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Mole-Men

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Mole-Men

Peeping forth out of the womb of earth,
We blink in blank stupidity upon
The too-fair face of green and gold;
Forbidden to return at once into
This all-consoling tomb, we scatter out
Of fear in search of other room, groping
Futilely with heartless claws and gaping
Mouths; obscene, accursed, a furry jest for
Gardeners’ traps, betrayed by stupid rills
Or lack of knowing what the nature of
The world is we live in, we again descend
Into the primal womb, and do not rise
Until the fossil time of ages lifts
Us in a pagan crust, to become museum
Pieces, stolen from the future’s crumbled dust.

W. GARY GROAT

Death

I saw death come ’round the corner dressed in white
On rubber soles that whispered in their chore
He shuffled by and then came back again
As silently as whence he came before
And if he spoke I heard him not but felt
The thunder of the quiet mist he spread
Re-echo through the halls of life unlived
Where swinging pendulum snaps its silken thread
A gracious cup of dignity he bore
And slowly seeped beneath my baby’s door.

GENEVIEVE BURNS