1970

After Yesterday

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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/iss2/22
AFTER YESTERDAY

there was a time when I took too many pictures.
Now I have collections of
too many square
flat,
glossy,
full-color,
people
I don’t even remember
and won’t see again.

I won’t take your picture.
Sixty-second memories
fade away in scrapbooks
full of giggling smiles
and poses of fake surprise.

Instead I’ll remember you
the way you were
when I bought you
the blue balloon
that floated away.

I guess those that can’t afford balloons
have to buy cameras.

_Dennis O’Brien_

TO POLLY

Four walls push my chest
Toward my back.
My eyes squeeze vision
From tiny panes of glass.
“Can’t breathe!” I scream.
But no one comes,
No one can hear,
Unless the little girl
Comes back to use her dolls again.

_Len Fontie_