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## A Little Girl Looks at a Clock

Charles Angoff

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CHILDREN'S PAINTINGS

Blue moon, striped bird  
and pastel horses charging  
over the nervous meadow:  
clues with a clear touch  
bewildering young eyes,  
like clean lines snaking  
through the wild fields  
to the circles and edges  
of ice-cube night, talking  
to it with sweet-mist cries  
that echo through  
    their wilderness of whys.

Now the daubs mirror  
easy phantoms who lie  
in the white pathways  
of the spotted world.  
The delicate painters  
listen to the chatter  
of elephants and buildings,  
while their hands wantonly  
flow through  
    the innocent glass.

JESS H. CLOUD

A LITTLE GIRL  
LOOKS AT A CLOCK

It's today time  
And yesterday  
Everywhere.

Six o'clock  
And two ounces,  
Now, tomorrow  
And yesterday.

Half past  
Six o'clock.  
I like it  
Very much,  
Today time.

Now you say it.

CHARLES ANGOFF

### A STEADY PRAISE

From one I have learnt  
to break the shell skillfully,  
and kernel relish;  
neither to harm the outer  
brittle skin when it already  
of itself is marked by a line,  
though wavering, where to be broken;  
and the meat to keep whole  
for its first "look,"  
though I squeeze with the tongs of technique  
relentlessly.

It is the whole look that sets the appetite  
to race after the vision—  
like the star that throws its image  
upon the night, letting an eye see  
a complete eye gazing back  
upon it; which shall mean; it is as we know  
from the liver, the spleen, the heart  
and guts.

Oh life, you are a complete one  
in your jumble, curved, rutted,  
crooked and devious, as the inner  
matter of the shell.

We pay homage by knowing.

DAVID IGNATOW