

# The Angle

---

Volume 1967 | Issue 2

Article 14

---

1967

64

Frans Weterrings  
*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

Weterrings, Frans (1967) "64," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 14.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/14>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/14> 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](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

64

**Cover Page Footnote**

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

"Ignore it." "Walk around." "Step over it — it's in the way." "Get away from it." Only about three and a half people noticed. The rest just continued in their well-worn tracks.

Oh yes, a doctor and a nurse did presently come, but it was no use trying. The floor was sticky read, and so was the head. They tried oxygen, hand pump, needles. But —

Now a small crowd had begun to gather. "I saw it all. He just rolled off the bench and knocked his head open. No, it didn't jerk around or nothin'. Yeah, but so what — he's dead, ain't he?"

Even with this increase in activity, the quiet guitars were never silent. Three heads never turned; the tempo never broke. The quiet, humble beat of the soft tide could barely be sensed above the angry turmoil of the turbulent seas. But the shore of the island was still there.

The body was wheeled out and barricades were set up around the mess. Some big, slow mop-wielder came around in about twenty minutes and slopped some water on the floor to dilute the mess and then went on to move it from the floor to the mop to the bucket (and then down the drain). He finished up and then removed the barricades and went away. Everything returned to normal but the case still sat at the end of the bench.

And the player-singers continued to play and sing. They stayed on some shady shore.

## 64

As the concrete flows onward  
 towards a screaming leaden crevasse  
 smothered by a hardening element . . . progress  
 A tree laying upon its side  
 crying out as timbers are slewn from its side  
 and crucified and buried beneath plasterboard  
 — a stagnant heap of human refuse  
 An earth trembling from explosions  
 a broken hill lies dying  
 as its limbs fly skyward  
 All in the name of a reverent god . . . progress  
 destruction of a wooded hill top  
 a sandbox constructed from open fields  
 Yes — progress truly tis marvelous

—FRANS WETERRINGS