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At Equinox

Lawrence Olson

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This is the man I ran into today. This is more of the proof I am now collecting that in the streets and on the steps of the public buildings of this country nobody knows when they will run into men, refusing to be dead, refusing to die, seeing the deaths, and waiting to see what happens, wanting to know how it will turn out.

§

AT EQUINOX

At equinox, when the expected rain
Fell in the yellowing city, no one was fooled,
Who pointed to the calendar and smiled,
As if the sky were bound within the brain;
As if the calendar's white naked queen
Leaned from her temple on the wall and told
The secrets of the weather to unfold
And give us back our wizardry again.

Praise we a city built beyond surprise,
Whose citizens are witches, and could feel
The mastery of winter in her eyes,
Could take the message from her scarlet mouth,
When up abruptly sprang that sterling girl,
And every king had gone into his south.

LAWRENCE OLSON