Iowa Winter

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Abstract

Her arms stood stark and naked, Dark dancing skeletons, In the bitter wind...
Iowa Winter

Her arms stood stark and naked,
Dark dancing skeletons,
In the bitter wind.

Her hair lay brown and brittle,
Lifeless strands on her mud face,
In the bitter wind.

No more!

Arms are waltzing ghosts,
Her mud face lies hidden
Beneath a veil of powdery white
In the bitter wind.


A Night in New York

One night we walked
Beginning by the river
Where the foundry lights, the COCA-COLA, the ADMIRAL
Spilled over the water like discarded dreams.

Across the Drive and up the street . . .