Poems

by T. F. Criscimagna

Lacking

child curled in corner alone
and frightened

in Grand Central
tedious luggage is scattered

motherless

starving while city swallows
Facade

passing in the hall
eyes meet

then ruined

mingling abruptly
as one
blurred faces fade
minding to the ring of bells

we pass
in silence
alone
without love
without each others knowledge
alone

passing in the hall
in torment

as the winding
willow whirling moth wings
of doubt
flutter and whirl
within our stomachs

Early Morning

coming out of loneliness, out of darkness at break of day
and finding love,

love where before there was none,
none,
nothing there

as you are now beside me.

you are now beside me,
and the light and the curtains through which it comes,

the little things are suddenly important,
and I need not ever again ask:

what is your color,
love,

what is your music?

Sister

I find you in and all about the tumbling beauty:
the bird, the tree, the grass,

and with the scent of hay-strewn fields
and dung-lent air,

with the coming of spring
old memories are again stirred,

and so little sister of mine,
where once a single stone marked the spot,

where have you been to tell me of your travels?
Black and White

Where once I did mimic love all love now mimics me.

Sunlight gone not far from dawn,
I'll wait, my love.

What nonsense! What dream!
I have no love,

no love but the word love—
there's the mockery.

Black and white mocks me
and everything I write is a mockery!

I don't want to be a human Sir,
no, no more a Sir

I love her

sg

Poem

Black and white after color;
a silent parade of terms now flows.