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# <sup>1942</sup> A Man in Midpassage

Norman Macleod

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#### Macleod: A Man in Midpassage

#### POETRY

and offer one sweeping praise for all the glory that has gone to scrub the floors of yesterdays and all those stonefaced martyrs whose ghosts still bleach this sand.

### WILLIAM PETERSON

# A MAN IN MIDPASSAGE

Is that life over

Who had covered and assuaged its central grief? The cadres in cruel conflict Bend the hot hallways of belief.

Out of what window should memory look: The book in the brazier, intricate typewriter The epitaph's instinct: which one select, A man in the murdered frame, perhaps, Locked in his caricature like a convict Or strict conscience of that good Incompletely created by any If not blood beaten into his earth, Tombstone tilted against evil West of childhood, hate.

Would he walk as upright man Once could, while adamant animals Moved flat on the landscape Like light over the railheads Converge in developing thunder;

Take office, make public meaning His poems contracted Between airshafts

Who had first felt tamarack Sharpen his taste And future's handshake.

# Norman Macleod

215