She dreamed of ironspiked girdles,
A hand turned to stone in its purse,
Children trapped screaming,
Legs ruddy, toys melting, tears of steam
On an escalator to hell,

Of poisoned roses, floorwalkers flayed,
Salesmen ground into pulp—

Till she lost her head to a timid clerk
Who would not meet her eye.

**IT DID NOT TAKE GALILEO**

*Alice M. Swaim*

It did not take Galileo to know
That only worlds created in man's mind
Could possibly be square or angular,
For nature is all arcs and curves meandering
The longest distance to the shortest point;
Even the stark geometry of weathered stone
Is curved to parallel the curve of earth,
And the amazing lens of human eye,
Convex, concave, but never limited
By flat and final finiteness that bounds
The universe, like disappearing sun.
Only the grave is angular,
Lest some curious stranger passing
Feel the insistence of imprisoned life
And resurrect awareness
From the mimicked curve of dust;
Only the grave, flat, onedimensional
Reduces wonder to an epitaph.