

Winter 1959

Night Walk

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AND THEY WERE DESTROYED

A crashing, blinding holocaust of might,
Then curtains part, and lo, seven candles flare.
The seventh angel sounds the trumpet's woe,
Electric torches sear and rend the air.
Awestruck, dumb, and tempted to black fear,
The Alpha and Omega close,
Ye sons of clay, now cower, die and burn.

Cary Childs

NIGHT WALK

I shall not soon forget this night.
Houses are dark with drawn drapes,
And golden bugs at the street light
Kiss the burning bulb.

An old drunk gapes
At me as I whisper my dream of embarking
On a voyage to net white whales in a tea
Strainer. Dogs are barking at the fall sea
Of leaves. Big black crickets crack night.

This night, raped by the obscene sun, dies
Trailing the bleached blood of morning sky.

Peter Green