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Untitled (Photograph)

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and let unknown young knights
gallop through the window
to shed their armor in my bed,
I felt your remonstrations creeping in, too.

Perhaps you think you've won
now that my innocence is wedged in the gutter,
my happiness shattered on cold cement,
and petals of my rosy peace irretrievably scattered
by some intoxicating wind I am unable to flee.
But, you have nothing to do with this justice
I created it on the grounds of my own guilt.
There is nothing new and I can't stand the old stench.
You self-righteous walls!
I stand in judgement of you now.

The verdict:
Guilty as charged of undone mortal sins.
In this world
we must slink as low as our lowest companion
who in this case is me, you prude.

The sentence:
Eternal visions
of the debauchery of your last mortal companion: me.

After this day and night have passed,
You, alone, will hold my last testament.
Stupid wood as you are,
You'll keep silent and wear weed of cobwebs
while they shroud me in white.
But, that's to be.
Show a little comradship now!

H.



Richard E. Bergen '75