The Murder

James R. Hall Jr.
St. John Fisher College

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The Murder

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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 sequens 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)
We'll drive up this street, drive up that —
Look out! Look out! Don't hit the fat
Old drunk falling off the curb
His Non-Existence don't disturb

(No blade will flash)

Listen to that jumping band
Come with me and we'll stand
In back and watch the dying youth
Attempt expression of their "truth"

(No pipe will thud)

Look: see that couple over there
Do be careful, do not stare
Unless my eyes are in a blurr
That's a He — no — that's a Her

(No car will crash)

Look at that fellow take one more
Then stagger, stagger out the door
What a time he has had!
Worth it — though next morning's bad

(No blood will flow)

Well, time is late: time to go
Hope you have enjoyed the show
Oh! Just before we say good-by
I hate to ask — you know I'm shy:

Did You Enjoy The Murder? . . .

JAMES R. HALL, JR.