Rain, Now

Ray Pavelsky
St. John Fisher College

1966

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/6

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/6 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Rain, Now

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 11, Number 1, Winter 1966.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss1/6
Alas! that Machiavellian spider
Came to rest, at length, inside her. 20
Provided be the wherewithal
To make his wife a cannibal.

There is no moral to this story
Except — that life is transitory. 21
I'll finish with a quibble 22 old:
Remove the ice 22 — my tale is told.

HAROLD DEPUY

The giacometti trees
are cordoned after the wind's parade:
      having thrown all their confetti
      and roared hoarsely
      and waved wildly
they stare at the strewn street
and are naked
and empty.
      For what they threw
was them
      and their hero wind is
      where

R. PAVELSKY

The Murder

Come with me around the town —
She's just put on her evening gown
She's decked out fine, all in black
With twinkling sequins on her back

(I'll take you to a murder)

Come with me around the city
Though I must warn you: show no pity
The people having cups of fun
Are truly happy — every one

(No shot will echo)
Alas! that Machiavellian spider
Came to rest, at length, inside her. 20
Provided be the wherewithal
To make his wife a cannibal.

There is no moral to this story
Except — that life is transitory. 21
I'll finish with a quibble 22 old:
Remove the ice 22 — my tale is told.

20 Any sport in a dorm.
21 So quoth Beowulf and Everyman.
22 "Pun." 18th century. Dr. Johnson detested quibbles. I detest Dr. Johnson.
23 Ice is gelid. So, there!

Harold DePuy

Rain, Now

Rain, now.
And bringing down, like men's ideas,
all the loose leaves.
Patterning
the pavement:
collage.

The Murder

Come with me around the town —
She's just put on her evening gown
She's decked out fine, all in black
With twinkling sequins on her back

(I'll take you to a murder)

Come with me around the city
Though I must warn you: show no pity
The people having cups of fun
Are truly happy — every one

(No shot will echo)

R. Pavelsky