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Saturday Night on Village Square

Aaron Katin

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SATURDAY NIGHT ON VILLAGE SQUARE

Crossing the street, distracted by red cloth draped
On a negress. The couple, calm and dressed in grey

And tailored suits smiled politely at these
Quaint sights. They never noticed outside

The florists shops—hyacinths aspired in color
To feel the quick elation of the jazz-bow tie

That Br. Belvedere wore loose around his neck.
Were these streets really paved with crazy poems,

And did the shop on the cobblestone street
Really sell—sea shell ears and donkey braids?

The grey arm waved slowly, and two sad faces
Sat in the yellow cab that came to a halt.

AARON KASTIN

SONG

With no hat but with warmth, being near you,
With hair among thousands of fields,
Mouth gay as in play as in dreaming of you,
Being near you.

Towns whimpering, continents mourning,
Ears big on the heads of informers,
Eyes dying or dead but my eyes instead
Being near you

Live many lives, here and in several regions.
Believing the earth hears me walking, you talking
I walk. Believing the gods are near me.
Believing. So near you.

ARNOLD WEST