasms of wind
Then water in a vortex
across rusted tin
as the earth suckled
leaving cramped, tempest-pools
It was he who had taught me of rain,
led me to the joys of wet-feet
It was he who had held me
grinning then at my splashes
He watched me now
smiling
And told me to listen
even for the rain frog
THE MIDDLE DAY
The oaks would not let me sleep
I sat on the porch and
felt the moon nudge
the night
Some branches had fallen
that day
I remembered how strong they
had been
Strong enough for him to
make me a swing on them
I had swung high to see
the scarecrow in the peanut field
wave back
And now the branches could barely
support their own weight
It had become a strain
to hold them upright
I looked to him then
seeing his face caught
in the match-light
and followed the angular
bends of his shoulders,
neck, head
I turned to the oaks
And was suddenly aware
of young trees
Then I sat quite still,
head bowed,
not wanting him to know
the scorch of my tears

Mary Tycelia White

POEM
YOU MAY DRAW ANYTHING YOU LIKE
one head bowed above manilla-paper
yellow hair brushed from sight
fingers grappling with thick crayons
I will draw a tower of crystal
and of gold
upon a hill of green
A horse with wings
And sunlight
green tints the paper strongly in wax arches
A hill and then a tower
of crystal
and of gold
A horse with

HERE I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
—and other hands possess the hill
the tower
the horse with wings—

PUT A LINE OF YELLOW
A LINE OF RED
THEN OF GREEN
MAKE A PRETTY PATTERN
UNDERSTAND?
sound of paper turning belly-up
I will make a tower of crystal
and of gold
A horse with wings
And sunlight

Mary White
THE TRIBE

I.

With a white umbrella under her arm Perot remained in the shadow of the stairway and savored her anticipation, straining until she could feel her loneliness as a distinct sensation.

She stepped at last from her rented porch into an August alleyway redolent of asphalt and scorched grass and hung with lamps like dusky lemons. The city suffocated; an orchestra rapped tuning in the park while at the corner the tavern-vent hoarsely expelled its Catholic Friday odors. In the unripe light of neon letters she hesitated, tempted, recognized and beckoned through green windows by the proprietor. Behind the glass the eyes of the customers appeared restless, predatory, marine. She apologized with a nod and continued into the park, drawing her sight down gravelled avenues, under elms, beyond the rough hub of mulberries at the fountain to the billowing gilt-and-blue bandshell doobouching Fledermaus. With a shock of pleasure she saw the old woman alone on her bench and hurried to her, the alien to the heat in a dress the shade of mistletoe berries, and put her hand on the thin shoulder. The old woman smiled and gathered her skirt to her side and moved the white-tipped cane to make room. "Hello, Soeur Perot," she said, "I'm glad you've come." The voice was deep, supple, strongly infused.

During the music Perot was intent on the profile, the shadowed bulge of the cheek, the swelling of the eye behind the thick oval of glass, the handsome arrogance in the angle of the head tipped back, weighted by the silver coiled braid. The skin that was minutely wrinkled over the cheek was gathered at the chin like cloth; the hands lay in the lap as calmly creased and cool as gloves in a bureau. Perot, observing this, was content.

They always began their conversations like strangers, touching the dearth of wind, the tranquility of children during Strauss, the possibility of rain. Mister Webern was recovering from a cold, was visiting a friend, would join them in an hour or so. The audience creaked past them and back over the stones while they varied the themes of the weeks before, introducing the inconsequential motifs, quietly engaged in an orchestration of thought which Terrigon, erect and smiling, conducted with droll mandarin gestures.

"How are things with your young man?"

"Oh," Perot shrugged her shoulders and eyebrows. "Things still stand."

"No communication?"—"None whatever."

"Not even a letter?"—"Not even."

The smile rippled once and spread like water on silk. "Then brovo! The sister won't make sainthood, but she'll be an honest woman yet."
"You don't have to wait with me," Terrigon offered. "Joseph should be along soon."

"I don't really want to go back to my room so early," she said. A spatter of drops burst on the palms at the right of the stage. "Don't you really have any friends?" She brought it out as delicately as possible.

"I consider you my friend," Perot said, hesitantly, hoping not to be met with humor.

"Flattered!" The tongue shook the word out gaily, like a small soft flag. And then, more low, "Honored."

Perot leaned on one wrist until it ached. They had never been out of the crowd before. They had met at every concert for the last three months, but they had never been out of the crowd before; so Perot, in a small agony of curiosity and indecision, leaned first on one wrist and then on the other until they ached.

"You're really very happy together, you and Mister Webern, aren't you?"

"Very happy." Terrigon sounded relieved.

"Have you been... have you known each other long?"

"Over fifty years."

"So long!"

"So long. Our families used to vacation at the same beach, summers. But of course he married someone... else, and we lost sight of one another. We've only been together four years, since his wife died."

"Was he... was it a happy marriage?"

There was a pause and then the voice could have been either annoyed or cautious. "Joseph is one of us. She was not."

Neither spoke for what seemed to be a long time while the rain modulated around them, sinking to intricate low figures pattered out along the closed row of footlights. Perot rose and paced back along the wall, repeatedly clasping her hands. "What," she managed, feeling the question to be somewhat profane, "what do you mean by 'we', Terrigon? You always talk as though 'we' were members of some kind of aristocracy, some tribe. Are we better than the others? Are we really so remarkable?"

The voice rose a little with interest. "Oh, we're nothing so remarkable. We're rare enough, I suppose, and difficult enough to live with... probably that's it, that we're more difficult than the others. More selective. We never successfully compromise. I suppose we start out trying to be connoisseurs of existence, trying to sort out the best, the most civilized, or at least the most pleasant. Of course some of us turn out to be only dillentantes. And it's always possible that we appreciate so strongly," the dress rustled and Perot knew she had turned to face her pacing, "because we love so little. But we're not so remarkable," she repeated.

Perot had reached the back of the stage. "But we are," she whispered, vehemently, "and we're better." The wind breathed through the curved wall. "What did you say?" her friend called. "What are you doing?"

"I am pretending," she answered, too loudly, "to be the resident of this shell. I am tasting oysterdum."

The laugh was a husky cascade. "No, you're a chambered nautilus. In your last chamber. Oysterdum sounds too bitter."

"Well, it's not." She found that her voice sunk up into the hollow like a hurt bird, and added, "It's nothing," tightly, ashamed.

"Lucky mollusk!" The wry voice was that of a rumpled and coughing man in dripping shirtsleeves, with salt-white hair over his ears, and a pipe steaming between his teeth, who stepped through a lamp's cone of light and advanced through the rain. He shivering ascended the platform steps, took Terrigon's hands as she rose. When she scolded him for walking in the rain he protested her concern, at every shake of his head dropping ovals of water from the thatch at his temples.

Once down the steps they moved quickly, the old woman assisted by both, Joseph balancing the white umbrella directly above her. As they reached the curb Terrigon stumbled and leaned more heavily on him. He glanced at her in alarm and asked something Perot did not hear, at which Terrigon laughed. In the light Perot could see a thin clear snake of rain circling his ear and disappearing under his collar. She experienced, unexpectedly, incomprehensively, a bolt of jealousy that left her breathless.

II.

On October mornings now, as on those of September, Perot sat in the tattered shade of the park and waited. When the nine o'clock bus stopped at the far end of the park she turned away. She concentrated briefly on the abandoned orchestra shell; then after the engine-snarls, in the backwash of silence, she became aware of the distant quickening respiration of the city and finally of clinkings from the hub of the park, drops issuing from the lips of a gargoule on the basin-rim of the fountain, a summer survivor tiredly dispensing dusty rainwater with the expression of a veteran despising his sinecure. Now when the new noise intruded Perot blanched and shut her eyes as if it were very loud. By the time the tapping had come near and stopped she felt so thankful, so curiously attuned to autumn, that with her large eyes closed against the sun the slopes of her face appeared barren and warm as stone.

It had not occurred to her that Terrigon would be wearing black. She noticed also that the faint outline of her lips was now almost obliterated by thin lines; her own lips were dry and she felt she could not speak. As she moved to turn away she recognized the old woman's position as exactly her own and checked her movement, not wishing to break the identity. In that moment the eyes opened peculiarly wide, the irises nearly colorless under white lashes tipped
with grey as though retaining an ash. She approached the other bench. "Hello, Soeur Terrigon," she said.

The face crumpled in surprise, then smoothed to a smile. "How good," she said, "that you're here."

"I thought you'd come eventually. I've wanted to talk to you."

"Joseph died," she wavered. "Two weeks after our last concert. The rain apparently..." The voice cracked and Perot looked at her hands, chagrined, hoping for inspiration. "I know," she said. "The papers." A grackle, luminous in the sun, circled the fountain, genuflecting at each selection of spilled grain.

"And what about your young man?" The voice was recovered, but flat.

"Young...oh, completely over."

"Bravo. Bravo," she repeated more firmly, and sighed. "You'll be an honest...A gigantic tear appeared behind each lens and threatened to spill onto her cheek. Perot looked toward the street. A mendicant squirrel minced toward them, then paused, passant.

"Let me take care of you, Terrigon," she said, softly as she had said it every night in her room. "Let me do that for you now."

Feeling the pressure of the frail hand she was glad not to see her face. She heard the mulberry leaves clattering down and all at once there was a soaring in her brain, a recognition tugging at her like a blowing obedient balloon. She had found in her mouth, almost with fear, the words, "I'm found."

III.

Cats performing their breakfast passacaglia. Rasping of cream from china placed to catch winter light spilling through multipaned windows; dishes faintly ringing as tongues arch along thin edges; discreet undercurrent of purr during the slow fastidious splaying of whiskers, rustle of tongues over paw-fur, subtle popping-back of bent washed ears; receding deliberate shuffle of the Persian followed by reluctant padding of the other, floor-creaks at the doorway aroused by the first and quickened by the second, all against limping ticks of a darkwood slender mantle clock, the crystal gone milky with age.

Terrigon, rinsing the saucers, feeling the lukewarm flattering of water over the backs of her hands, the chill brittle porcelain under her palms, remembers that the afternoon seaweed, plumed and vivid, was caught in a pool in a hollowed rock, trapped and spread over the water, rippling; and that they observed it separately, silent and sometimes dozing, not having met, reclining opposite, their bodies staked to the stone by sun, the undersides of their limbs and bellies lichen-pale, walled by blown sand, moist as moss. She awoke when the tide tilted at her heels, saw that the boy still slept and put out her hand to wake him but paused, embarrassed, never having met, and dropped her palm to the copper-cold rock instead; when the boy, still sleeping, turning his head glossy and brown as a slumbering pad, threw over her wrist the hot silks of his hair and made with his mouth in the depths of dream a sound like the blowing of the sea.

Perot, seeing her distraction, talks to her in her now customary tone, deepened and strangely gentle, talks to her of the wind, of the agitation of the birches, of the probability of snow. At other times she need only say, "I'm here, I'm here."

IV.

On New Year's Eve the voice in the parlor phone said, "This is Will," and she felt the blood pulse in her throat, "Where are you?" "Diane's party. I thought you might come." He was barely audible over the cluster of clarinets and laughter. "Why are you calling?"

"I can't talk in this crowd, Perot. Can I see you?" "No, no, I can't leave the house." "I said can I see you?" "Have you been drinking, Will?" "Yes, yes. Should I come to the house? Someone here knows the way..." "Not to the house. Please, why are you calling?" "Shall I come now?" "Not to...I'll be at the bottom of the hill." "The hill. Is it snowing?" "What?" "Is it snowing?" "Yes."

Walking toward the light at the foot of the hill, she felt each flake on her face as a distinct shock. She waited with her back to the snow while the silence spread and deepened to a deafening, vaguely electrical hum.

His beard was darker than she remembered. She held herself very straight as if in anger and asked what he had to say. Although he was not close she could identify the whiskey as bourbon, as always.

"I don't like your being used," he said. "Oh used," she scoffed. "How used." "As companion, keeper, mind and eyes, from what I've heard. No one's seen you for weeks. Do you plan to abandon everyone?" "Everyone. You couldn't understand it if you tried. I was always different, William." "And better?" He stared at her hard. "And better. Terrigon and I...with precision. We don't need much to be happy, William." His stare dropped out of pity. "You're not being honest, Perot." She turned away. He was facing into the wind, the snow masking his face, gathering in his beard. "I still don't know what you want," he said, "what you're after. Intoxication maybe. Some kind of perpetual drunk. It isn't possible, Perot. It isn't real."

When she did not answer his eyebrows converged in exasperation, pushing twin ridges of snow up his forehead. The mask was white now and humorous, like a negative blackamoor's. "Perot," he said, and the name created a puff of fragrant steam that dissipated under the light; and softly, "Perot."

"It isn't that," she insisted, "the intoxication. I'll admit sometimes I thought, sometimes, that we had it. But this is more the most...the most exquisite sobriety." Her eyes met his, then fell further to the ground. "She needs me," she said.
She sensed him stiffening. "Tell me." Coldly; two branches behind him in the wind caressed. "Didn't you think of me on Christmas? The morning?"

She started, uttered one word too low to be heard, and walked away.

"What?" he stammered, disarmed, not daring to follow, seeing only the sullen long sheen of her hair turned silver by the lamplight and knowing himself immediately lost, "What? What?"

As she walked back up the hill a train-whistle rang out. Terrigon, by the fire, also heard it and leaned back tensely in her chair. There was once, she made herself recall, there was once hanging in her attic an Utrillo print of an empty and descending alley between masonry walls backed by pallette-knife tussels of deep green and brick-orange scrubtrees. An olive stain welled from the rough cream-and-ochre walls across the mottled cobbles down to black barricades that turned aside a street bordered by multistoried dwellings with shops on the lowest level, with slate steep roofs against a vivid smudge of aquamarine sky. The city terminated in a jumbled and inhabited horizon under a puffy buff and cerulean heaven. She remembered that there were once alleyways in Staten Island that sloped so, proffering their bricked and chimneyed dwellings as one passed, and that it was on a deserted Sunday morning in early summer that they had ambled from a ferry to have the scene rush over them, and that they had tipped back their bare heads and uttered dissonant train-cries into the air, uttered into the Sunday lull of a Richmond street train-calls which caused echoes to blossom along the walls like flowers long since thrust into crevices to await just such a harrowing . . .

Perot entered the room noiselessly and knelt beside her chair. "Almost the new year," she said, and then saw the concentration in her face. "I heard a train whistle. Did it mean something?"

"Yes." Terrigon smiled and clasped the young cold hands between her own. "I'm so glad you're here, especially now. It seems we're the only members left."

The snow that melted in Perot's hair created rivulets that followed the curve of her cheek and, catching light from the fire, shone like tears on the face of an initiate.

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**TO A MEDIEVAL VILLAGE**

Why weep, Gaville? Winds in your fawn-walled plain
Bow gleaming skulls of sycophantic grain
And swell felled chaff below. The chiding rain
Long since has rinsed thin furrows of strange stain.

Be steel to fields where widows glean green bread,
Though wheat-roots rust where Guido leaned and bled;
Bronze counts and brown lean counselors have said
Their flour will knead more sweetly for your dead.

Weep for a later age, Gaville, which knows
Of saner harvests and of braver rows,
Yet scorns seed and spurns delivery;
Where fallow hearts stand barren of despair,
And women in spring ignorance prepare
New sons to die in antique livery.

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**BAROQUE**

The suave bassoon swoons deeper than the rain.
And laughing, arching back slim wind-wrists, ebony
Warm wood-throats in the chamber,
These instruments, antique, step fondly in
Antiquities of dance; move carelessly past
Shadow-pattern, latticed-amber sound, melodic
Parquetry.
Their chords bloom russet-slow.
Brown blossomed
Harpsichords powerfully unfurl
Their carven redolent petals.

Vivaldi paused in Venice, heard the rain
Descending in an afternoon continuo
Of roof-black patter; smiled and nodded, heard the water
Slipping cold on stucco, trilling gold on stone
In courtyards; sensed sonorities of sheen
Against the gondolas.

The wind rose suddenly. Northward,
Thin bow-stems bent in storm, weaving
Beneath the ponderous drum-buds, treading
Under their thunderous burden.
LOVE SONG
As a song leads to a song,
This cluster of wonderful
White pear blossoms
Brings me to you.
Rain in fountains
Fleck our fields;
Refreshment of flesh,
Bearer of goodness:
This is you.
Can we blend, my love,
In these hurrying hours
While our world is still full
Of the fragrance of flowers.

John Frank

EXCURSION AFTER A LECTURE ON THE PROSPECTS OF WAR
The albatross city about the brain
Struggles and drums, and anguish rain comes
Hammering into the brain-pan.
Iron gliders rustily hunch
On porches; sullenly fox-gloves burnish
Among the lung-red cockscombs; torches
Of salvia thrust at dripping tinder eaves.
The smoke-stacks are staining the nimbus
A nicotine amber.
The buildings are chanting.
I can’t hear their song.
The revulsion is not in architecture only. It is found
As well now in the ground-swell under barley where
An angry and cannibal August chars
Mantis husks in their embryo wars.
Beware the unstruck clock of cones. Beware
The burled bones, and the russet locks
That moss calm hemp in harbors. Watch there
Rivers of embers and torn of dust,
Black drumlins humped in scorn, and grackle
Dumb as onyx.
The winds attend
Their vengeance when
Long winter webs the trees, no leaves
Swing.
And Gethsemane’s grey spring weaves
Rain.

Marlin Seer

I never see the
orange morning
anymore
I used to stay up at night and
wait
but now
I wake up and
always she is
gone

Debby Grobman

I believe.
Believe that I believe
What I believe.
Do not call me “atheist”; I will be classed.
People will stare.
They will take away my
Cadillac
My electric can opener, my colored
Television.
Tell them for me, oh
Tell them
I believe. Don’t let them store.

Catherine Harig

PYRAMID TO THE RISING SUN
Montezuma’s sons sell picture cards
To norteamericanos ricos
(What do you say now, priests?)
Who slowly climb the stones blood-blotched
By hapless hearts torn by bones knife-honed
Asking who was this guy, Quetzecatl?
(Oh, what a god to have!
Indian, your day began to end
The time you built altars
To a god of metal. Want to bet?)

John Frank

This poem was published in the National Collegiate Poetry Anthology.
YOUTH IN AN APOCALYPTIC AGE
OR
APOCRYPHA FOR THE APOCALYPSE

So let there be a heyday in the blood,
A holiday of spirit—a time to touch, to stir, to writhe
And be delivered.
Too soon old, cold, unwanted and unwonted;
Let flesh and heart find Sistine walls
And on them flame their passions—
Vibrant, earthy, violent.
This should be the nurture of our land and youth,
Not cautious, soft, embalmed in fear and pickled in propriety.
What hideous malfeasance in this trembling world,
Brinked on oblivion,
To count the prudent pennies
And trade the pounding heart
For a mess of moral maxims
On how to live bovinely.

Anonymous

BLACK GIRL

honey
she said
honey
as the milkweed
drifted softly down
nestling white on her
breast
shaft of night light
cought the milkweed
and held it there
moving rhythmically
up and down
against her
dark skin
barest arms reached
and caught me—
brought me down
with quiet
gentle ease
the taste of
ageless
bitterness
vanished

Susan Fisher

joy and jubilation
sing good friday in a golf cart
and giggle blush hosannah in the highest
judas went out swinging from a silver money tree
but jesus hangs eternal in the "Y".

S. M.

WEDDING RECEPTION

Mirrored acutely; in sighs the musicians
Sound "Sympathy", the sweet refrain;
Nocturne musicale still to come.
(For distant seems a time for rest.)
Wedding friends in her parents' home:
Champagne glasses cold-wet in palms
(Violins in ferns), talk politely low;
Poised on heels, they mostly smile, go.
This especially reminds a guest
Of the natural, mighty, rhythmic movement;
Birth, marriage (new birth), and death.
Here created too a memory for two,
None clearer, more lovely than this;
And each saving in his soul's aloneness
Bitterness of an unanswered call.

John Frank

MARIENBAD

The chambered passive masques maintain their places;
An anxious wan acanthus in recoil
Abhors blind pebbles swept by rains and oil,
Preferring scrutiny of mirrored faces.
She stands, exasperated by the flowers,
Beside a marbled exit marred by veins,
But hesitates, a glove against the panes,
Anticipating momentary showers.
The garden groans to blossom at its border
Yet holds its exquisite if tyrant order
By signals less apparent than a blush—
While she, between green sodden boxwood, slowly
Descends to hear stone satyrs bleating lowly,
And Venus coughing faintly in the hush.

Marlin Seer
FROM YESTERDAY

Sally Jones has two marbles and she even sleeps with them at night. One is a small girl dressed in a high-fashioned hat with a whimsical white feather on it—peeling rose-colored walls catch the last glow of a summer evening on the floor forgotten lies a small round picture of a woman with a high-fashioned hat—a whimsical white feather on it—

Johnny has a new horse and that horse is as big as Mr. Tom's house—

He never lets me ride because I can't boost up like he can—someday Johnny and I will ride double—when he forgets I'm a girl

a distant tinkling holds pink images of cotton-candy and a round and round painted pony—
a small hand clasping a crumpled red ticket for a round and round ride—

laughter comes when you have the brass ring
NOVEMBER AND AFTER

When the last pious word had been written down
and the last editor had congratulated himself
on a damned fine job that really summarized
the shame and horror
of it all,

And when the last little citizen in his anonymous way
had assured himself and anyone anonymous enough to listen
that this business of preaching hatred all the time
and pitting man against man
has got to stop,

And when we had all bought the last colored picture and
handsomely bound book of those terrible days
without hardly noticing those too-late-to-recall editorials
about there being too many
Kennedys in Washington,

Why, we suddenly noticed that the bright, clean snows
of January were gone, run off in muddy dribbles
down valleys of reassessment of Johnson's
first so many days
of legislative progress,

But John-John continues to salute a torn life from
a torn LIFE in the back seat of a '49 Cadillac
from whose cracked windshield the sunlight
sparkles merrily
in hope's junkyard.

Anonymous

COFFEE HOUR

Society solidified: three old ladies
Sipping primly, facing friends,
Musing over, at the moment,
Looked for barbs in many words.
Each one wonders wistfully
When the restful end will come.
Surely not at coffee hour?
Surely not before the others!

in the wind
yesterday
in the wind
I spoke to you of love
and you kept right on
feeding the
pigeons
the polite pigeons

John Frank

in the wind
I spoke to you of love
and you kept right on
feeding the
pigeons
Debby Grabman

Baeumler

Sky—dark oil shale, dense and crumbling off near the surface
of a sea of cold lead, breaking away, coal pouring into a bin. Morn-
ing. Black soot and cinders, oil burning low and wide on the horizon,
boats on fire, far out on it. The black steel sheath is stripped away,
lifted off, leaving an ingot of light, flacking chips of it on the floor
of the mill. The lead melts quickly and spreads to chrome plate. The
mold of night was gone.

With the sun came the hollow bone gliders crashing into the
sound, stabbing the sand of the lower beach. They came as white
wedges into the sky. I sat in the window seat and watched them
hunt as the day tumbled in on us. Toni stirred under a single sheet
that dropped over the curves of her, wrapping her in its folds where
she had twisted into it. Still sleeping, she forced the tangled cloth
from her, kicked it to the bottom of the bed.

The snarled sheet took motion in my mind and as the sun shot
through its translucency, a morning, years ago flung back its images
full of roar and propulsion.

Antoinette and I had decided to explore the Falls. We both had
been taken there many times but never had we gone with any in-
tent at trying to really see it. We went searching, not for the obvious
impact of it, but for something deeper, something we did not under-
stand. We felt compelled to try and see with new eyes. Starting
where the upper rapids begin on the American side, where the first
sleek signs of the water's speed spread taunt, as it stretched. Slower
water near the shore gradually spinning into the major flow turning
pinwheels in a slight breeze, gaining momentum and losing its own
color to merge with speed and faster sliding. The first rocks
shatter the sleek speed and charge the water with white air. The
oxidized water explodes to thunder and magnificent force, churns
and undulates, leaps and throws itself in unraveling coils and sudden
convulsions, tumbles away in massive weight and power, approaches
the rim and again returns to sleek satin, plunges to mist and rumble.
We walked back to the place where the upper rapids were the
strongest, sat by the edge until we wanted to throw ourselves in.
Crossing over to the Canadian side, we climbed down to the lower
gorge beneath the falls. A narrow path dropped through foliage
and rock, through quiet places full of moss and shadow, dropped
to sun-bathed boulders and swollen water.
It looked like Henry Moore had been here with his awls and scrapers, his plaster and wire mesh. Immense pot holes in giant rocks, rapid-cut over centuries, smooth as hand-rubbed brass. Moore had been here working through ages, strong as dropping water, swirling through the lower gorge. If only we could see the forms beneath all this swelling water, the river bottom empty for a moment showing her ancient carvings, the grand curves of working rock. Some of the pot holes were high on the flank where the water once rose before the power plants were built above the falls. They threw their sweeping forms out at the sky, breathing in the sun. Around a twist in the river, huge boulders lay split off, exposing their core as if they had been cleaved by the whiplash of the turn. They had a metallic patina giving off a soft gray glow like sand blasted aluminum, others worn smooth, slide at angles into the sky, fragments of deserts blown clean of their sand, cracking and seeping alloys, stains of rust.

I thought of Hiroshige going out in a boat to study the currents. No boat would last in these plunging waters, these rings of twisting liquid. They swung into spirals, whirreled and slid away, ink and slight color on paper fading into each other. The dragons of Ch'en Jung among clouds and waves, line and mist cracking and swelling boiling up to green satin and flowing silk, as a woman sheathed by its clinging gloss, voluptuous, full of convolutions, straining up to the surface with deep breathing. Ribbons in the wind, catching the sun on their sleek ripples. Silk over smooth legs, spreading its weave over spreading thighs. It drew you in as a woman, urged you to plunge into its folds, into its spiraling womb.

Toni rolled onto her back and opened her eyes. Squinting, she drew herself up, onto her elbows and yawned in the new day.

"You know, Larus, I was dreaming of the falls. Remember, you and I climbing around the lower gorge."

I laughed and said, "Yes, I remember."

Hours later, my mind was still full of the sounds of rushing water as I painted. I let them come. The work went well. I did not try to relate what I was doing to this feeling. Each was separate. Both, a part of me.