
Fall 1966

The Cripple

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Priscilla (1966) "The Cripple," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 14 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol14/iss1/17>

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At night, beneath your windows, out of reach,
I bobble through the palsied streets,
Of my disjointed world.
Above me limbs of knotted trees unbend,
And shudder with each loosening wind,
Black-veined, like an arthritic hand,
They arch together as if praying.

Apart from your windows' glitter,
Each street lamp endures its vigil
Like a haloed guardian angel;
All are mute and do not beckon.
Still I sing and shuffle among them,
Until the west wind with its night-howl
Sweeps the streets my footsteps' litter.

Priscilla Clark

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