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I Was Born In A Moving Taxi

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/5
A Few Questions To Consider:

What is a flying color?
If you make a cow laugh, will milk come out of its nose?
If a white cat crosses a black family, does the cat get bad luck?
If you hit a goldfish over the head, does it blink?
How many jars of peanut butter does it take to cover an average size pig?

John Falzone

SIEGFRIED’S DAY OFF

Moist roses amidst desert thorns
Blue night loving yellow day
Spider’s artistry smoothly snaring
    sticky flies
Quiet breathing and vespered phantasms
Mahagony striking shades of dandelion
Meadow minions of crooked crags
Wonderful labyrinth of pink concrete
Luminary shadows at summer Carnival
Gray shoelaces swooshing
Against factory floors
And the silent march of black ants along the wall
Gripping dinner in their jaws

Peter J. Duffy

I was born in a moving taxi

I was born in a moving taxi
under the drone of traffic and the light
of neon signs.
An old Everly Brothers’ song had been playing
on the radio.
The voices of angels announcing the arrival of
the Messiah were transmitted
through the stratosphere.
The taxi—my manger.
The day’s newsprint—my swaddling cloth.
My star was a stoplight.
The King of Jews was heard above the sounds of the city.
The city became quiet.
Rejoice.

Troy Robinson

I GOT GOLD EARRINGS

Before my grandmother died,
She gave everything away—
Everything that meant anything to her
Was ours to take.
When everything was gone,
Jewelry, clothes, pictures,
She sat alone in one of many new robes
And waited.

Karen Marie Benz

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