A company man on his day off

Ronald Wilcox

thinks of:

*blue sky*
not the oppressive space of huge warehouses
chopped by endless categories of air
not lines, struts, vast pitiless squares
and vicious skylights inexorably gray

*white clouds*
not hangers of outmoded airfields deserted
where invisible zeppelins of greed play &
balloon proportionless as from spent minds
with rows of stuff massed against the spirit

*mountain stillness*
not the silences of men marching indifferent
to drummers long since dead of old desire
public men incorporating their greatesses
indisputable, indisputed, without mistake

*grassy slopes*
not the soft demolition of daily statistics
not the rapine\(^1\) of gadgets working their ways
not fluorescent promises winking in steel whispers
amidst assembled measured boxes of production
but

*morning*
standing waist deep in the simple light flowing
in mountain streams when the selling of the thing
occupied the boy never at all fly-fishing for ideals even as the fleeting trout rose at the rainbows.

Note

1. Rapine, “the violent seizure of someone’s property,” pronounced rapan, or rappin’.