A Delicate Dance At The Monroe Developmental Center

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1987/iss1/27
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The Calliope rips, but hardly a sound, stoked, salted, hot bellowed below, makes tragedy wiggle, synapse abound. If God pumps this, then we must know.

Janet, Robbie, Paula and Pam. teeth filled with yesterday’s food, fire the jerks in lost twisted roots, straining for music in echoing cans.

Oh God, oh God. I can’t blame even you. The sound is too cruel for work of one. Please, are they some brothers we amuse with dangling bone feet, singing to none?

Smiles and shrills smashed with raw steam, their pinholes designed, leak sea’s tiny dreams.

David Delaney