

All Day

All day it was Sunday
and no one but Sunday
people were on the streets
and in the parks
it was Sunday, too
and the trees wore Sunday leaves.

And everywhere
the smell of Sunday
hung in the fragile air
and for a moment time stood still
and listened to it
being Sunday.

The Way of a Poem

The poem
went off
to a dashing start
but soon
blew a fuse
and expired.
With no one partic-
ularly to blame.
Not even a person
from Porlock.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

3-4-66

Race car in
the cold window
driving through the morning wind

Here it comes
I said to her
my Father's locomotive.

-- Bruce Baillie

Berkeley, California

Of Love

Love,
as we know,
is a happening
that neither the
lover nor
loved one
controls.

Which
being a more
or less
recognized fact,
let us
not cloud
the issue.