Boston, 5:00 a.m.: 11/74

Etheridge Knight

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in baskets of dusky denim, cotton shirts, monotonous underwear. Too-mature children—little girls, little boys know dark joys and little else or little more—play at playing and do not play, grow hard, go mean. Now it seems the good have gone or stay, invisible, indoors or watch from waiting windows for the rumbling wrecker's crane. Come for the final shattering, the final destruction of their names, the destruction of dangerous halls where anger plays its solemn games.

The craned hate hies to destroy, strives to dismember, fragmentize, dreams of dark denizens. Rises, an ungainly Brontosaurus, anachronistic, yet there to destroy illusions and dreams it cannot discern nor claim.

Boston, 5:00 a.m.—11/74 / Etheridge Knight

Awake! For Mornings
Are the same as Nights.
The troops goosestep
Through the sleeping streets.

The Missionaries / Samuel Allen

Look, the hotel!
Was it arson?

Excitedly, my partner said
We should hurry on to the next mission.