

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

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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.