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Delilah

Harold V. Witt

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Is a cause too late to controvert.
 Like animals, or like the
 blind, my instincts seem more
 sensitized. The pavement

Mottled by the damp is mapped
 with islands of escape.
 The roads fade into cinder
 lots, abandoned sidings,

By-passed slums. No streets
 are here, no rumors, nor
 the traffic-lined opinions
 that the most pursue.

BYRON VAZAKAS

DELILAH

I'm wise as Freud in this, Delilah. Time
 I dreamed you fitted on a platform built
 of moonlath, I a Romeo had to climb
 that rickety starbeam stair, and all those gilt-
 edged teacups rattled . . . think I didn't know . . .
 you think the boy who didn't hold your coat
 and you called fool was so lamentably slow,
 O-mouthed, and comic-eyed he missed the boat?
 Yet I'm turned inside out with wondering
 and all my nerves snap on the frosty air;
 if I were bold and broad and thundering,
 laying my cards on tables everywhere —
 would all your love be focused by the shock,
 naked as neon, clear as any clock?

HAROLD V. WITT