Echoes #1 and #2

Elinor Holmberg

Abstract

Solemn, solemn speak now From the barracks of our thought: The lips must move without cracking But the context must be conveyed...
Echoes #1 and #2

Solemn, solemn speak now
    From the barracks of our thought:
The lips must move without cracking
    But the context must be conveyed;
Our best mouth-forming
Must be employed.
We must speak
Now and always
Meaning thus:

Long live the Pepto-Bismol
    And the Vicks and Lux,
The Ipana smile, and our own
    Little Gold Dust Twins

For the brilliance of our hardware
    And the sheen of our hosiery
Are made the miracles they are
    by these,
    And more . . .

Solemn, solemn speak now
    From the long tombs of our thought:
The thought whose touch is flesh powder
    Left on a white page
Seen again under late candlelight
    Only a moment,
Blown away by a wind through a broken door
Blown from under a half-erased moon.
A meaning without words.