Something spoke to...

Paul F. Lindsley

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1969/iss1/25

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1969/iss1/25 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.
Something spoke to...

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1969.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1969/iss1/25
THE HIDING MAN

A clock is nothing more than that which makes man late,
For what is time really but distance traveled?
This few men take time to recognize and lazy
Shower and sleep and wake again to shower and be clean,
The bearded shave while hairy march and love, not the shaven
And only fool themselves, for God their Maker sees
Not hair,
But only soul or self, which sometimes sleeps
But can never hide.

James A. Reo

He Was With Us

He was with us
as we became independent
as streets flowed the red of their coats
as savior leader implementer

He was with us
as we painted redskins red slave skins black
as we divided our house tearing at
clothes blue and gray
as the banner grew more red with white

He was with us
as world shattered twice in twenty years
as metal shattered breasts its little mouth
and fingers
as rice paddies turned rusty with youth

He was with us
as tablets danced in the acid
as ropes tightened about the napes and
sparks jumped
as steel parted vertebra

Now is is different
He is dead

Dream pills and needles
sugar to sweeten the mind
black against white makes clear the
division
of full bellies and empty hearts

Intelligence has seen the ignorance
order the disorder
justice the injustice
hope the despair

Yet some still lament
the evidents of His departure
not realizing

Perhaps at last
He has arrived

Paul F. Lindsley
Bob Cairo