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In an Effort to Retrieve

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GEORGE ABBE

IN AN EFFORT TO RETRIEVE

How did I get in that truck?
Was I too rapid in my manner?
Was I violently sick?

At any rate, there I was,
turning over and over in the water,
inside the truck. And, indeed,
I became completely covered
with a water viscous green.

But, as strange as it may seem
to the police or civil authority,
I was then searching for myself in the water.
I was above it, wading, or watching the waves,
and probing with a glance that could not see
below the surface. But always in my hand
I was sifting incredible debris—

broken bottles, ragged tin, and refuse
from the dump, trying to find my body
which was either floating dead and loose
at the bottom, or trapped in the truck;
either inside the upside-down cab, or out.

FRANK POLITE

POEM

Dye this old coat deep brown.
It has been too long at odds
with frost and sun.
And in these cold war days, I
can't recall the ancient splendor
of its lighter shades.

All the gold is truly gone.
The gentle fawn has run away.

Yet, I've not tired of its cut.
And still there is comfort within
this fabric of my fashion.
But change the face, the race of it.
Dye it deep brown.