

## BLACKBALLED

Robert L. Tyler

I dreamt they came  
 and confiscated my credit cards.  
 They bulled in without knocking  
 insolent in brass buttons  
 somehow knowing my abjectness  
 sensing my core  
 of spongy guilt.

After they left  
 I sat on the bed  
 naked  
 exiled  
 and wrung my hands.  
 What shall I do?  
 I asked myself  
 numbly.

## TO ELIZABETH (1969)

Jon Peirce

Go'st thou with God?  
 Then of churches there's no need;  
 The perpetual sabbath in thy heart will serve  
 As communion, with the earth as Body, and  
     for the Blood, the sea.  
 And as I go with thee,  
 The heard, the unsung,  
 The Word, a bell rung  
 Too late and yet too soon  
 For bonnets and mother's milk—  
 These still, small, other-sensed sounds  
 Be our music,  
 And in the hush of spruces and bough of  
     leaves  
 Our communion make.