Dunkirk

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Abstract

When I saw the place, I could not believe That men fought and struggled on this lonely beach, That whining metal blobs spun through the air Instead of bats and swallows chasing their flitting prey...
to the mouth. I won't want your head or gums tomorrow, Casmir. Take some more—you blond, white, pudding-faced pig. Wait for my brother after school, feel up my sister on the el train? Look at me out of your glazed, blue eyes, pig. You're not seeing anything, are you? Throw snow balls at my old man and holler kike; through your teeth will come hissing, you Polish slime. Stand, lovely Casmir, only a little to go. Too bad we're so soon before the main bout; maybe boos for me and cheers for you from a larger crowd would have made a man of you. You've fallen, swine. Shall I stand here so they can't start counting, and hope you get up? No, I've a date later on, and there are always other pigs to schlag. Remember me, Casmir, 'cause I'll never forget you.

— John Fogelson, Ag. Sr.

**Dunkirk**

When I saw the place, I could not believe
That men fought and struggled on this lonely beach,
That whining metal blobs spun through the air
Instead of bats and swallows chasing their flitting prey.

I could not believe, that through the tall
Grey windswept grasses, desperate men fled
To the broad stretching sands and glistening water,
Where boats in shallows darted like coons at bay.

Though hard believing, fifteen long-gone years ago
This all took place, and I sit on the cresting sand
Watching the silent sun go down, nature and I
Alone. Quiet, I watch her slowly softly work.

Some great hand must have sponged the scarlet
Sands, and daubed the evening sky with blood
Painting a night recurring memory
Over the tranquil, windswept dunes of Dunkirk.