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Three Poems

John Ditsky

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Three Poems

JOHN DITSKY

1948

I am awakened in the dead of night
To learn that Truman has it after all.
I fall asleep, assured of miracles.

I don't know, and so they tell me
How it happens. Special committee
Of the sixth grade, they get the essence
Through at last to a disbelieving
Mind. For weeks, I make them sorry
With my parodies of Eversharp jingles,
My giggles, my leering with newed eyes.

From an upstairs window of a store
I see, thick-paper-wrapped
And, under, bullet-shaped and -shiny,
The first '49 Ford.
I do not see that it is aimed at me.

Promise

A few more of these, and I'll tell
You of being afraid. About being

Scared of going to the store, for fear
Of some rebuff. Of angst over phone

Calls, the nameless stranger selling
You loss. Of even rising in the morning,

The threat of more impingement of out
On in. Or of even waking to the sight

Of self in morning's mirror, the fright
You just might fall beyond the frame.

Incident

My daughter stopped an assault today
With a knee and a scream. Tears done,
She sleeps upstairs, the more the woman.

And I think of her through the night:
Think of the jug of milk she clutched
Tight trembling—her father's daughter—

Through an alley of time, and brought
Safe home, not a drop of whiteness
Spilled. The bushes and barbed wire

Furl there still, but she's escaped
To bring me the glass of milk I'll drink
In the morning, and a slow rape of wonder.