

1964

## Poem

Frank Polite

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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.