

Poetry · *Ruth Stone*

I sit with my cup
to catch the crazy falling alphabet.
It crashes, it gravels down,
a fault in the hemispheres.
High rise L's, without windows —
buckling in slow motion;
Subway G's, Y's, twisted,
collapsing underground:
screams of passengers
buried in the terrible phonemes,
arms and legs paralyzed.
And no one, no one at all,
is sifting through the rubble.