

Fall 1981

Amen

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AMEN

The clothes of a scarecrow
shake in a wind and are lifted.
Dryer than sunset, scattered and lost in a field.
Likewise, I'm shook up by the wind, and walk into it,
street after street in this rain. Like a prayer,
I follow someone I've never met, a few glances back.
But I just spit in the street and keep walking,
my raincoat stuck to my skin.
And the blocks fall by me like flowers in a parade,
and the windows fog up and the faces of old women vanish.
Nothing but me, singing the saddest song I can think of.
Amen to the wind and the cracked cup of my hands.
Amen to the rooms and the rented women,
amen also to the angels, fluffing their wings.