

From a Bus Window

by Martha Moldt

February's so muted . . .
Sepia tones that dull the bright green of rooftops.
No explosive swirl of ice and snow here.
Even the sunshine seems watered down.
The pencilled shadows of wooded hillsides
Are soft, flaccid, carelessly draped down the slope.
The concrete bridges take on the color of February.
They seem to have grown out of the indifferent land,
Natural, rooted, not of man's making.

And we?
We hurtle through
Hour after hour;
Swallowing up the miles
Of sepia February;
Feeding on the landscape
Like a starving thing.

Where are the people?
Alone under their green roofs.
Safe inside sterile projectiles.
Safe from the rending bleakness
Of flat February cornfields.
Don't touch . . . DON'T TOUCH!

Spring is touching fingers.
If you don't want to know
The warm blood of red,
The drowning pain of bright blue,
Sear of yellow, chill of green,
Stay in February.
Sepia is safe—it goes nowhere.
And for God's sake
Don't touch each other.