

GREEN MUSIC

Martin Dworkin

In our salad days, we had a man
 Come in to play the syrinx while we danced.
 But that was long ago; now is a nation
 Of ungainly moments, citizens and instants,
 Graceless and equal to goodness, to evil.
 The music no longer measures us to greener things,
 Softer than savagery, yet savage things,
 Prowling where the cities are.
 The music no longer measures us.
 We hire a fiddle and some brass
 To blow and tinkle at dinner,
 Behind a golden arras,
 While waiters wipe our chins.
 Under the lichens, the minerals murmur greener serenades;
 We nod, tasting the last morsels
 Of the feast, sinking our fingers—
 We eat with our hands, but gently, genteelly—
 Into the liver of Prometheus.

NIGHT ON SKID ROW

Miriam Waddington

My blood shudders but I dream
 of a bad country overcome,
 of torn flags and murmuring
 in burnt-out cities; what is as cold
 as the anticlimax of return,
 the soldier with his missing limb?
 There aren't a dozen burning words
 to give or take or smoke in chains,