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Between the Wars

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Between the Wars

I am chocked,
blocked,
stocked,
and shocked
full of sadness.

Riveting against the tumblers
at my wheels,
reverberating shadows at my eyes,
Trembling discordant views which
shatter harbored
remembrances of padlocked beauty
and unlocked pain, slicing, dicing,
splicing
gashes.

anon of the beauty of boys
in tight trousers, cigarette
or saxophone at their lips
suspended ardor in their notes,
smoke curling, schooling, "suicidally beautiful"
eyes and brows
launched anew with
the fervor of flies
trundling across eyes
of emaciated children,
old men, Daddy,
chained in hospital corridors,
scabs, lips,
belonging to
tight-trousered boys of 1944

Calling for blocked
Shocked
Locked
daughters, breasts chocked full
of sadness as they
spoon feed their sons.

Kathleen Clary