Slipping Into Silence

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Abstract

Tombstones on the faces Of the people on parade Marching into granite As their souls begin to fade...
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by John Graham

Soc., Senior

I. Tombstones on the faces
Of the people on parade
Marching into granite
As their souls begin to fade.

"Welcome to the madness"
Shrieks the cripple at the door
Trip into the dung heaps
Scattered on the floor

Waitresses push doughnuts
As generals sip tea
And all the frantic lovers
Are laughing to be free

Businessmen unzip their pants
According to the clock
And scientists deplore the fact
They left without their socks

Icarus flew too near the sun
And melted all his fun.
Concrete country cowboys
Turn April into stone
Eyes that cannot see to smell
Count the nothing that they own

And Wall Street times the runners
In a race that's never won
Hollow voices yelling speechless
In graves of the midnight sun

Sunsets watched on silver screens
In Weyerhauser wonderscenes.

All the pretty ladies
Run naked on the shore
While perched upon the skull of god
The raven cries for more

Jackals frolic in new day years
Of promises and wasted tears.

Mounds and pounds of spoiled flesh
Draw maggots of the night
To drool and feast in paradise
Anemic in the light.

The circus came to town today
Sorry that I could not stay
To see the wonders on display.

Haiku

by Earl Keyser

English, VI

Painted, no longer,
with the colors of sunset,
black and barren limbs