The Great Circle

Keith Shillington*
The Great Circle

Keith Shillington

Abstract

I rise from my seat And start pardoning my way to the aisle For the cartoon is just past and the news is here again...
Because we feel that Keith Shillington is writing the most outstanding poetry on our campus, Sketch is pleased to devote the following four pages to his most recent work.

The Great Circle

I rise from my seat
And start pardoning my way to the aisle
For the cartoon is just past and the news is here again.
Looking up—suddenly I see among the rick-racked people
You and her—
She is caught in the quarter-crescent of your arm
Safe and wanted in the flash and roar of the bomb filled screen.
You are holding her as though the fact
Secures your future
Until this dream-shadowed time scuds away,
Leaving the bright new sky.

Yes, suck life to the cling-stone
As you suck the ripe red plums
And bury the pit,
For while the bombs come squealing
Through the star-stabbed night
And the machine gun spits its chattering teeth
Sowing death-fire in your flesh,
The rain falls unknowingly
And the sun begs life up again.
There on bomb-torn Malta the daisies burst, screen flowered—
Grass is already covering the scars—
Time travels her cycle—
This too is where I came in—