



Spring 1954

Spring

R. John McKeough
Western Michigan University

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and clearer now. Suddenly he bolted up and sat in the cheap bed with the perspiration running down his face and chest. He knew. The voices were pounding on the door. They were coming for him.

R. John Mc Keough

Spring

Comes tripping triumphant over the fallen snow
God knows what all;
Little elves with pails to spoon the golden sand,
And girls, breasts kissing the flying wind,
Astride the plunging satyr's dancing stirrups;
From the moon, lad, from the moon.
And the sun's bursting in easy fragments
Over a garden as wild as a world,
With flowers to be as anxious as unwritten poems;
And Pan's lute piping over the pregnant hills;
To a tune, lad, to a tune.
And Death catching in his scythe, the piped phrase
For a moment with capered legs, stands, sighs,
And moves on.

Ativismus

The delicate sound of falling paint
From ancient icons
Tinkles slowly through the drifting void,
Echoes sharply into the wish-world
Refracting thought, destroying Time:
Feeds Phoenix on Phoenix;
And the brain-womb gives birth
To idiot children, half-man, half-child.