Impressions Of New York

James M. Kraft*

*Iowa State University

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Abstract

On fifth avenue There was a man Buttering a small patch of grass With cement. I put my initials In the corner...
sweat from the forehead
of a lion in heat
some fruit from
the grasshopper tree.

toast them and squeeze
in Heirwain bog
come—
and gather them all.

My eyes shriek delight with the flame of the fire. Leap high! And burn in the dawn. The pot boils in frenzy and joins in the dance. Suck out the juices from primordial ooze, foam over centuries, old. My knarled broken hands scratch the skin as they come to stand in a trance at my feet. Stuff them and truss them and ready to eat as I breathe out my last refrain.

teeth from a unicorn
legs from a snail
and scabs of
leprosy.

knead them and mold
in fiendish delight
come—
bring the children to me.

Impressions Of New York
By James Michael Krafft

Sociology, Junior

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Buttering a small patch of grass
With cement.
I put my initials
In the corner.