Bide My Time

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Bide My Time

Cover Page Footnote
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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 blurr
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_