Frans Weterrings

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/14

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/14 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 2, 1967.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/14
"Ignore it." "Walk around." "Step over it — it's in the way." "Get away from it." Only about three and a half people noticed. The rest just continued in their well-worn tracks.

Oh yes, a doctor and a nurse did presently come, but it was no use trying. The floor was sticky red, and so was the head. They tried oxygen, hand pump, needles. But —

Now a small crowd had begun to gather. "I saw it all. He just rolled off the bench and knocked his head open. No, it didn't jerk around or nothin'. Yeah, but so what — he's dead, ain't he?"

Even with this increase in activity, the quiet guitars were never silent. Three heads never turned; the tempo never broke. The quiet, humble beat of the soft tide could barely be sensed above the angry turmoil of the turbulent seas. But the shore of the island was still there.

The body was wheeled out and barricades were set up around the mess. Some big, slow mop-wielder came around in about twenty minutes and slopped some water on the floor to dilute the mess and then went on to move it from the floor to the mop to the bucket (and then down the drain). He finished up and then removed the barricades and went away. Everything returned to normal but the case still sat at the end of the bench.

And the player-singers continued to play and sing. They stayed on some shady shore.

64
As the concrete flows onward
towards a screaming leaden crevasse
smothered by a hardening element . . . progress
A tree laying upon its side
crying out as timbers are slewn from its side
and crucified and buried beneath plasterboard
— a stagnant heap of human refuse
An earth trembling from explosions
a broken hill lies dying
as its limbs fly skyward
All in the name of a reverent god . . . progress
destruction of a wooded hill top
a sandbox constructed from open fields
Yes — progress truly tis marvelous

—FRANS WETERRINGS