



1964

Kaleidoscope

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Recommended Citation

Spafford, Rick (1964) "Kaleidoscope," *Calliope*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol12/iss1/7>

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I'm sitting in the afternoon show of Bronson Park next to an algae green pool broken by three spouting, splashing canes of water. All of the leaves that remained afloat have been pushed by the canes and wind into one end corner -- like people.

Seven fat pigeons have swung down and are walking toward me. Now the kaleidoscope begins to rotate in front of my eye.

I see a man with his woman. The woman has the long too curled hair of a whore. Black, sleeveless, neckless top, corrupted by the pushed out white beneath. The woman has too much lipstick, has had too much love from the balding, shirt opened, iron haired chest man leaning next to her. I see the softened puffiness of the love beaten bulb of her body. Her one shorts clad, drooping brown skinned leg is up on the bench, her other at rest, and their positioned slant says.

Rolling by, waddling and bouncing, proceeds a huge bright blue hugged body with a large pinching girdle and mammoth, tilting bra.

Now an oranged head with aquamarine stones cut and polished and sewed into a rusted face walks past with the stretch legged stride of a ten year old "gotta go" girl.

Two old maids that've never been unmaided.

I'm writing lazily in the soft, lambswool sunshine and the sight of female bodies feels good on the back of my neck.

Rick Spafford