

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