1965

Haiku IV

William Frankenberger C.S.B.
St. John Fisher College

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She was silent for a while, long enough for me to enjoy squishing the chill sand between my toes. Then she countered with a verse. It seemed almost to escape from her lips.

—Singing softly on the castle door,
singing softly on the desert moor,
singing softly, the raven, 'Never, ever more.'—

—Nevermore?—
—Good night, sweet Prince! Time this lady got some shut-eye.—

Fred came by a couple days later while I was arranging some new rig—mostly daeron stuff.

—Say,—he said,—have you seen Char around lately? She seems to have disappeared.—

—I know.—
—Well, where's she gone?—

Fred, I thought, sometimes you're a damn boor.

—To join a sit-in, down in Georgia someplace. She left Saturday morning.—

And this was in the summer of my twentieth year.

HAiku IV

Red, orange, yellow
Warm wind and water trickling
Blue sky, people play.

W. FRANKENBERGER, C.S.B.

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SALOME'S LAMENT
---a parapoe---

When often in this bristling youth of mine,
Wearying with my dry and tangleless lot
I find all vapid, stale and sour the wine
Of life, and chafe me for the thrills I've not;
When I, in hurried draughts, would drain life dry,
Counting the time too slow from sun to sun,
Parched to devour all what and who and why,
Answers scarcely with age's wisdom won . . .
Then oft a deep depression whels my soul
And lightless, sightless night conceals my hope
Deep in the murky liquor fades my goal
And painfully drunk I only crawl and grope;
Then would I, glad, with hemlock spike the cup,
With all life's darkness in it, drink it up!

—Salome

A SONNET FOR SALOME
---responsory---

Ah, child, you find the wine of life is tart?
The fruit therein nor fondly plucked nor sweet,
Nor gently pressed to set the rind apart?
The liquor unexpressed by angel feet?
And, child, do choking dregs bedound the draft,
And acrid acid prick your maiden lips,
And do you fear the cup, all quaffed,
Will yet more sourly savor of these sips?
Then hold! Forbear to drink in drafts profound,
Fair lass, so early bent on life . . . and death,
But give the cup the light, and turn it round,
Behold its glow, inhale its spicy breath . . .
Then know! Life's not a swift, impassioned filling up
But slow and timely draining of the cup.

—Solomon

—CLARENCE A. AMANN