

Fragments -- From: The Disembraining of the City

More violent than dawns
mills lit the skies of our travelling youth;
through illegible graveyards
we wandered in unrecorded springs
and fell into night
on the black sands of a desert lake.
The evidences of man
are a broken shack and a litter of bottles.
Receding after trains,
small towns offered hostility to wanderers.

. . . .

And through the windows of a rounded bay
the white slum of a refrigerator,
the rumpled bed, the clothes strung
on a line across the room, the scabby
paint, the lurking shadows
from a single unshaded light hanging
from a chandelier rosette: where once
the victorian parlor seemed firmly
established behind the curtains.

-- George Zabriskie

Washington, D.C.

A Tough One

In whose service shall this slack talent shine?
Venus perished long ago from boredom,
Mars is with the CIA in Asia
And Russia admits inventing Solomon.

Damn it all to hell, then, why should I care?
My students yawn -- I am no Socrates;
I wear my soul thin on this tawdry grindstone
and come home drunk and crawling on my knees.

Better to be a little dog trotting sideways,
Skirting occasional stones thrown by the crowd,
than some monkey trained to sit on handlebars
or a jackass braying clear and loud.

-- Alexander Taylor

Humblebaek, Denmark