

in baskets of dusky denim, cotton shirts,
monotonous underwear.
Too-mature children—little girls, little boys
know dark joys and little else
or little more—
play at playing and do not play,
grow hard, go mean.
Now it seems the good have gone
or stay, invisible, indoors
or watch from waiting windows
for the rumbling wrecker's crane.
Come for the final shattering,
the final destruction of their names,
the destruction of dangerous halls
where anger plays its solemn games.

The craned hate hies to destroy,
strives to dismember, fragmentize,
dreams of dark denizens.
Rises, an ungainly Brontosaurus,
anachronistic, yet there
to destroy illusions and dreams
it cannot discern nor claim.

**Boston, 5:00 a.m.—11/74 /
Etheridge Knight**

Awake! For Mornings
Are the same as Nights.
The troops goosestep
Through the sleeping streets.

The Missionaries / Samuel Allen

Look, the hotel!
Was it arson?

Excitedly, my partner said
We should hurry on to the next mission.