

not clear to us
just what we've seen:
a man's loss, a camera's gain,
or in the end nothing at all.

The Audience at St. Moritz

I suppose we saw as much as anyone.
We were at the third turn.
The start and finish were out of sight
but we could hear them coming.
We could hear cold steel on the glare ice.

And they were past.

It was necessary to remember what we'd seen:
the driver, his brakeman (helmet and goggles)
hunched toward the finish, leaning at the turn.
When they had passed (the colors
were hard, as on new cars) when they had passed
we watched the loudspeaker to get their time.

The Americans, the Swiss, the English
passed at proper intervals.
The Italian sled came on sounding hollow
and we saw the brakeman was gone.

The sled began to slam
from one side of the ice to the other.
The driver was out --
hanging by one foot stiff as a doll.
Women reached their hands to him.
He was past
quick as that: we could hear
the sled and his helmeted head against the ice.

The Englishman won.
Naturally, the Italians were disqualified.
We watched the loudspeaker and they were announced alive
soon as the brakeman was found.
Neither had broken a bone.
We never did learn how it had happened.

It snowed all night: icicles grew on all the loudspeakers.
Ski jumping was the next day so we got
a good spot to watch.
Jumpers hunched forward too, but silently
and in our sight the whole time.
Still you have to hear the judging to be sure
who's jumping and who has won.

Icicles grew on the lips
of all the loudspeakers but they broke
at the very first word.

-- James Hazard

Rationale

It rained
and the tent leaked
on clowns, animals,
the highwire act,
ringmasters, managers,
barkers, the owners,
and the paid up
admissions;
and dampened
the act of charity,
and the star:
anonymous.

Neighborhood Incident

Descended
from original imports
a flock of sparrows
fill the yard
like gypsies
ransacking the grass
fluffing feathers
in driveway dust
chirping
exercising their right
to avian antics
until
a cruising police car
puts them to flight

circling ...

-- Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Viewpoints

for C.F.S., June 6, 1965

They will say,
laughing a bit, "We
had to wait an hour
for a guy in shirt-
tails and a two-day
beard to leave/ our
very first flat!"

For me,
it was a long day
of packing, scrubbing
and burning/ thinking
of you.

-- G. R. Morgan

West Lafayette, Indiana