

POEM

Carolyn R. Bell

Many's the time in the bright October park,
laughing and crying at cold stark sun days,
and picking the green peeling paint off park benches,
hoping for fame and Harlow and death.

And beach days in hot mid-year,
sweating and thinking nothing but sleep,
and soft nights in clean pressed summer clothes,
warm fireplace not yet lit—too warm.

Then birth with its blossom; its new hope
tender as a willow shoot, soft as a nun's sigh,
but vulnerable as the new born thing it is,
and brief as a tadpole.

Cold now, the end of time,
vast fields of snow as far as, as far as . . .
and whistling wind deep in the grey of the luminescent light night,
and the long trudge out to the middle of the soft cold cotton,
and then the end of the reasons and the seasons of care.

TO THE LEFTISTS OF THE PLAINS

Carolyn R. Bell

Oh, come you young rebels!
You'll bleed for your fight.
If we all bleed together,
then that makes it right.

It's fine and it's good,
if we all sing a song,
but if just one man sings it,
then that makes it wrong.