

'in pursuing the flashes

of insight'
my solitude is minute
as this easter raindrop
 walking
 through old town
near the civil war monument
 the half-crazed river/
abandoned store-fronts/
 now
 thursday night revival churches

in federal square
 a mexican
sugarbeet worker sprawls on
 his p.o. lawn stone-banked seat/
by the old s & h green stamp exchange
 black-skinned brethren
 fresh from choir sing

off henry st
 into the alley
stumbling over chicken skeleton bones --
 remnants of last night's feed
 in matchbox
 4th floor walkup --
 spilling over rusted metal pails
 worm-crawled/
 musty garbage-stenched air

moving on location
 & then returning

-- Fred Wolven

Ann Arbor, Michigan

News Item

Another stick-up --
right, they say,
in the center
of Central Park.

This time
in broadest daylight --
with nursemaids
almost watching.