1965

As the last vine swings

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 10, Number 2, Spring 1965.
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there are ages in a man’s minutes
there are silent days once swung among
and still deeply singing sunward
piercedward feartofore and fastback far
to other suns

and there are future fearward lights
chalksoft and screeching
on flushbright barking moons

there is slowbegone hunger
to run thus moonward in the monkeypain
to caper in the windquick veins
of cragged trebel trees
and gambol mong the echoes
of refracted fractured truth

and now
there is shivering in the night’s bite
and swayaway swims in watery thought
and fingered days lit by suns running
in all their birlight laughter
behind chalksoft screeching moons

and ever
a whisper:

where there is nothing necessity sings

MIKE GOODWIN