

but i remember driving from atlanta to the city with stone & featherstone & cleve & on the way feather talked about ambushing a pair of klansmen & cleve told how they hunted chaney's body in the white night of the haunted house in the mississippi swamp while a runaway survivor from orangeburg slept between wars on the back seat.

times like this  
are times when black people  
are with each other & the strength flows  
back & forth between us like  
borrowed breath.

## In Orangeburg My Brothers Did

in orangeburg my brothers did  
the african twist around a bonfire they'd built  
at the gate to keep the hunkies out. the day  
before they'd caught one shooting up  
the campus like the white hunter  
he was. but a bonfire? only conjures  
up the devil. up popped the devil from behind a bush  
the brothers danced the fire  
danced the bullets cut their flesh  
like bullets. black death  
black death black death black  
brothers black sisters black me with no white blood on my hands  
we are so beautiful  
we study our history backwards  
& that must be the beast's most fatal message  
that we die to learn it well.

N. H.  
Pritchard

A9

Aswelay

wearied was when coming on a stream  
in hidden midst the amberadornment  
of falls birth here near edge  
aripllingsoundless

leaves and eddy eyes with trickling  
forest thighs in widenings  
youthful nippling scenic creakless

in this boundless vastly hours wait  
in gateless isn't fleshly smelling  
muchly as a golden  
on the crustish underbrush of where  
no one walked were  
unwindish rustlings musting thoughts  
of illtimed harvests

and as we lay and as  
welay and as welay  
andaswelay  
aswelay aswelay  
andaswelay

above a bird watching we knew not  
what cause his course of course we

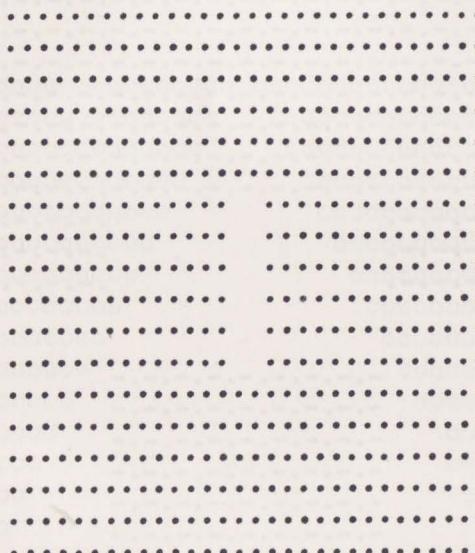
lay we lay in the rippling  
soundless boundless vastly  
of a firthing  
duty leaving welay  
wanting noughtless

and then it seemed  
as from the air he left  
the bird who watched  
what would be called  
a dream

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## Alcoved Agonies

Below  
Cooper Square,  
the January lateness  
lies cold in doorways.  
Men alcoved in agonies  
sprawl  
    their lives  
outwardly upon  
an inward  
    World,  
as if bottled  
in a dream preferred.  
Often, dreams (however  
holy watered)  
are unable to pass through doorways  
like the cold of January lateness  
and the anointed agonies of men.



# Parcy Jutridge

in thin where utters coast the light  
few trace their mirrors on a fuel

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