The Sand-Shell Beach

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Eternal pounding of the waves
On the sand-shell beach;
Crest on crest, wave on wave
Pounding sand-shell beach.
As far as I can see — sea;
Waves rolling towards the shore;
Crest on crest, wave on wave
Does pound the sand-shell beach.
The roar, the mist, the spray,
The pounding waves all day;
Eternal rolling of the sea,
Crest on crest to sand-shell beach.
Lonely souls are drawn here.
The idle walk along the shore;
Walking, walking beside the waves
That pound the sand-shell beach.
Forever walking by the sea;
Idly walking along the shore
Where crest on crest on crest
Does pound the sand-shell beach.

—DAVID CALLAHAN

Metamorphosis

calling back alleys passing
eyes — fear hope uncertainty(.)
And wearing a coarse tunic
— people seeing and touching
smelling sweating
Humanity

But don’t worry,
You’re improved upon
Off the streets behind walls—
Out of hearts behind abstractions
(Y)ou’re catechisms
and vigil lights
and painted statues of a too old
— young man
sold at bazaars and stamped on
four-color offset for
bedroom walls.

And on Sunday up the front
steps as I see a figure out
in the darkness-bound
hand and foot with a rum-bottle
Still in coarse tunic you lie
there while we love You
more hygienically. . .

—GREGORY CONCHELOS

—JOHN ATTINASI, c.s.b.