
Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i
don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

Article 14

1971

T.S., Where Are You? Are You Happy?

Jay French
Berkley High School

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

French, Jay (1971) "T.S., Where Are You? Are You Happy?," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1971 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1971/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

Jay French

T.S., WHERE ARE YOU? ARE
YOU HAPPY?

—for T.S. Eliot

i.

hot, heavy
from flattened toes to bleeding soul

BECOME! BECOME!

'He who is not righteous is
not redeemed.' Yes?

Blather
of concrete intellectual sidewalks
separated from grass by
an invisible boundary

but a
boundary
nonetheless. is grass to
be so confined? yes

'i should have been a pair of ragged claws
scuttling across the floors of silent seas.'

Was it you that said that?
Was it you, Tom, for whom the mermaids
would not sing? you?
No matter.

sun hot, heavy
presses us (flat) earthward
home. home

is where the heat is
home
right here this planet
home
this frigid tundra is our
home

?

ii.

gray dead cement old broken decayed
holy

wonderful revolutionary new garbage cans
are an important thing to
have around if
thats all you

want

out of life (and sometimes its all
you can get)

T.S.! oh that you were not
such an abstract term

with dents in the sides
from being wielded
at the hands of too many frustrated garbage men

and they too have been whipped
by the same wind.

iii.

afternoon thunder in some
down town city street my God!
I thought you knew what it said.

mirthless cry of despair

hot heavy

despair

you told me what it said
and i believed you. could it be
that you were lying?

afternoon thunder blues

But this is NO CITY!
no.

it is parched wasteland and
(though you never said so)

you and i are searching
for something other than water.

we are hollow men
and cannot decide
if the rocks are red
or blue.

where vultures swarm and
carrion-stench fills the air you see a
place of death
avoid it or (no difference)
run toward it as
fast as you can (i'll hold your lies you
will not need them)

Where vultures swarm and
hot, heavy
fills the air

you are kneeling with your

knees raked and skinless and I am
standing in the sun hot heavy

with a

bent back