

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