Bide My Time

Richard Wahl C.S.B.
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/8

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/8 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Bide My Time

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 11, Number 1, Winter 1966.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/8
We'll drive up this street, drive up that —
Look out! Look out! Don't hit the fat
Old drunk falling off the curb
His Non-Existence don't disturb

(No blade will flash)

Listen to that jumping band
Come with me and we'll stand
In back and watch the dying youth
Attempt expression of their "truth"

(No pipe will thud)

Look: see that couple over there
Do be careful, do not stare
Unless my eyes are in a blur
That's a He — no — that's a Her

(No car will crash)

Look at that fellow take one more
Then stagger, stagger out the door
What a time he has had!
Worth it — though next morning's bad

(No blood will flow)

Well, time is late: time to go
Hope you have enjoyed the show
Oh! Just before we say good-by
I hate to ask — you know I'm shy:

Did You Enjoy The Murder? . . .

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

Bide My Time

Night place, face alone,
pipe and mouth smoke exuding
as the walk is slowly paced.
The calm of dark
with scarce the breath of breeze
leaves the trees poised
and weeds still.
Stony shore 'neath the beacon
blinking to friends far out,
blinking back their being.
The steps to shore round
and worn stones set firm.
The rocks, boulders of my place,
stone-gray in the black night
with lone a moon
hiding its nearest stars;
sending light on rippling waves.
The channel of light darts
and sways, speckles in flight,
as the lake lightly flows on.
The gray-black waves trickle
on the rocks below and
touch the toes bending o'er the stones.
But when the pipe dies and
the night lies still far still,
through pine and birch pace back,
moon light and wind slight —
a light flash, crash!, the pace quick
and the skies their moisture drip.
Night place, storm alone.

RICHARD WAHL