

Halt and remember  
what you dreamed of yesterday:  
a willow tree, perhaps;  
a better way  
to mobilize the world.

Stand in last-leaf shadow;  
listen to a mortal call;  
hold in your hands  
what is foretold darkly.

Somewhere, you hear it said:  
life is an exhibition  
of claw and kick;  
or stand and stare;  
a game which becomes impossible  
if played to the end.

Departing comes:  
first as a coaxing;  
then knuckles on the door;  
then heavy hands  
twisting what obviously is  
a tender matter.

It will, of course,  
be most mortifying;  
and what will she do  
if I am not at the door  
when she calls?

— Parm Mayer

Alma, Michigan

Upon Watching A Small Boy's Perambulations  
I too have fallen under spells of nonchalant  
gladness,  
skipped a few steps before I looked to see if I  
were watched,  
and then sedately ambled back again into my splotched  
and mottled world of incipient and vagrant sadness.

— W. Arthur Boggs