

BELLE RANDALL

*School Boys on White*

Damp brick, dark brownstone frame a square of light  
Cornered by the long November street.  
Late sun brightens the snow where two boys fight.  
My view of them from here is so complete,  
It seems a painting called "School Boys on White."  
The bully who has won but isn't done  
Becomes a silhouette, abstract and small,  
Well balanced by the placement of the sun,  
The iron gate that breaks the small boy's fall.  
A cry to fifth floor windows travels slow,  
As slow as we are slow to make a call,  
Who watch paramedics closing up the show,  
And come forth after lights and wail retreat,  
To witness blood like mittens on the snow.