

1972

## speckled day

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## speckled day

sitting and sweating  
out the windows watching  
I read album covers  
and dance only when I've had too much to drink  
thumbs scraped pink of dead skin  
ideas not so dead respond and bleed  
the tight desk grips my attention  
like a newspaper tragedy  
a hollow pen wastes ink in squeeze toy laughter

I am still in these days  
of dog breath  
friends stop to reflect in my stagnant pool  
a few nod when they see my unfocused hatred  
and smile on,  
hearing the scream of some far off saw  
cutting live wood

*Richard Carothers '73*

## Looking-Glass

old men must go mad with the first snow.  
you can see it around the eye's edge.  
a slight crinkling, a certain shoving  
of the pupils to the corners.  
as if they feared the form of some frozen  
Medusa's head lurking before them.

countenance becomes metaphor.

they shouldn't fear being turned to stone.  
mirrors are made for surprises.  
in them, one's dignity  
replaces the dying smile of the derelict,  
and the sorcerer's apprentice  
becomes the sorcerer.

let the face of truth be frozen,  
extracting courage from reflection:  
in cold hands and insouciant eyes  
lie the plans for spring.

*doug cox '73*