And the bright lights flashed...

Donald Dorschel

St. John Fisher College
And the bright lights flashed...

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 8, Spring, 1963.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1963/iss1/5
And the bright lights flashed
glaring red, white, green, blue
and the whistles blew
belching steam into the air
and the bells rang
scattering the clouds with their clamor
and children lunged and tugged
dragging drowsy parents
and the sound of iron wheels
screeching, and rattling iron rails
and apostles shouting of grandeur for a pittance
waving and scratching themselves
and crowds careening crazily
knowing no destination
and sands ruptured and torn by iron pylons
towering upward to hold teetering trains
and confection crawling from corrupted corners
littering the once sterile strand

and it sent me home crying
to dream of white sand
and cleansing green water
for swimming
and clean air
for breathing
and of running down uncluttered beaches
in bare feet
and watching birds dip to question the waves
and seeing the spray answer their queries
and seeing the clouds
and watching them paint the Madonna-blue sky
and the sky-blue sky
and the sea-green sea
and the beach-white beaches
and no lights to glare
and no people to shout . . .

. . . and no money to make

Donald Dorschel