In The Corner

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In The Corner

Always laughin'
Always smilin'
Forever jokin'
Never cryin'
Always sees the sunny side
Listens to your troubles
Advises you well
Sympathetic shoulder
A walking kleenex box
Aren't you glad you've got such a friend?
In the dark
In a corner by the wall
A huddled figure
With tears streaking
Black tears.
Funny little clown,
Your funny little face has smeared.
—Nancy I. Wise

Untitled

Walking down hallways
Narrow dark walls
Narrow my mind.
My smokey brains
Float above me,
First in yellow smoke stains
Then marching to some off-beat
Distant drum.

Soon they scatter,
Unwinding like intestines through a body.
My mind is black.
I am the hallway
Narrow and tall
And nothing more than scattered brains
Tangling at the ceiling.
—Nancy Cuningle

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