

anonymous

by David Ackley

To be the hand that throws the brick
that shatters the pane of the monolith
and meld in the singing mob.

A heart's tom-tom
among the voiceless trees

A cracked twig, a footfall,
A breath of wind across
the billowing grain

Silent among wraiths
Woven in the throng

A night hawk
staring into a cup

While the gaunt alky
wipes the grill
forever

