

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Freddy Frankel

A DAY IN THIRD GRADE

I stood at the gushing faucet in the corner of the quad,
shoes and socks soaked with clay and purple ink,
both splashed along the pale gray wall. The run-off

gurgling down the storm-track puddled on the gravel
in the Assembly Ground. "Boy, what do you think
you're doing in that mess. Who's your teacher?"

It was Paddy Graham, Principal, ruddy-faced and mad.
I replied, "Cleaning off the duplicator, sir, for Miss Sloan."
In a huff he headed for her classroom.

I stood, a tree stump dead, waiting for the world to end.

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APRIL

On reading Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Spring."

From Greenland to New Zealand –
back and up again each year she shines
on tired eyelids, and on tired minds.

Her pageantry pink hyacinths,
proud daffodils on pedestals,
a linnet singing to its mate

and leafy tongues of newly wakened trees.
April, a time of hope, since the birth
of earth – and who on earth are we?