Spring 1957

At the Convention of Kings

Anna Fable
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Fable, Anna (1957) "At the Convention of Kings," Calliope: Vol. 4 : Iss. 2 , Article 22.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol4/iss2/22

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 by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.
and now we were the only life left
and began to feel the great burden

we drove back through all the years
and at dawn
we were standing naked hand in hand
on a cliff looking over the sea
watching the sun come up in the west

life was ours now
and we felt the weight
of millions of years and tears
and crosses and nails
but somehow as the sun climbed higher
we knew that we could not fail

and we turned and looked at each other

and there
pinned to her left breast
was her sorority pin

and the clothes came back
and the people in the cars and houses

and i laughed through tears
at what could never be

... Max Steele

At the Convention of Kings . . .

Tom Crum watched how
the King of Virtue claimed precedence over
the king of East Bamboo but couldn’t prove it,
and how the King of Sports tried to be bigger and
better than the King of Riches but couldn’t quite do it.
When Tom Crum sneezed,
the King of Weather, the King of Candy,
the King of Tomorrow, the King of Tires and
many others asked, “Of what are you king?”
When Tom Crum answered, “the king of nothing,”
they all bowed down and worshiped him.

... Anna Fable