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Calder

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New York

by William J. Macauley, Jr.

The blue strip of sky between The towers is the only Color not grey or smog-brown. Streets flow with lunging yellow Cabs jousting to position. The trenchcoats' collars cut wind From perfect, just-styled hairdos. Waiting on the curb for "walk", High-heeled ankles shake off cold And wet of puddles stepped in. Bristle-faced with golf sweater And "Times" rolled under armpit, The bum directs to Broadway The camera-laden tourists. Black leather behind a badge, Policemen scan street scenes. Pigeons swarm 'round bag-ladies' Hands filled with seed just for friends. Black letters spell out unread Writing on trucks and trains.

Calder

by Pat Hoezee De Leeuw

Our mammoth cardio-cultural organ of UP downtown
Our growing, more, orange, every, day, (Dad calls "red hunk of crap") living and breathing the plaza with such Grande Vitesse
Our (monster)ous future keeps beating and beating new rhythms like children's children dreams