And the bright lights flashed...

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Dorschel, Donald (1963) "And the bright lights flashed...", The Angle: Vol. 1963 : Iss. 1 , Article 5.
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And the bright lights flashed...

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 8, Spring, 1963.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1963/iss1/5
And the bright lights flashed
  glaring red, white, green, blue
and the whistles blew
  belching steam into the air
and the bells rang
  scattering the clouds with their clamor
and children lunged and tugged
  dragging drowsy parents
and the sound of iron wheels
  screeching, and rattling iron rails
and apostles shouting of grandeur for a pittance
  waving and scratching themselves
and crowds careening crazily
  knowing no destination
and sands ruptured and torn by iron pylons
  towering upward to hold teetering trains
and confection crawling from corrupted corners
  littering the once sterile strand

and it sent me home crying
  to dream of white sand
and cleansing green water
  for swimming
and clean air
  for breathing
and of running down uncluttered beaches
  in bare feet
and watching birds dip to question the waves
  and seeing the spray answer their queries
and seeing the clouds
  and watching them paint the Madonna-blue sky
and the sky-blue sky
  and the sea-green sea
and the beach-white beaches
  and no lights to glare
and no people to shout . . .

... and no money to make

Donald Dorschel