

Hard Eyes

lonely doorpost
windswept street
litter in the nooks

hard eyes
lying
drowning smiles
contrived, provocative
promising, inviting
cold

hard eyes
searching
passing eyes
hating, conceding
the moment
the circumstance

hard eyes
seeking
unwanted company
revulsed rewards
for vasseling
frenzied, fleeting highs
and strangers

hard eyes
grating
ungracious, piteous mien
with no other place to stare
but at other souls'
misfortune
smugly

hard eyes
yielding
hating, grateful
for the respite
from those other eyes
on the street

hard eyes
knowing
shameful servitude
of flesh
and spirit
in silence
suffered

hard eyes
crying
long-dry tears
washing away
what was
what might have been

This and "The Dancer" written in contemplation of the hard and sorry life of young women "in the sex trade" as observed in Winnipeg's inner core area when I worked out of office space on Notre Dame near Portage Avenue in the mid-70's.

lonely doorpost

