Struggle

J. R. Pike

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 10, Number 2, Spring 1965.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1965/iss2/20
placed the body of the child upon the stone and surrendered her right to its life. Her son she placed upon the stone.

There was a feeble light in the horizon just beginning to assert its presence as she walked homeward. The sun, like a glowing coal struggling for life, rolled and trembled in the sky. Now its moment had arrived and it burst into radiance.

Struggle

Life often sparkles and shines.
Then suddenly I close my door
And fall into the night.
There I wander aimlessly
Until I find the stairs.
Then I climb and climb;
Finally I reach the top
And happily burst outdoors.

J. R. Pike

And I,
in the dawning stillness of your eyes live reflected,
reflecting on the unideanness of you.

Gregory Concheios

The “Inspected by 84” Ticket

I am an “Inspected by 84” O.K. shirt
Don’t just throw me away with those pins and plastic
84 works hard and barely supports a home
Just stop what you’re doing and say hello to him!
He looked at me on an assembly line
I remember because he inspected me quickly
He was trying to get in a quick smoke
His teeth are yellow from smoking too much
I’m not O.K. but that’s all right
He really couldn’t have cared less
I heard him talking to 84
Mrs. 84’s new baby just died
They couldn’t afford it anyway
84 isn’t very happy today, and 83 doesn’t listen so well
Don’t just throw that “Inspected by 84” ticket away
So easily
How often does 84 say hello to you?
So easily?

Jim Hyde

Chi verra vorra

My parched lips raw;
Your cooling spring
Phlegethon* to me.
With fever song my faws prick your car
Your heart not so.
Once loving touch cold and limp.
The chill can find no warmth
In your gray hearth.
I search a way;
You leave me blind.
Time, the rushing torrent,
Rivers ’tween us.

D. Callahan

*Phlegethon—the river of fire in the underworld.
It is refreshing in appearance, but is burning to the taste.