



Fall 1966

poem

Patti Shirley
Western Michigan University

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Walking down the slums of my imagination
I stumbled over a broken spirit
and landed
in the vacant lot of a child's heart.
Her bewildered eyes
(dull in a film of void)
rested in the sallow frame
of her thin face.
Haunch-like, she sat,
the concrete's grey coldness
numbly keeping
reality real
(real cold)
and her shadow
converged
with the sidewalk,
Sighing ...
 Crying
 and Knowing
that
this
Thing
They call
Life
 soured
 in the Bottle
before
it could be poured.

Patti Shirley