

1972

Untitled

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Alone In Bed

Upon awakening this morning
I found I'd had a fear
Implanted in me
During the night

I dreamed
Of shady apartments in lost cities
In the dry deserts of Arizona
I dreamed of two men
Lonely---

Yet together lying stretched
Upon a small floor cot
Hands resting gently on
Each other's smooth waists
Lips---

Not far apart
Talking in silent whisperings
Of love, of a moment---
Of renting the lost apartment

For their one time
Together in peace without
Scornful looks of dissatisfied men

And in the hours of morning
Sitting alone in bed
I found a fear implanted

val evans '76

A city stands. People towering like buildings into the sky stare down at him, but only in passing. Squares of black marble and middle class strength run blind to his back. Not far from the corner, ignorance flows up and down the avenue, stopping once in a while to observe a luxury in a window. Long furs and shiny shoes glide over one lost autumn leaf, browned and shredded, yet unable to accept the solitude of true death He is so willing to share.

Old dirt and city grime rest dry and cracked on soles turned to rest one on top of another. Where dark thin leather once struggled to pull itself free of the seams, tired threads now lay stiff, oblivious to all suffering of life. Ribbed cloth follows the lines of sharp bones weakened by mind and drink, and finds itself captured and hidden beneath once carefully folded cuffs. A pair of trousers and a coat, never to have seen

a lonely closet, protect the outline of his body against strips of dull grid iron. His arms are folded across his chest to hide knotted fingers from the brisk autumn day. Inside he gropes eternally for the few memories worth saving. The city's filth has wound its way between brittle colorless whiskers that circle unevenly about mild colorless lips, those that had so often searched for the warm dizziness of stale whisky. Eyelids shut in mellow repose close out the rest of the world forever. The bloodshot eyes now rest in peace, something which was always harder to find than a lost dime or a half empty bottle. Across his brow thick lines dug deep, once formed as he would listen intently to long lost tales of acquaintances drowned in their own stinking breath of survival. With no pillow to ease the thoughts so distraught from day to day, his greying hairs lay bent and motionless upon the rich city pavement stained in spit.

A flower, though still young in its beauty, falls to settle upon creases in his coat. His soul now escapes to petals torn and twisted. Solitude at last envelops them.

Suzanne Dean '76



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