Intermezzo

James Bond
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
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1959/iss1/6

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1959/iss1/6 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.
Intermezzo

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 4, Spring, 1959.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1959/iss1/6
but truly every walk of life was obliterated, the world was thrown upside down, and man as man was lost in its confusion, as Pasha Antipov was. The new regime was welcomed and acclaimed but when it too was found failing, there could be no turning back, no further upheaval. Fear and violence engendered a giant that had destroyed society and was now beginning to feed upon the individual — upon his conscience, upon his soul.

JAMES BOND:

INTERMEZZO

Majestic movements, tumultuous tomes, counterpoint
Of solid ideas have now the air their ponderous,
Oaken, creaking, hinge-sounds quit;
For this is the voice of reality—
The ordered creaking of the cosmos—
The *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the market place of all.
Of the iron-forger, of the human personality strangled by its ties
Selling its soul to buy another length
And of the mind, the latter where the soul-bought sweet soaks the scalp
And not the buttondown.

Ascending to the gap
The silver tongued flute
Now bends the air
And punctuates the tunnelled vowels
Of the English horn.
Together, in a coursing *diminuendo*
They create in a spiral, downward
Down,
Down,
Down,
Down,
Down into the river of *Tuonela,*
Sheathed in nothing but a vision,
An idea,
But more a liquid,
And are alone.