The Hiding Man

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THE HIDING MAN

A clock is nothing more than that which makes man late,
For what is time really but distance traveled?
This few men take time to recognize and lazy
Shower and sleep and wake again to shower and be clean,
The bearded shave while hairy march and love, not the shaven
And only fool themselves, for God their Maker sees
Not hair,
But only soul or self, which sometimes sleeps
But can never hide.

James A. Reo

He Was With Us

He was with us
as we became independent
as streets flowed the red of their coats
as savior leader implementer

He was with us
as we painted redskins red slave skins black
as we divided our house tearing at clothes blue and gray
as the banner grew more red with white

He was with us
as world shattered twice in twenty years
as metal shattered breasts its little mouth and fingers
as rice paddies turned rusty with youth

He was with us
as tablets danced in the acid
as ropes tightened about the napes and sparks jumped
as steel parted vertebra

Now is is different
He is dead

Dream pills and needles
sugar to sweeten the mind
black against white makes clear the division
of full bellies and empty hearts

Intelligence has seen the ignorance
order the disorder
justice the injustice
hope the despair

Yet some still lament
the evidents of His departure not realizing

Perhaps at last
He has arrived

Bob Cairo