

1963

## And the bright lights flashed...

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**And the bright lights flashed...**

**Cover Page Footnote**

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And the bright lights flashed  
    glaring red, white, green, blue  
and the whistles blew  
    belching steam into the air  
and the bells rang  
    scattering the clouds with their clamor  
and children lunged and tugged  
    dragging drowsy parents  
and the sound of iron wheels  
    screeching, and rattling iron rails  
and apostles shouting of grandeur for a pittance  
    waving and scratching themselves  
and crowds careening crazily  
    knowing no destination  
and sands ruptured and torn by iron pylons  
    towering upward to hold teetering trains  
and confection crawling from corrupted corners  
    littering the once sterile strand

and it sent me home crying  
    to dream of white sand  
and cleansing green water  
    for swimming  
and clean air  
    for breathing  
and of running down uncluttered beaches  
    in bare feet  
and watching birds dip to question the waves  
    and seeing the spray answer their queries  
and seeing the clouds  
    and watching them paint the Madonna-blue sky  
and the sky-blue sky  
    and the sea-green sea  
and the beach-white beaches  
    and no lights to glare  
and no people to shout . . .

. . . and no money to make

*Donald Dorschel*