

You Go Thru Ordeal

You go thru ordeal & things are not the same.
A nearly imperceptible change.
A different light washes over

the tubercular-sanatorium,
the bee farm.
War testimonials change, their syllables altered.

Must be the mice in the walls again
you say
to yourself, knowing it's in your skull.

A village flooded by water
twilight
fills stone of this town: every brick saturated.

Green as a goose-
neck
the stonebarn.

The prairie-dog
town
flash-flooded by imagination

alkaline-green:
you go thru a crucible & things aren't the same.



The egg has a small translucent window:
the embryo is peering.

Powder-River goes off, a gunshot
leaves air & sides of the mountain powderburned.

Brick beside riverbanks is etched in.
Abandoned factories & churches denuded by change.

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In elation, peasantblood is reeling
while hiproses outline a terrain silver in the late scarbrand of sun.

O scaramouch, I am afraid, but there is no one to tell.
For I see Him, coming, his basket for iron & roses & poems.

from *Nightmare Of Mouse*. © Lynn Strongin 1977, 2002.
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