

1972

Looking-Glass

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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