1966

When Books Will Read Themselves

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss2/16
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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 11, Number 2, Spring 1966.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss2/16
When Books Will Read Themselves

books will read themselves
stars will turn to dark
plates will bleed on shelves
trees will spurn their bark

eyes won’t learn to look
secrets won’t be told
tROUT won’t churn in brook
old men won’t be old
puppets will have souls
rocks will all be flat
streams will all have shoals
inventors all stand pat

fires won’t yet burn
skies won’t still be up
days to night won’t turn
dogs won’t grow from pup

then we’ll understand
that god-animal: MAN

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

THE HANG.

I’ve got this morning liquor’s pinion, punishment of last night’s drinkin’, dumb-drumb-numb feeling, in my walking
Of the rolling level underneath me steady side-walk, and striding
In my ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate’s heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Reusable by the big wind. My head in hiding
Stirred by the ache, — the mischief of, the misery of the thing!

Brute pain and weakness and stupid, oh, air, air, blow, here
Cool! AND the fire that breaks from me then, a billion
Times told hotter, more dangerous, O! my head hurts!

No wonder of it: manhattans, martinis — I had a score
Of them, and vodka-collins, too, oh my dear,
Fall, gall myself, and out to get some more!

JOHN F. ROBBINS