

# The Angle

---

Volume 1960 | Issue 1

Article 19

---

1960

## Rondo

Gerald Ivan Locklin  
*St. John Fisher University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Locklin, Gerald Ivan (1960) "Rondo," *The Angle*: Vol. 1960: Iss. 1, Article 19.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/19>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol1960/iss1/19> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at . For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjf.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjf.edu).

---

## Rondo

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I put down my pen because it was night. My words sat on the page before me and would not slither, nor drown, nor fornicate, would not whisper to me of the life that I could feel breathing from its diaphragm in the night-the night, the prescient night which termites through the walls, gathers itself in front of you, winks its eyes and vanishes."

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 5, Spring, 1960.

## RONDO

GERALD IVAN LOCKLIN

I put down my pen because it was night. My words sat on the page before me and would not slither, nor drown, nor formicate, would not whisper to me of the life that I could feel breathing from its diaphragm in the night—the night, the prescient night which termites through the walls, gathers itself in front of you, winks its eyes and vanishes.

So I put down my pen, put away my plots and subplots, which were a few seconds ago the cynosure of my vision, opened the door and was one with the night. I donned the chasuble of blackness and the nocturnal requiem of the streets was mine.

One block, two blocks, sidewalk running towards me, past me, running away from I am going towards it. All alone. Crowds of people in bed. Air is wet, gets up my nose, drown my brain, maybe. Corner coming up afternoon paper boy crying papuh papuh read all about his sullen eyes and dirty white shirt I stopped.

As I leaned against the lamp post staring at the asphalt all about me, I was aware for the first time that the streetlights were out. There were no houses on this block and neon signs were far beyond the business expenditures of the speckled trout who owned and operated these stifling little stores. I can not remember what thoughts occupied my mind, nor can I gauge the time that I rested in ebony solitude against the soft pole.

But after a time the throbbing pressure, the hard pulsation against my body and I backed away and started to run and light explodes pow windows people at me looking staring people at hostile sadistic people wrinkled faces long noses. Run a step run run over my shoulder still staring at me twice as many. Multiplying worse than rabbits run run

fall down my knees. Oooh my knees,  
my lungs I'll swear curse my breath.

When I finally caught my breath and the spirits were no longer drilling my eyes, making me dizzy, I felt the rain upon my head, sticky and uncomfortable. I leaned on aching arms to raise myself from the puddle in which I had been lying. But illuminated by its own brilliant eyes I beheld the image of a laughing child. Enraged, I gained my feet and kicking and splashing the waters I watched the child curl into an embryo, a foetus and smaller and smaller.

And I dashed down the dirty, dark, dank, dreary streets nobody yet a demon immanent grinning. Collapse. No. Few feet a light. Next block. Stronger. No pain. There.

I was in the middle of a lighted square. At first my eyes blinked at the glare but as I regained my vision, I could see the undulating shades of the swaying lightposts. My heart and lungs were paralyzed. People were jammed into the open windows, now smiling idiotically, laughing, chanting in oversweet, feminine, voices an unintelligible song or

hymn. Then, doors began to open and people were coming at me from every building still smiling and chanting and curtseying to me and to one another and taking a great gulp of air I broke for the first side street in a tormented frenzy scaring or trampling the pigeons who blanketed the road.

I was not followed from the square. I found my way home and upon entering the house and returning to my desk, I immediately fell asleep in the chair, with my head upon my manuscripts.

I awoke the next morning to vitamin D sunshine and a dryness of atmosphere that filled my sore limbs with warmth. For a moment I experienced pleasure and peace. But then the blurred reminiscence of some indefinables happening began to annoy me. Would my brain divulge its secret? The spot of blood rose from my papers and the pain in my head forced itself into my consciousness. Scrawled across the top page were the words "Non Serviam." The handwriting was my own.