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Loneliness

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Loneliness

Cover Page Footnote

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ON RETURNING TO THE HILL

I have come back, and now
I am alone here.
Ragged puddles
reflect the twilight sky.
They lie as the discarded women's sobs
across this silent chaos
of mud: the footprint fossil
of an afternoon.
Turbid rivulets
wander down the hillside;
thick-choked and trying to forget
they blindly run.
The sky's gray muscled side
is pierced now by another lance.
The horizoned heart of sun
bleeds crimsonly its light upon the Hill;
and soon the wound is run:
the muscled sky has turned black carrion.
But so much deeper is the hill's red stain.

—RAY PAVELSKY

LONELINESS

the spartan unleashed
in the lively athenian camps at harvest time.

—DAVE FISHER