Requiem

M. J. Scheck*
surrounding
the real fruit
the pit

and sourness hidden
in a thin layer
just beneath the skin.
it must be chewed out.

oh, yes,
how much
you do

remind me of plums.

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REQUIEM

by
M. J. Scheck
English 4

Elsa cut the turquoise
threads in
her wrist and the
tapestry was
broken.

Her soul slipped thru
the fabric
and she wandered in
the valley
of the shadow (in
her fear)
and God lit a
candle (I
will fear no evil).