Sketch

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Bogie-man

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Bogie-man
For the always late show
by thom pigaga
English and Speech, Soph.

But you seemed so unclean then,
with your always two-day beard
goggling your calm-tired eyes.

—out of the froth
of your own smoke-swirling dark
you haunted with your own private sorrow
and we waited, clenched in fear
that your eyes would change,

we watched.
light. uncoiling, newman went for beer
and we talked, over the montage
of kitchens and springtime
this is the world of disembodied hands
of soft carpet rooms and map written men
no questions only answers
niches for your jet stream gods. . . .
returning.

twined like lost rope in our chairs
we watched, the dirty snow, the piano, and you
like some doomed Andromeda awaiting her fate
clutching your rock and listening for steps,
somewhere galaxies are colliding in their mute agony
here there are only forever white houses, white rooms
fogged in the slowly fan mist.
on the waterfront somewhere off
dull whistles whine and you must leave
riding your worlds of steamers and men
but we are not so different, you and i
you are called even now, and i only hope
to be called.

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