

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 gredades  
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