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a timeless debt

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No life, no cars, nothing but hostile doors, sneering glassless windows, and curious scrawny cats and dogs, all kept the frightened and immoral tactician hurrying in the middle of the dusty street. Then the eerie shade and the clammy walls of a viaduct offered a hiding place. Don breathed cool air for a moment but was just as quickly kicked out again into the hot and naked light. As he hurried by a cemetery of shallow graves, he wondered at the cement slabs that imprisoned the bodies which were near and yet so hard to reach. There was no time for more than just a passing glance and thought.

Then came the piercing noises. Don was discovered. Seven or eight small children, still young enough to be innocent, but well schooled in finance, came running and yelling behind him, trying to catch the fleeing lover. There was no escaping. As quickly as he would glance over his shoulder, see his plight, and hasten his step, (he resolved not to run from little boys) the children poured on their glare and double-timed after him.

Thumping hearts and panting breaths finally ended the chase. Don, the Lover, was caught. With a fearful worried look, he quickly fumbled for and tossed a quarter into the air over the boys. Noisier now than ever, they turned and ran away shouting and laughing with glee. Don turned and ran.

a timeless debt

JAMES ALBERT

To begin, and then, to realize,
What scope the gathered sense
Holds; waiting till
The boy turns man,
Within few lives.

Like replacing stolen wine
With water,
Return the stolen time
Within the hour.