1970

The Rape of a Wallflower

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She seemed almost alive in her new summer dress.
The wind owned it and I her.
She looked happy lying there open bloused
and I kissed her cold lips.
I had seen her many times before from a distance.
Her hair was messed but still hers and untamed.
No man had ever touched that white plain
but every man had sought it.
They all could see their dreams
smashed by her—gently.
She was that which every man desires
but no man may own.
Her virgin thighs, soft white,
were temples never worshiped in.
I was the first who ever dared cross those mountains
in search of what she stood for.
And even as the knife stared back at me
from between her breasts
I knew I had found it.

Jim Reo

Song

Sink in gasoline alleys of despair
To beat your bearded fist against the night
And belch auto honks in polluted air
While giving formless genius its own rite.
Proclaim in nuts and screws the dissonance
Of mirrors that reflect too clear from walls
The image of your brilliant renaissance
And smash them laughing uncut as they fall.
Raise up your white stained artwork to the sky
Dance, play, and sing around it without fear,
Your soul is not reflected in its eye
Art holds no hurt and never what’s sincere.
At last mere self expression plays a part
Such masterful abuse is surley art.

John Vorrasi