

"Will you look like your mother?"

I ask as I finger my rose
at my fingertips the future of the flower lays

"Will you look like your mother?"

the rose looks at me through eyes of passion

"Your mother who walked through fields of burning
glass

jumped off cliffs of embryos
swung on juke-boxes of the twisting night
sank in the sea of oil

will you look like your mother?"

I love the rose

the red rose in my hands

"Will you look like your mother

of the tender love lost

of the moon

of the winter night stars

your mother of draining life

life

life, life, life,

oh death,

child of mystery and tears

will you look like your mother

life?"

— George Montgomery

New York, New York

& There Was May Day On The Main Line
& There Was Bryn Mawr & Ah Well I Re-

& now the day the pole is
romped about;

see Bryn Mawr maids as one
cavort & shout!

throw posies, wiggle
cultured hips

hot for the haystack,
phallus

& blue chips.

— Ron Bayes