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To the Desert

Jay C. Waite

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A Dollar Contraption

By H. BERLINER

The hands on its gleaming face
Swung around for a few days and then stopped.
I inquired of its minute intricacies and found them beyond
my comprehension.
Wheels and a spring and a useless face
Ended in time's futile race.
My ire rose at the worthless thing.
I slammed it against the floor and wheels and spring flew
like tiny nebulae around my head.
Foolish contraption to march with time.
Symbol of man's efforts to cope with the universe in terms
of minutes and hours.
I have smashed you, and you lie scattered with your guts on
the floor.
Your time has come and gone.
When man's time has come and gone, will time be finished?

To the Desert

By JAY C. WAITE

I've had enough of your complacency
And bald, expansive boredom. Why should you
Defeat the petty passions I pursue,
By damning them with your immensity?
When wiser men have mulled your mystery,
Why should I continue to endure
Your death's-head insolence with life? I'm through!
I'll waste no wit on such banality.

I'll take my circumscribed contriving back
To little, clustered hills that I can hold
Within the compass of my mind. I'll crack
My knuckles for their echo, and feel bold.
I make but one request before I go:
When I come back, don't say, "I told you so."