
Winter 1957

A Poem

Lola DeLong
Western Michigan University

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miss quested . . .

damn people
sing goddamn to them all
i have been tricked
i sought an answer and now find
there is none

he has his rock and wild swan

he has his god almighty

and he
he has his rats

and now
and now i have nothing
for the sake of organization
i have nothing

damn them all anyway

i will pull this death white blanket
of sno fluries
over me
and commit suicide
once more

. . . Max Steele

Evening . . .

Purple
And lilac time,
The depth of a pool,
The twilight!
Yes, this, but more—
Purple
And flight,
Inspiration,
Pain!
Purple
And oblivion.

. . . Lola DeLong