

Anthology

On a weary Edgar Allen Poe day,
As I came out of the George Orwell building
Wearing my John Dos Passos pants
And my Ernest Hemingway shirt,
I kept my F. Scott Fitzgerald eyes on the ground
(For I felt a little Plath)
And tried my best to look like John Updike.

It was at the curb that Sister Carrie met me,
And said "Hi" in her Garden of Eden voice.
I stammered out my Sherwood Anderson reply
But she had torn my heart apart at the seams,
And I was left all Ezra Pound.

Paul Whitfield

I knew a man whose way with words
Kept his hands tucked inside his pockets
And his head bent towards the ground.
You could see him walk this way.
He barely spoke.
I imagined myself concerned
With his silence, getting through.
But I was collapsable then too. . .

Scott Bird

