1966

Phoenix

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St. John Fisher College

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Phoenix

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It was darker than any night he had know as a child, lying in bed toward an unseen ceiling, first opening then closing his eyes to see if there was any light in the late room squeezed dry by the dike-door..."

Cover Page Footnote
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Front Street

Dirty drunk
On Front Street wine

Darkened from city soot
Of a crumbled antiquity

Reddened from War-Won wounds
Bearing birth into a
Battleship era.

“I’ll have
Red mudpies, please . . . ”

For dinner
Crusted fingers
Dirt-caked
Desert
Away
Far
Away
Running down
Day into night
Straight streets
Winding wide
Into
Converging narrowness
Where lined pluralities of polled torches burn
Into
One

Massive glow
Of tumbling buildings
Falling to a sky
Shaken to the ground
Where sound
Slips slowly
From sight
And a filthy shadowed
Figure falls facing
Himself for the first time.

Frank Delly

Phoenix

By Ray Pavelsky

It was darker than any night he had know as a child, lying in bed toward an unseen ceiling, first opening then closing his eyes to see if there was any light in the late room squeezed dry by the dike-door.

There were trees, but he only knew them by stumble, strike, and grope. And rocks like lazy turtles complicated his every cellophane step: leaves crashed under his feeling feet.

Luminescent compass-face glanced at every few steps, lost to any observer in the camouflage of stars without moon: leaderless platoon, everyman-for himself checking separate luminescent compass faces.

Some sound like ice on ice in among the pall of black and tree made him taste adrenalin: dry tin. His teeth were in his tongue’s way. Five feathers of flame lived and died ahead of him and the brass talons scored the silk night to his right: dive to left. Silent turtle waiting for his stomach. Roll down behind. Breath gone. Turtle-fist to midsection in third run...think grenade:

bathtub plug. glug
one
two

gruntlob thud. tree in front of rock.
god. don’t no where it
(three)
leap-erlinge, face in leaf corpses
(four)
raking back ya . . . car against huge pulsing egg

The luminescent face lay in the leaves staring mute at the ceilinged platoon. It did not say a direction, its needle-tongue, untoothed, being elsewhere in the night.