

Winter 1957

smuggled out

Max Steele

Western Michigan University

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The wicked days of witch's glee
Are passed in misty memory,
And heros wail their empty calls
Down tired ages of empty halls
While these sad solomons of now
Preface their play with solemn bow
And beg their plot of hallowed earth
Before they prove their sometime worth.

Both in front and after time
Rise two peaks: each sublime
While in this trough of wretchedness
We tell ourselves, 'tis blessedness

We dreamed a dream one sunny day.
We dreamed and we were young and gay,
But now in later times we say,
"Wake up you sleeping beauty!
Go do your wicked duty!
Rise up from oft that couchy bed;
Go and make battle with your head
Upon that wall that yonder lies
Reaching its limits to the skies."

But that was oh, so long ago,
Before the time the histories know,
For we have left our clean, cool caves
And gone in search of deep, dark graves.

... Philip Greco

smuggled out . . .

ha ha ha
you cant get me
sickle wielder

i committed suicide
to find out whats beyond
not to get away
from whats behind

... Max Steele