

1972

Untitled (Photograph)

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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



Anne G. English '76