

POTTSVILLE

We could have peopled Pottsville, watched
the birds there stand on stilts built like
the houses of the beautiful-limbed
negresses whose

heads carried the
weight of matter of life and whose
black backs were straightened by balance
through long carriage of many dark
centuries of African solace.

Pottsville! Where, as a tourist, I
saw genuine smiles like peeled bunch-
ripened bananas, and devoured
a tongue swollen for love . . .

Love

simple for those people devoid
of obsequious delays. Brats laughed
with bride and bridegroom . . .

My forebears
grumbled once, "The Civil Service
cannot hold us here. Bah! Africa!"

Australia, their different dish; where
lash of whip wouldn't provoke
a spear in the back through felt-hot
walls of cane. No! If not English
stone, they'd have felon flesh to hew
rock walls to grey conformity.

As the past's tourist, were I my
father's father, there'd been little
heed to gape at race and colour.

I'd have been dropped between two tall
shapely legs, flies unseen on a
dark countenance; have watched all
day the tall stately birds
stalking locusts . . . gathering from
infancy life's fascination.