

## Rehabilitation Center

By Maxine W. Kumin

**I**N THE good suburb, in the bursting season,  
their canes awag in the yellow day,  
the newly maimed mince back to danger.

Cave by cave they come to building their hearing  
hard as fists against the jangling birds,  
the slipslop of car wheels, walls' mimicries,

the rebuttal of planes. Curbs curse them.  
Puddles damn their simplicity. At lot lines  
forsythia is a swipe across the face.

Under a wide sky let them cry now  
to be coddled, misread a tree, black shins  
or crack their knees on countermands;

the downgrade is uncertain for us all.

In time they will grow competent,  
love us, test and correct, feel words  
on their quiet skin, begin to light our lamps.

Six weeks and they will swing around these corners,  
grotesque and right, their appetites restored.  
It is true the sun is only heat,

but distance, depth, doorsills  
are ridged on their maps until  
they know exactly where they are now.

I see their lockstep tight as lilac buds.



## Do You Know Him?

By Edwin Honig

**N**OTHING that clicks in his closeted brain,  
Nothing that falls from his feasible tongue,  
Nothing that's stamped with his pertinent name  
Can ever be wasted or shown to be wrong.  
The positive man has made them belong.

The shapes in his shop are always glassed in  
Like specimen fish that swim into view  
With cards neatly stating their wild origin.  
They impress without rousing the angler in you.  
The positive man has caught them for you.

But if ever you feel, when his ship shape shop  
Is locked, an ink that inundates the day,  
A skip in the clock, a tear that won't drop,  
Know that such things only seem this way  
When the positive man's on his holiday.

## Like Country Gardens and the Shepherds Hey

By Byron Vazakas

**F**LIES buzzed my hammock strung  
from porch to pine  
where I vacationed, west of Lancaster,  
my thirteenth summer, weed-choked  
with romance.

Where Uncle Dan's well-hoed tobacco  
rows  
defined the view, green-leafed against  
pink clay,  
my sticky hands paged yellow  
paperbacks.

Well fed, soaked in Aunt Ida's  
lemonade,  
my exile was an opera bouffé  
where Graustark summered from the  
obvious.

A toot of peppermint an ice-cream  
cone,  
made up for brain storms stunned by  
the three R's  
like sunstroke cured with watered  
vinegar.

Among the Amish, like a wunderkind,  
I took time straight, no duty's  
spectacles  
to thread time's needle with the  
livelong days.

Sand-castled by the Conestoga Creek,  
I dreamed alone. July's leaf-heavy  
heat  
played ducks-and-drakes with crops;  
but not with me.

But summer is remembrance of things  
past,  
as in my past, until, in looking back,  
cigars clutched by a wooden Indian

Are tomb enough for Dan; and Ida's  
grave  
a Cook's Tour album of bright  
postalcards  
shelved on a whatnot in a shuttered  
room.



# A Tapestry for Bayeux

By George Starbuck

## I. Recto

Over the seaworthy cavalry arches a rocketry wickerwork: involute laceries lacerate indigo altitudes, making a skywritten

filigree into which, lazily, LCTs sinuate, adjutants next to them eversharp-eyed, among delicate battleship umbrages twinkling an

anger as measured as organdy. Normandy knitted the eyelets and yarn of these warriors' armoring—ringbolt and dungaree, cable and axletree,

tanktrack and ammobelt linking and opening gimlets and islands of seafoam and sergeantry. Opulent fretwork: on turquoise and emerald, red instants

accenting neatly a dearth of red. Gunstations issue it; vaportrails ease into smoke from it—yellow and ochre and umber and sable and out. Or that

man at the edge of the tapestry holding his inches of niggardly ground and his trumpery order of red and his equipage angled and dated. He.

## II. Verso

Wasting no energy, Time, the old registrar, evenly adds to his scrolls, rolling up in them rampage and echo and hush—in each influx of surf, in each

tumble of raincloud at evening, action of seaswell and undertow rounding an introvert edge to the surge until, manhandled over, all surfaces,

tapestries, entities veer from the eye like those rings of lost yesteryears pooled in the oak of your memory. Item: one Normandy Exercise. Muscle it

over: an underside rises: a raggedy elegant mess of an abstract: a rip-out of kidstuff and switchboards, where amputee radio elements,

unattached nervefibre conduits, openmouthed ureters, tag-ends of hamstring and outrigging ripped from their unions and nexuses jumble with undeterred

speakingtubes twittering orders as random and angry as ddt'd hornets. Step over a moment: peer in through this nutshell of eyeball and man your gun.