And When in Silent Years

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The Keeper . . .

Remember I’m an old man. Boy, don’t take me too far back. Into that swamp my hand spread out to feel the muck between my fingers queasy cool and small quite like the notes her low, cold whistle called my thoughts up on the leaf black path she walked. I let mosquitoes touch their hairs and sting into that undercurrent way you feel to watch the song you really want to sing . . .

Boy, not too far back. How can it be, you rest your weed mussed head and wait, wait for her to pass so lonely but you still lie hidden still and she is gone, the earth turns hard, you’re an old man, boy, and too far back is keeping you with me.

. . . Douglas Hodgman

And When in Silent Years . . .

And when in silent years
I think back to the willful weeping
That pursued my youthful days
My sickened soul may miss the wreckless waif
And days of dissipated sorrow
For the artful artificer
Then fetch a faggot for the sinner-saint!

When setting suns begin reminding me
Of graves that gape and have no horror
Of universes peaked with sticky stars
When trembling touch will need a morbid memory
And cracked crooked smiles
Devour dimple dents
Then cover up the casket of a bloody bore!

When bleary eyes can shed a solitary tear
(For crying will be tiresome by then)
And see a world that’s new again but brown
And youth becomes a popinjay who knows too much
And love a lonely lore
And radical forever wrong
Then mark the marble with a chiseled touch!

. . . Philip Greco