

please
do not slay me with your
drab despicable days of
loss, of dumb terror
fulfilled, of pain ...

You! Peasants!
 you can't
know how much I need
to laugh
 how badly I only
want to laugh

& what if the dam should
suddenly burst
if suddenly I should run
headlong, frothing, haphazardly
hurling shrapnel grenades
into high-noon crowds?
if suddenly tossing aside
the dull ugly ache of it
all, I equalled the senseless
with my brute senseless act?

O My, wouldn't I
shine? wouldn't
I shine then?
wouldn't it be I then who
had created God
at last?

8/65

-- William Wantling

Normal, Illinois

Waiting

the sounds of dusk the scent
of shadows touching grass
a clock my eyes the place
where that highway dips
and bends and where cars
seem to freeze, for one
long moment fail to grow
before their windshields come
and pass this spot: there are
so many faces in this lonely
world that are not you

-- Dennis Trudell

Iowa City, Iowa