A Little Girl Looks at a Clock

Charles Angoff

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CHILDREN'S PAINTINGS

Blue moon, striped bird
and pastel horses charging
over the nervous meadow:
clues with a clear touch
bewildering young eyes,
like clean lines snaking
through the wild fields
to the circles and edges
of ice-cube night, talking
to it with sweet-mist cries
that echo through
their wilderness of whys.
Now the daubs mirror
easy phantoms who lie
in the white pathways
of the spotted world.
The delicate painters
listen to the chatter
of elephants and buildings,
while their hands wantonly
flow through
the innocent glass.

JESS H. CLOUD

A LITTLE GIRL
LOOKS AT A CLOCK

It's today time
And yesterday
Everywhere.

Six o'clock
And two ounces,
Now, tomorrow
And yesterday.
NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

Half past
Six o'clock.
I like it
Very much,
Today time.
Now you say it.

CHARLES ANGOFF

A STEADY PRAISE

From one I have learnt
to break the shell skilfully,
and kernel relish;
neither to harm the outer
brittle skin when it already
of itself is marked by a line,
though wavering, where to be broken;
and the meat to keep whole
for its first "look,"
though I squeeze with the tongs of technique
relentlessly.

It is the whole look that sets the appetite
to race after the vision—
like the star that throws its image
upon the night, letting an eye see
a complete eye gazing back
upon it; which shall mean; it is as we know
from the liver, the spleen, the heart
and guts.

Oh life, you are a complete one
in your jumble, curved, rutted,
crooked and devious, as the inner
matter of the shell.
We pay homage by knowing.

DAVID IGNATOW