

To A Gone Era

YSHS'68



The eye of this storm is not quiet.
It sees brown frames inside the city
cutting themselves on jagged loves.
Once we sought to change this world with matches.
Striking our visions against straw promises,
we summoned fire gods and burnt Jewish stores
built upon our parents' tragedies, dodged bullets
and walked carefully among the ashes
sifting for our childhood friends
and looking for a place called Future.



We rode books and communed with the "others" in their land;
we spoke their blunted language,
hung our anger on coathooks in dusty ivy hallways
becoming a new minstrel tradition: blacks in whiteface,
shadows tapdancing in cornfields.
We collected barbed words, shot them
through poems with poison edges; used wisdom
of kings and malcolms to ignite bonfires, rising
to taunt the overcast sky that divined our destruction.

Now the voices that once strung themselves like pearls
across the city's neck haunt the bruised nights.
Their sorrow sings through cracked tenement walls.

Irma McClaurin
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*In Memoriam for those who could not join us at the 2009
Reunion of Yale Summer High School, 1968*

