

The crême

Like children in that moment of terror  
realizing they are lost  
they whimper.

Like abandoned children learning  
how to be unwanted  
they talk dispassionately.

Breaking off from expectations,  
revising grand projections,  
retreating as if nothing happened,  
in a terse soliloquy complaining,  
nothing happens.

Survival in the shadows  
is by artificial light.

Endless ruins of young rubble.  
Are so many lives disasters?

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