

The Angle

Volume 1969 | Issue 1

Article 22

1969

The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow...

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Recommended Citation

Victor, Russell (1969) "The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow..." *The Angle*: Vol. 1969 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Spring 1969.

Victor: The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow...

The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow.
The night receded endlessly beyond the rolling vapor;
The streetlamp's light had filtered through the mist
and softly settled on the road.
I heard my footsteps echo off the houses locked and curtained
and I watched the woman walking
enveloped now in darkness but emerging into sight
as her silent shadow raced her past the lights.

I imagined that she smiled, that she hesitantly stopped me
to ask for help in finding the hotel where she was staying.
I said I know the way, I'm staying there myself
I'll walk with you if you don't mind.
Nights like this are maddening when alone.
We talked of all the people and the things that were last summer
A deserted beach in Suffolk and a cabin in the Catskills.
We learned and loved and learned from that
and spent the night together in her room.

But my mind had only wandered and I saw her there before me:
As I reached out in the darkness to touch her sweated shoulder
she recoiled from my hand and faded into the midnite
and I whispered to her asking
why she walked the night
Alone

Victor Russell

The Song of the Nefarious Impure
Knichte (or the wages of debauchery)

A castle rose once by the Sienne
With towers big and longe
And there with all his merrie menne
Lived Galahad the Strong
Reknowne throughout the countrie he
For gallantrie not smalle
And thought without a doubt to be
The purest Knichte of alle

But being pure became a bore
a little fun he craved
and in a seven month or more
The prince was quite depraved
Wild feasts and orgies all he gave
In short— he had a balle
You'd never think that once he was
The Purest Knichte of alle

But a knock one day came at the doop
'Twas his girlfien
'Twas his girlfriend Fanny
She sayed (as tears felle to the floor)
"I'm going to have a babie"
"Marry me you must" sayed she
"The babie's due in Fall"
Poor Galahad then wished he'd stayed
The Purest Knight of alle

The Knichte, my friends, took all the blame
but punish mente was to be falle
They wed; and Fanny soon became
Alas! Quite frigide after alle
And every nighte thereafter seemed
The Purest Night of alle