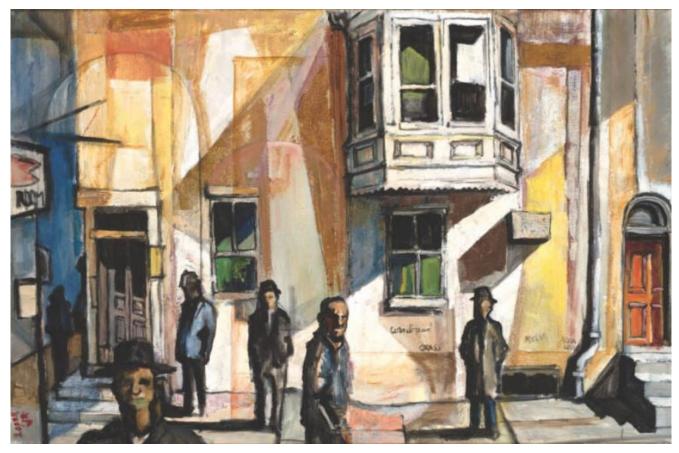
A Sort of Trumpeter

by Michael Shindler (December 2022)



11th & Walnut, Edward Loper Jr., 1970s

A sort of trumpeter playing at night Passing through an out-of-date city block Of empty storefronts and broken windows Catches for a moment his reflection.

And the moon over the city is white And rounded, like the face of an old clock, Though on it, so it would seem, no time shows, Just a bright, somewhat pockmarked complexion.

And then a sound, a long trump-blast, Tragical and great, shoots skyward From the piled ground, the gilded past, Through the city's gate—to be heard.

And so

A bird in a cloud at the break of day Listening to the golden music Of dawn Blinks and goes blind.

Table of Contents

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