A Moment Of Your Time, Good Gentle

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Suburbia

Screendoors are silken shields
From the outdoors
Backyard barbeques
The aroma of newly laid tar
The suburban summer
Looking through my attic window
I am overlord of a heaven of garages
Dogs captive in fences
Children in plastic wading pools
And young boys who respond to the dinner call
Of their mothers, filling the air
Like a Moslem call to prayer

Teenagers in barren parks
Experimenting with drugs
Driven home to the video recorder
To endless slasher flicks
Executed pornography
In which all they do, is—like
Talk about it
Then wrestle with it
In the front seat of a car

I am in my Oldsmobile
Windows rolled down
Staring at a deserted weekend playground
A graveyard of steel appendages
Erected on a hill
I am lost in America
Sitting in solitude at a red light
Next to a Lutheran Church
Listening to Bach
On the radio

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Another one of the teeming masses
A clown with an imprinted frown on his soul
The jester in the Court of Mother Nature
Jigging and juggling in brightly woven threads

A gleam in the eye like deep clear ice
Performing for a laugh here
An embroglement there—juggling

A queer conception of parts
Tassled and branded fool
With no identity but fool Fool!

Mother's mutant child, too pitiful to kill
With out others he dies
To perform to conjure to entertain

Before gentlemen he poses riddles
And with ladies he bows with two backward
Somersaults

Beneath the fabric and rubber bands
Lays a tired simple thing
Wanting to blow out from such gigundity

But being trapped forever in harlequin
He is bound—to tap dancing for the Queen
Grinding his teeth down to his naked
Bleeding soul behind a smile

Peter J. Duffy

Don Blair