Night Town

Louise Retherford

Bewildered patch of lighted shacks, mansioned roads and streaming tracks of moving mechanisms.

Flashing fires of neon stars, blaring horns and shining cars of raucous mechanisms.

Fettered lives in city sties, greenless streets and brassy sighs in night-club hedonisms.

Cold, night towns with endless rounds of pleasures, pain and ceaseless sounds of moving mechanisms.

Lost Time

Louise Retherford

An instant stepped aside as time leaped from my hand and shattered on the earth.

A cloud patch crept across my mind's percept of vision field and smothered on the earth.

Then drum-drums railed against my body, frail from thorny blows, and pressed it to the earth.