

## 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 greatnesses  
indisputable, indisputed, without mistake

*grassy slopes*

not the soft demolition of daily statistics  
not the rapine<sup>1</sup> 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 rapən, or rappin’.