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The Rent

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.
"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 grasped his eyes apart, gripping his statued self, fossiled with the pain that it was she, this well of craze before him, whom he had touched once, and by whom, he."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 11, Number 2, Spring 1966.
as ascetic Monk
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 craze 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 bastard black night. and always it was plasticlimax of heroon that put the lie to mist-dressed mistressed mornings.) ache eager he enters, greeding 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 handwarm door a small pulp of blood and bud drinks into petaltarnished table where knuckle has mixed clustered tears. the room smells of sacrifice.