1966

Monk

Frank Delly

St. John Fisher College

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Monk

ascetic Monk
as old as earth
of all ages drunk —
no sign of mirth.

Ashen-White One
a sterile Pharisee
walking the sun
into your grace froze sea!
where a Holland tulip’s yawn
and a forgotten summer’s dawn
lay dead ’fore their prime
in the tomb-womb of time.

Frank Delly

THE RENT

By Ray Pavelsky

they had screamed their throats into the chalk of ash-gray violence, their eyes into deserts dry with click of salt-mad teeth. a stink in the room of total chaos. in midword he had gasped his eyes apart, gripping his statued self, fossilized with the pain that it was she, this well of crave before him, whom he had touched once, and by whom, he.

his hand flinched toward her, but she beyond the space of any inch, beneath forgotten morningfuls of time. he out the handworn whimperdoor, away, leaving her in curls of antique anguish, aimless in her islanding.

not any sound. and it is he carried by the flower in a stem-strange grasp (carried, back to the prodigal porch saging with the wait of bastarred black night. and always it was plastclimax of heroon that put the lie to mist-dressed mistressed mornings.) ache eager he enters, grieving toward hoped sight of her, yet she is on the finalness of floor, alone, complete.

the flower gone and in the swift ebbs of dawnwind past the handworn door a small pulp of blood and bud drinks into petaltarnished table where knuckle has mixed clustered tears. the room smells of sacrifice.

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