Reflections Between Utica And Albany

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1970.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss2/4
REFLECTIONS BETWEEN UTICA AND ALBANY

I hear America crying,
in every seam of this shoddy coach
in the rattle of the wheel on track
I hear the lament of America.

I see America weeping,
within the shacks and hovels of rural poverty
in smoky, small industrial towns
I taste her tears.

I sense America sobbing,
in the furrowed faces on street corners
in every dirty field
in every once-clean stream
I see America convulse
I feel America’s anguish,
of my riches in their poverty
in the taught nerve of black and white
I hear America moaning.

I see America hopeful,
like the spring plowed field
or the youthful face of a friend
I feel America,
still a dream,
not yet a nightmare.

*Ed A. Wurtz*