

1974

## Untitled

Sue Payne  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

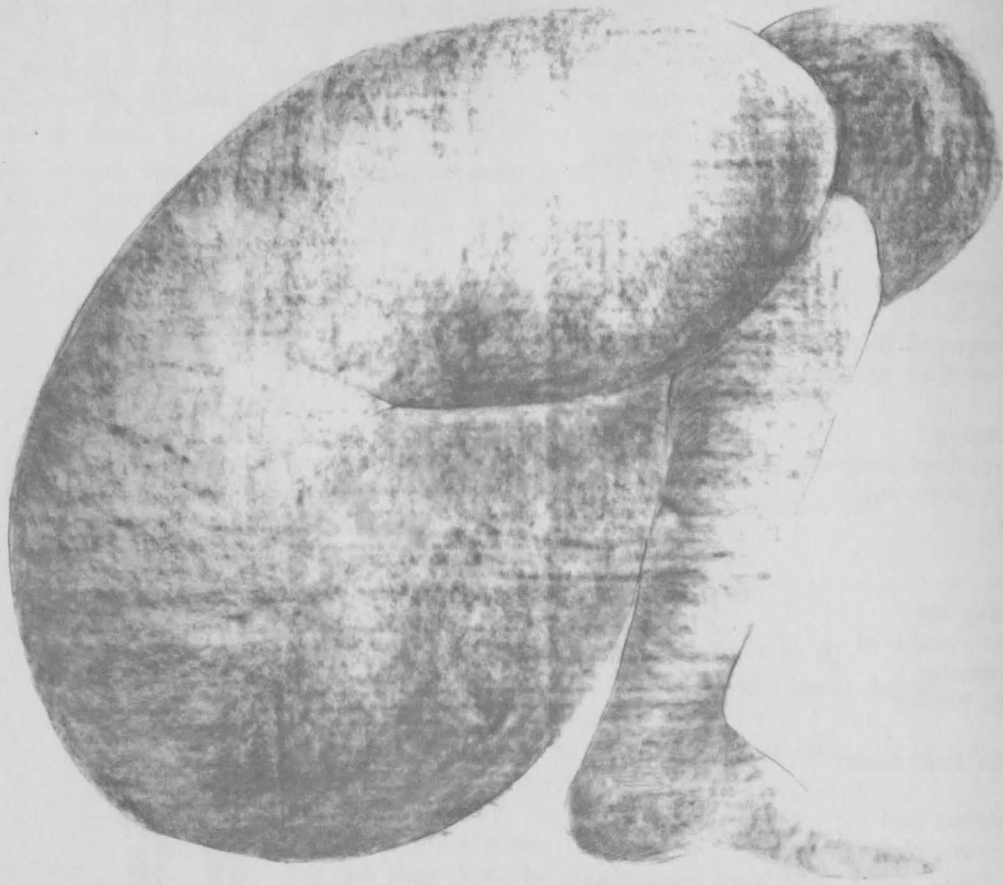
---

### Recommended Citation

Payne, Sue (1974) "Untitled," *Exile*: Vol. 20 : No. 1 , Article 26.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol20/iss1/26>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.



The morning glories climb the house on strings.  
Closed now,  
Their blossoms are as pale as skin  
Stretched tight across clenched fists.  
In my room  
The light comes green  
Through the curtains of late afternoon.  
Gentle as air turning warm,  
Your arms  
Would draw me out.

**Sue Payne**

today's bleakness  
made sad sounds in the air  
as if a moaning cow had lost his lover  
no longer does naked sunshine  
erase the gray of dismal  
broken fences and bent rusted nails  
compete for the suicidal victory  
only to deteriorate and emerge  
silenced and defeated.

**Cathy Graff**