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## Convalescent

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## CONVALESCENT

Seeing her leave, observing the ominous door  
 Shear their unison, hearing her heel-clicks dwindle  
 And the wretched air raped by indifferent sound,  
 He dimmed, tightened and trembled abed, feeling  
 The pulse in his loose neck hammer his skull to the pillow.  
 Pain silted his look and sanded his bleak cheek,  
 A tetter of petulance prickled the sullen mind  
 And the slack body, the bleached hammock sagging  
 Between the hips. The shuttered eyes moistened.  
 Marooned he lay in sterile solitude,  
 Fearsome silence the leech at his numb tongue.

NORMAN A. BRITTIN

## OLD GIROD STREET CEMETERY

Waxen white magnolia blooms,  
 White oleanders overhead  
 Drop their round, fresh petals on  
 The white squares of the dead.  
 The grass teems with whispering  
 Of creatures in a stranger-world.  
 Black and green they leap  
 Across the terraces of sleep.

In the warmth and the peace,  
 In eternal flowing tides  
 Like a river, green and white . . .  
 Falls the shadowed city light.

Neo-Grecian braves a sky  
 The railroad warehouse dominates  
 As a special toy of breath.  
 A lute worked out in iron lace  
 Makes the music for  
 Silent-footed Death.

O, "loved and honored, widely mourned,"  
 We mourn those who wept for you.  
 The scorpion and the buttercup  
 Take their patrimony up.

ALICE MOSER