

Miscarriage.....

Chester Sheppard Dawson

Everybody he thought
smacking the snow from his collar
should have one friend

He stamped his feet
to reconsider
Everybody ought to know how it feels

Here unfriended
The wind rose
the cloth-coat faltered
A face a smile an inquiry maybe

is not too much is it
But it seems so doesn't it
So this is how it closes down

in Bronx Park on a bench
unnoticed unheard
Everybody should... Yes...
Unfortified
he sniffled the gusty citizens
magisterial in the discriminating
wind.

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Incommunicado.....

There are always the things unsaid. Snow that never
melts. How are we to judge the meaning of a game
unplayed
half played
badly
boundless? With what instruments do we respond to
the assault of the soundless?