A Place in History

Scott Wiggerman
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1975/iss2/19

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
A PLACE IN HISTORY

I.
We tread on forgotten footsteps.
We’re walking, we’re walked upon.
Life lies in the short stride.

II.
The ancient men can’t hear —
Dusty scrolls,
Withered testaments to art
Are all that remain.

III.
Trojans stepped on Pithecines,
Crumbling bones into sand.
Both retired
To their separate strata,
Only to buried by more.
We come in layers.
We flicker and extinguish.

IV.
Soaring steel
Thinks it’s better
Than monumental marble.
Its time will come too.
Solid-stone Sphinxes are decaying.
Why do Eiffel Towers
Groan about
Their inevitable fate?

V.
Another year brings another ring to
Another pile of meaningless paper

VI.
No alternatives.
I’ll silently take my place among the
With heels in my forehead
I’ll join my scattered likeness.

BENNY KNOWS BUT HE’S NOT

A strong and humid early morning went to pull the old faded flag that no one bothered anymore. Someone’s want-ads were racing in hot pursuit. The cars that had to have their o’clock were forming their every morning chorus, muttering about the houses on Cleveland Avenue, unaffectionately fying it. The sun usually by this time is trying to pull the parked cars on fire, but his morning thing over all the eye can see. The wind has carried the wind had carried from the highway far away into the causing the disorientation of waking up in a state of

Benny had already gotten out of his armchair at his bedroom window, his nose pressed against silence. It is a stance very familiar to everyone of his mother, who was a life-time member of the curtainless window, Benny could see all that by his mother’s two-story weathered house. Benny; where he lived and what he did. Yet, his

Only two people have ever heard him speak a
V.
Another year brings another ring to the tree,
Another pile of meaningless paper.

VI.
No alternatives.
I'll silently take my place among the cobblestones.
With heels in my forehead
I'll join my scattered likeness.

SCOTT WIGGEMAN

BENNY KNOWS BUT HE'S NOT TALKING

A strong and humid early morning wind was desperately trying
to pull the old faded flag that no one bothers to take off the rusty pole
anymore. Someone's want-ads were racing across the front yard with
Johnson's new puppy, who must have broken out of his kennel again,
in hot pursuit. The cars that had to have their drivers to work before seven
o'clock were forming their every morning chain-like procession past the
musty houses on Cleveland Avenue, unaffected by the wind or just de­
fying it. The sun usually by this time is trying to start the vinyl seats of
the parked cars on fire, but his morning 'there is a graphite-gray ceiling
over all the eye can see. The wind has carried the whine of the speeding
trucks from the highway far away into the window-opened houses,
causing the disorientation of waking up in a strange motel.

Benny had already gotten out of his always unmade bed and was
at his bedroom window, his nose pressed against the dirty screen in
silence. It is a stance very familiar to everyone, much to the dismay
of his mother, who was a life—time member of widowhood. From his
curtainless window, Benny could see all that went on and all that went
by his mother's two—story weathered house. Everyone knew about
Benny; where he lived and what he did. Yet, he still could not be reached.
Only two people have ever heard him speak and one of them is dead. He