

*Louis Grudin*

Has cowed his eyes which, vaguely in disgrace,  
Bear up the heavy menace of Broadway.

A dim presentiment of an awful hoax  
Scalded his heart and simmered to his feet—  
The secret jest that counted off the strokes  
Of hours men spent at various tasks secrete,  
That made of some of them quite obvious jokes,  
And saved for others labors more discreet.

*Louis Grudin*

#### ANGUISH

Pain is cutting through my heart,  
Like a thin knife,  
With the keen abiding smart  
Men call life.

Pillowed cool in marble state,  
Ah, let me sleep;  
And afar from love or hate  
Bury me deep.

*Sally Bruce Kinsolving*



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