

### TEA TIME

Perpendicular in the mist,  
We of the lost generation  
Stand on the platform  
And watch the trains pull out.  
We don't have any money  
Or a gun.  
There in the mist  
With the pale pink houses  
Running into and smearing  
The gray sky, we stand.  
We missed our tea time  
And it's too late now  
To go back and beg for some.

### THE DARKSOME RUN

Night and the darksome, tree-hung street  
Swing wide as I round the lighted corner,  
And swift as a moth the thoughts arise  
Of the run and the gate and the ice of the lock.  
The brush of the lilac cuts the flesh,  
And the rise and crash of a casual whistle  
Weaves another thickness in the  
Blanket-wool of fear.  
Why must the flagstones pierce the hands?  
Where is the mounted lamp of welcome?  
When will the homeward road be lightened?

### THE PORCH

The creak of a rocker  
Fills my life—  
The creak and the fan  
And the whir clack clack  
Of a locust bird  
In the summertime.  
The creak and the fan  
And the hot night wind—  
The fear and the tears,  
The swinging vines,  
A sense of danger  
In the creak and the fan  
And the whir clack clack  
Of a locust bird.

FRANCES KING