

1974

Untitled

Cathy Graff
Denison University

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



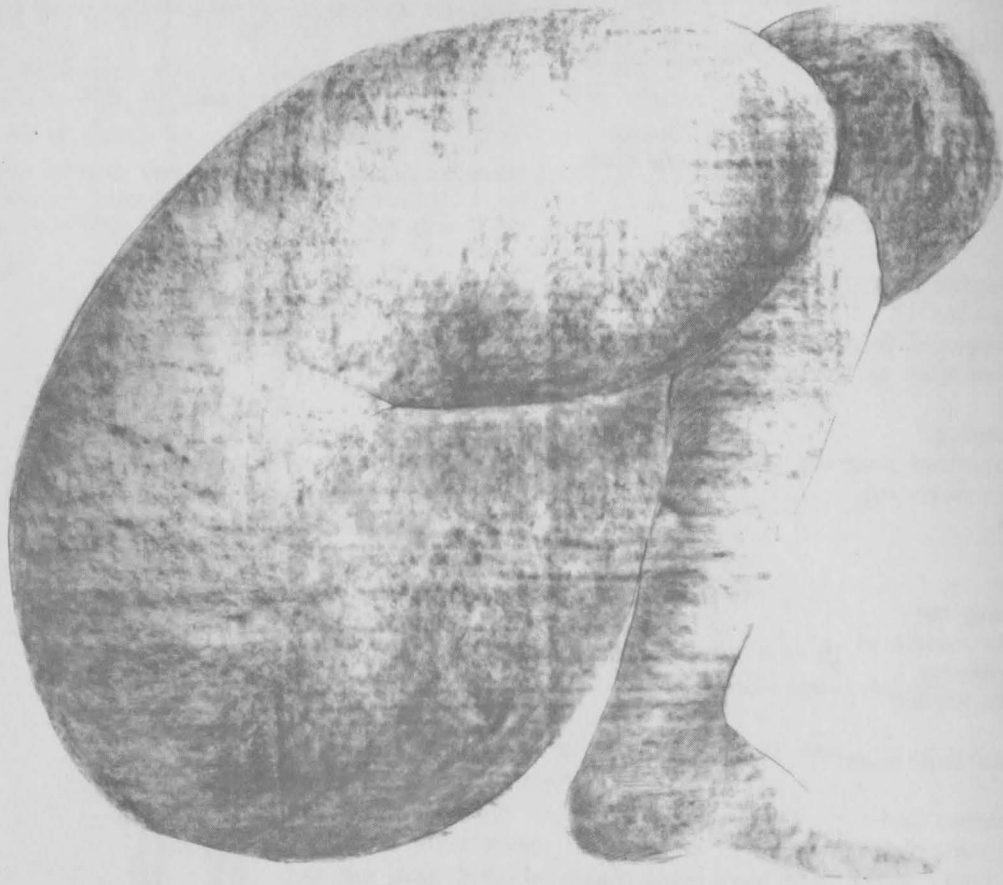
Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Graff, Cathy (1974) "Untitled," *Exile*: Vol. 20 : No. 1 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol20/iss1/25>

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