

a fourtwothreelegs poem

Ed Shacklee

The first grade teacher greeted
with simplicity the coming of the Day
Names were
called and
we lost in
the alphabetic
ghetto waited.
“Hillman, Horrigan, Muta. . .”
one by one
graduates
file out of the
auditorium
striding confidently.
“Pelton, Shaehan, Sheff. . .”
tombstones
slowly roll by
as silently
old men
count the dead.