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An Answer

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AN ANSWER

A glance, a thought, and we can
Rerun the gamut of mind through
An evening's ponding; tenements
Of tight quartered thoughts.
An evening with credit cards
And false eyelashes.

A night sky,
Painted black by bankers and
Beauticians. The fog remains—
Sharpened paws of cats clawing,
Stinging hard and cold, but dry.
Dry — gone the pools; replaced by
Yesterday's paper and a cigarette.

A red light
Heeded blindly — abrupt stops
Relieved only by vernal visions.
The Everlasting yea and nay in dumb
Commands; never questioned, quietly
Conditioned and chained far above
Intersecting paths.

A lighted porch
Lending salutations to invitations only;
No regard to need. Not a part
Of the whole; a hole adrift
And alone in a pinball machine.
A scub battered, bored, and
Disgusted.

A facade
Painted and carved with tender care
And anointed with powder and dust.
Parched eyes immobilized by smoke
Of cigarettes and pipes and chimneys.
The sluice is dry — ask Mariana.
Clocks, hands amputated, wrestle
With April.

But hands grow back in gardens,
Among corpses. Time passes
As men do, falling into paths;
Great circles from many arches.
Gaps are always filled, save once,
Where springs result.

—THOMAS P. PROIETTI