

1975

## The Poem After

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### Recommended Citation

Michael, Paul (1975) "The Poem After," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1975: Iss. 1, Article 38.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1975/iss1/38>

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## A Little More Than Rebirth

Could I have forgotten  
The color of the sunrise  
While watching shadow images on  
Grey blinking television thoughts.  
With my index finger I have traced  
The edges of existence.  
Now I want to sense  
All the joys  
And sorrows  
Of this crazy spinning earth  
(A strange new longing)  
Because the winter day shines  
White like a ringing coin.

/Diane Payne/

## THE POEM AFTER (for Lynn)

Softly, like the gutter rain--  
Window dressing, heavy water,  
Bloody torrents, purple reign--  
My hand now stops and says I ought to  
Breathe a love-filled, long farewell  
To Double-Major, Double-Minor  
Who soon, or so my clouds foretell,  
Will create words somewhat finer  
Than my brand-new old Victrola  
(Alva's answer to the laser),  
Admiral, or Motorola;  
Making business for the glazier--  
Last night you bent my heart, you see.  
Please, don't vanish like the green-gem sea!  
I hope to meet with you once more  
O'er vodka mix or post box shore.

/Paul Michael/