

The Angle

Volume 1967 | Issue 2

Article 5

1967

An unending path pierces the neighborless neighborhood...

Donald Schwab
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

Schwab, Donald (1967) "An unending path pierces the neighborless neighborhood..." *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 5.

Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/5>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/5> 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.

An unending path pierces the neighborless neighborhood...

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 2, 1967.

An unending path pierces the neighborless neighborhood—
An obscure night hides the islands on its way
Hides too the one who walks it . . .

with its people
its fences
its antennae
its meters, boundaries, lines, drives,
newly-seeded-lawns

Silence alone avails the sojourner of ears that hear;
Eyes that perceive—
Sensitive to the cries of the fatherless child;
folds his clean white handkerchief
joins and passes by

Attentive to grief,
Darkness swallows the mourners

—DONALD SCHWAB

Searching out laughter,
Jubilation colored now by a quickened memory . . .

the blue island trimmed with white and suicide,
red island closed in oceans of thick cancerous grass,
white island standing less firm in the near dark—
the Realtor's sign marks its cry . . .

Pavement pounded, eyes ahead, the sailor passes silently
Seeks that certain-numbered harbor
Sheltered from shouts; secure in even tide;
apart from lonely and unsafe waters . . .

Arms that reach and protect engulf him—
At peace in his pastels, vessels constrict—
a memory labors to dissolve walls that could not hide,
people whose cry he heard,
tensions acutely felt,
needs unmet,
seeds unsown

Good God! The paperboy must be paid,
The butter passed.

Floyd Whyte's Toll Booth

White flashes leaped between my trembling hands as I vigilantly sighted the vertex where the lonely cinder bed joined the streaming markers of the vacant road. I raised my sweaty hand to massage eyes wearied by the insults of the pavement, but the portent of the assault beguiled relief.