1966

Rain, Now

Ray Pavelsky

St. John Fisher College
Rain, Now

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Alas! that Machiavellian spider
Came to rest, at length, inside her. 29
Provided be the wherewithal
To make his wife a cannibal.

There is no moral to this story
Except — that life is transitory. 31
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!

Pavelsky: Rain, Now

Rain, Now

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

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)
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Harold DePuy

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