

Winter 1955

## Confessional

John McClure  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

---

### Recommended Citation

McClure, John (1955) "Confessional," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 3 , Article 19.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol3/iss1/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

captain's face, when he had looked upon Hanson's painted smile, had been one of sheer physical pain.

Slowly, Hanson walked out of the building. Pity was a new emotion to him, yet he was almost sure that was what he was feeling for the captain. Strange, but in all the novels he had ever read about ex-G.I.s, they had always felt somewhat exalted after humiliating an officer in just such a predicament.

Hanson's eyes brushed his watch. The cafeteria was open by now and he knew that his Air Force buddies would be there, downing coffee. His pace quickened. Maybe he would just change a few facts and make a big deal out of the whole mess. The idea appealed to him. This could make a pretty funny story if a guy knew how to tell it the right way.

## Confessional . . .

Blacked robed men—their silence voices,  
Like pathetic winds that probe  
Thru scavenger picked angling streets  
By night, images of bleeding swords—  
That bleeding rust,  
And dust flowers pressed in leather books,  
Where virtuous must evokes a cozy smile.

Father leisure up the receding aisles!  
Father, black against the marble wall,  
Approach me upright confined here.  
Father hurry, hear me now!  
We'll syllable my life and breathe a lamb  
And burn it writhing up and be reborn,  
Father! black against the marble wall.

. . . John McClure