



**dark**

**bill jungels**

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## An introduction to a young man and his work

This book of photos and poems was created by a 29 year old in 1968, a year possibly more fraught with loss and impetus to change than 2020, though we are not done with it yet.

Having made the book he knew it was unpublishable. He had just needed to work out his ideas about possible relationships between the obsessive parts of his brain/body that made poems and the parts that made images. Who would publish a book by an all but unknown that was full of expensive to reproduce photos, much less reproduce them well? Even Wright Morris, for example, had difficulty publishing his photo/text books.

And so he sent the book to Bartelby's Dead Letter Office.

Fifty two years later I am still probably in more ways than I realize that young man. But different, though sometimes I wish I still had his ear for the music of words and his playfulness. Occasionally I cringe a little at his takes on race and gender (a certain anxiety and exotification in both cases). But I usually like part of what he made of it in spite of all that. This occurred to me when I dug it out and dug in after decades of forgetfulness.

And so in this new world where we have a sophisticated production facility on our desk I decided to resurrect it and share it electronically at least with friends. A tedious task in many ways. Old negatives gone missing. Surviving prints each needing hours, sometimes whole days of electronic scrubbing and tonal adjustment after scanning. In the process I was rewarded with an intimacy with each of the images and saw things in them I never saw before and that I don't expect you will see. Unlike James Joyce who suggested you spend as much time with his books as he spent writing them I can't insist you spend long hours gazing at my images!

In spite of changes I've undergone I decided not to try to rewrite anything or substitute more recent images. I discarded a couple photographs not because of their content but because of their mediocrity and their redundancy.

The photos, most of which were taken in very dark places with long exposures necessitated, are a polar opposite to today's hyper sharp and color (over) saturated digital images we are now used to. Compensating for low light by "pushing" the emulsions sensitivity (by longer times in the developer) added grain and the long exposure time for hand held shots reduced sharpness. Take a look at Robert Frank's "The Americans" to get a sense of the aesthetic I was embracing, and still do in some of my work. I didn't try to change any of this in the digital images.

When I couldn't stop myself from responding to something in the poems and starting a little dialogue with the 29 year old I did it by the addition of a little haiku-like or tanka-like piece.

The problems in the electronic versions are manifold. First there is the issue of creating a very large PDF file in order to preserve quality in the photos. I may have to distribute a version for 27 inch "retinal" monitors that can only be practically distributed on disk. At the same time I will prepare a version that I hope will be viewable with some preservation of quality on retinal pads. Cell phone viewing won't be possible.

Some day I would like to see a print version, but I doubt that it will ever happen.

I hope that people will enjoy opening this time capsule. Certainly for those of us who lived through it, 1968 with its assassinations, Black Power and FBI persecution of Black Panther leaders has resonance in this year of the pandemic, autocratic rule and Black Lives Matter. Perhaps some of the poems and images will encourage some synapses for these connections.

*Notes on relationship to original manuscript*

The original was a looseleaf binder with facing pages inserted into old style fully transparent sheets that had a black sheet between the back to back inserted items. In order to preserve the sometimes close relationships between poem and photo in the digital version facing pages have been turned into a single wide page.

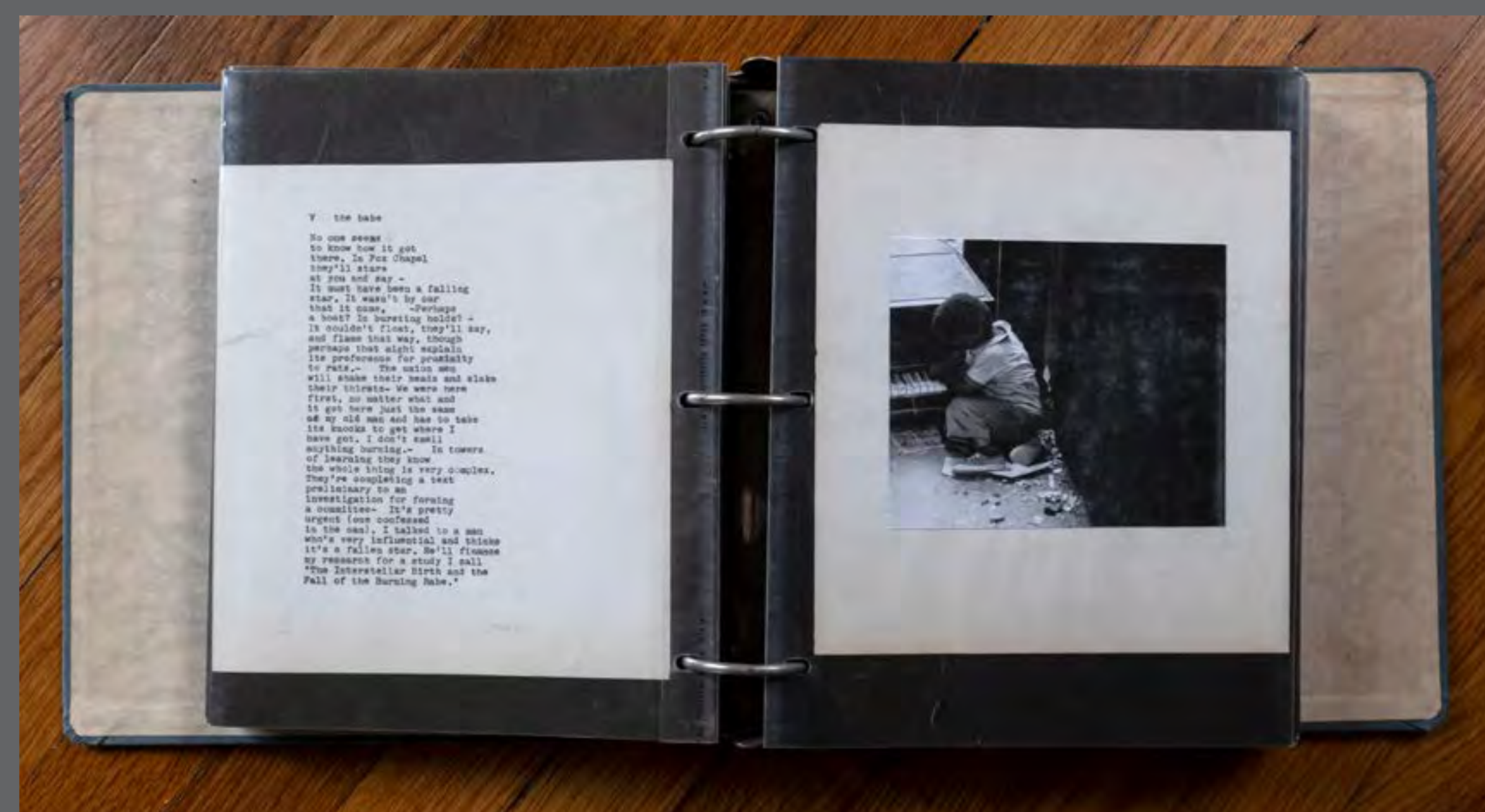
Besides the elimination of a few redundant photos, a couple of photos have been rearranged. In the original, of course, no photo could spread across the two facing pages. I have taken advantage a couple of times of the ability to do that here where the two facing pages have been combined into one.

Although I have tried to make the digitized photos close to the original prints (or negatives) which were scanned, there are some inevitable differences. In some cases I have been able to bring out tonal separations that are not so visible in the prints that were scanned, In other cases I was not able to preserve some details in the highlights.

The backcover photo collage is new.

The typewritten pages of the poems have been left exactly as they were with all their signs of aging. This will remind you that you are looking at a time capsule.

*An arrow at the bottom of a text page indicates that the poem continues on the next page.*



*True Confessions*

After having “finished” the re-creation and written the preceding I did decide to make two changes to the photographs, one substitution and one addition.

The substitution is on page 30 where I found a stronger photo of our daughter Ruth than the one that had been there. Stronger in the sense of having, I thought, more human content than the one it replaced, which had more geometric structure.

The addition is on page 19. This was among the photos I had prepared to put in the book. Then I realized it wasn't in the original, I don't know why. Since I considered it one of the two strongest images from the series I did of the kids in The Hill district of Pittsburgh I had to include it. Sometimes you have to live with a photo for a long time to come to value it.

DARK

poems and photographs  
by william jungels



Nooks left on book shelves,  
pidgeon holes on the old  
roll-top desk, the arc down  
in the dark of my typewriter where  
two by two the characters rest  
are ready for the flood  
which gradually expands.

Why fight it with  
artificial light.  
The night rolls in  
to my home;  
children can begin  
to breathe deeply  
in their beds, their heads  
bob a little with the rhythm,  
their bodies float  
on deep, clean silences.



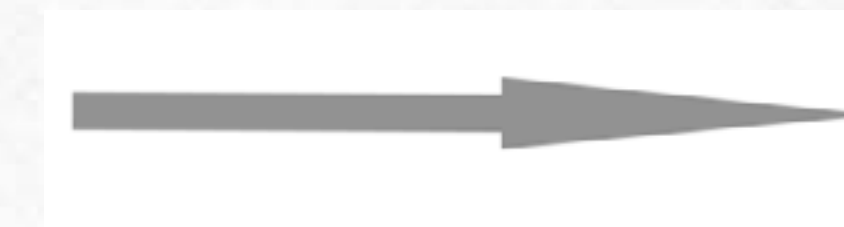
Possibility - single  
things, "the sticky leaves,"  
Ivan K. called them. Said  
they would sustain a man  
till he was thirty. I'm twenty-nine,  
walked down to the bar tonight  
to get some air  
and perhaps a beer  
and cigarettes. In the dark,  
thought of death. Commonplace  
enough in the calm pace  
of night,  
but I was a walking thesis  
in search of illustrations  
(and so  
no poem):  
the dark  
should be generous; air  
become visible, black, more  
than a medium, should proffer  
some richness. Found myself  
crossing the street  
to keep in touch  
with lights  
spilling over from living rooms.  
Their oblong scatterings were a ladder  
I climbed up the hill. The bar  
was empty so only  
bought cigarettes  
from a mute machine.  
The newspaper in a dispenser

clamped to a lampost  
was still going over  
the same dark things;  
large dark headlines  
about Kennedy and King.

Stars,  
going home, seemed  
a possible theme. Looked up  
to contemplate old heavens,  
the dark between.  
You'd freeze  
in the ether up there,  
but where  
find a new heaven,  
new earth.

Followed the same way home  
till I decided  
to take  
the old plank stairs  
up to our house  
on the hill.

(more)





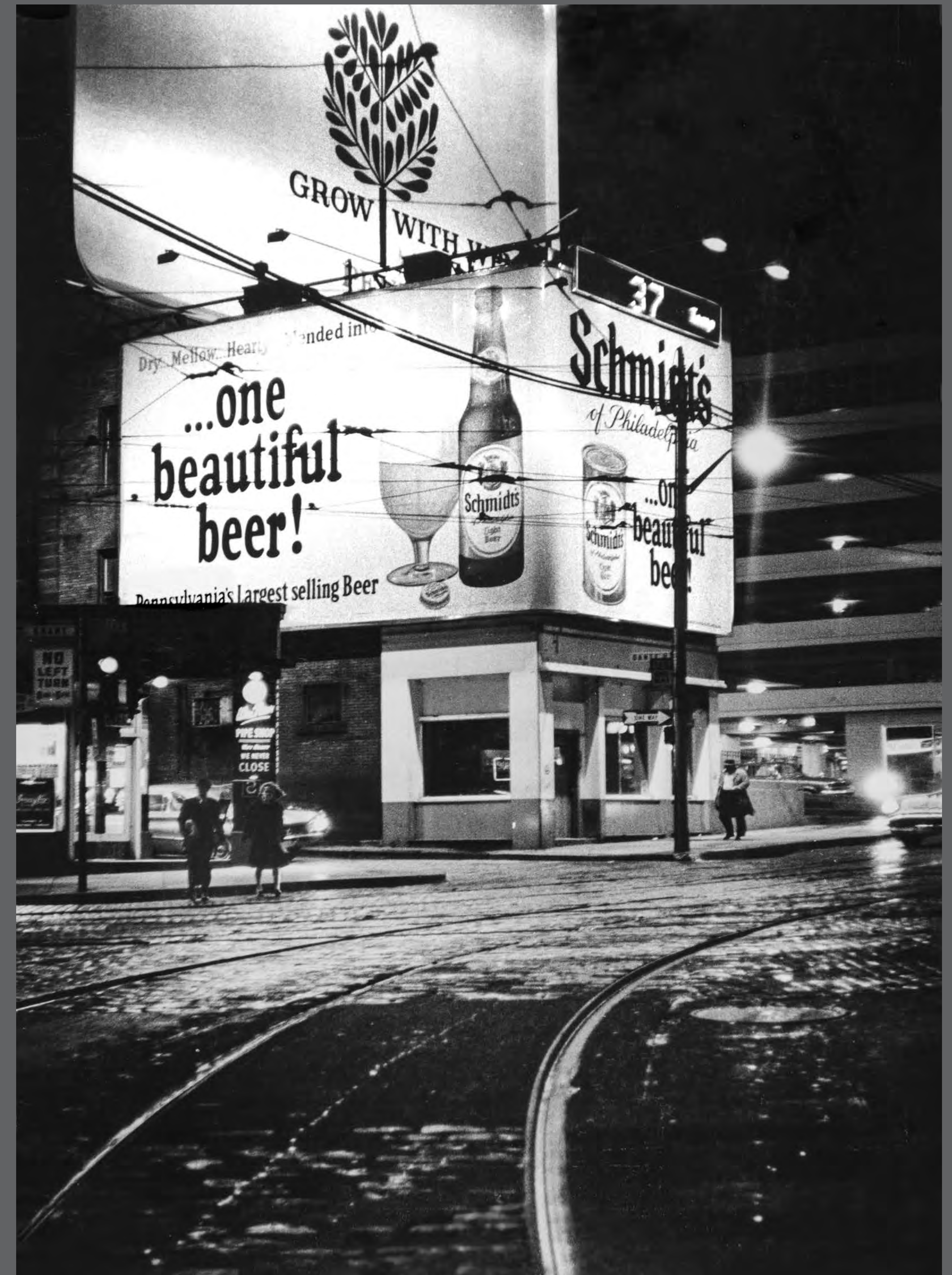
The long steep way was overhung  
each side by bushes you made out  
from a dim light that tapered over  
the top. All the way up branches and  
leaves kept handling me, my face  
my arms. I didn't know what  
might be in the dark to either side  
but kept my eyes ahead and tried  
to think leaves tender and feminine.  
Yet who could check his recoil from  
that touch?

I slammed  
the lock  
to  
on the door

and found

I was exhausted.

I'd been through my single thing  
but couldn't match it to any theme  
I wanted.





DARK LEAVES

La nature est un temple...

Walking through a frankly metaphorical landscape

I pass the small hunched trees

the grasses down on their knees

and risk the slick of banks to find

a shirt snagged in the stream

its arms waving me back.





They have something to do with violins,  
the flicking insects collected  
on these two squares of light,  
the upper windows of the old farmhouse.  
Thousands from the dark countryside,  
they strain here toward  
the bare bulb that dangles  
in the center of the room;  
and only the music of their pop  
against glass and scrape  
over screens hints why;  
violins, vi-  
olins, why do they insist  
on the violins?

And when the man within  
closes his book and leaves, flick-  
ing out the light, is it  
the dark face of  
the moon that knows what becomes  
of them and their music?

Sitting here I write about what I saw and didn't see in a mirror  
(that flips over) through a lens

as usual  
the eye took it  
in without having to see  
I see it now  
-but then-  
a boy held up a thing a  
weed  
and eye grabbed  
at  
not what was held  
but at him, no, his  
holding it forth  
ratherOw. The cat  
lands on my lap with claws  
outstretched. Eye  
grabbed  
at that holding forth  
and, at just the moment of balance, grasp,  
went black.  
because just when you are  
about to hold  
a thing the mirror  
flips over and you can't  
see there's nothing but black  
and you have it  
and then flick the light  
comes  
back the cat has curled  
in my lap but the light  
which is continuous while I write  
now because I don't look  
at anything but writing  
then  
when it comes back  
from discontinuity brings  
a different thing: the boy is  
not gone but gone his  
holding forth  
the weed perhaps  
cracked now in  
half in limp  
hand to side.  
But there is a chemical  
memory seems to hold  
a thing  
and transferred from material  
to material  
through light in liquids  
of a dark place  
will give this



(maw)

that purports  
 (how the cat's ear twicht)

that holding forth held  
 no doubt of then, there  
 embraced it but such

is "transformation" we all know  
 each thing  
 dark edge of itself

are kindled by heightened  
 what plants our springing heel  
 in places of origin

that renunciation of the boy's  
 makes of weeds in a field  
 brings many figures into a field  
 from which  
 is held

and yet is it  
 is tree

not otherwise ever known

to mind's touch (the cat  
 is perfectly still but for waves on his ribs of deep breathing



While we're here

la nature est  
the time  
and the materials

and both, believe  
it or not,  
exist.

The Balinese puppeteer  
need not test  
shadows

with which he moves  
the eyes, the blood  
of men. The time

on which he dances  
is not a  
line made up of tiny dots.

It is a chord  
struck on successive  
gongs

which fades,  
still full,  
from his ears.

The materials are not  
things to punch each other  
about and crumble

on his human hands,  
but shears  
to cut from light,

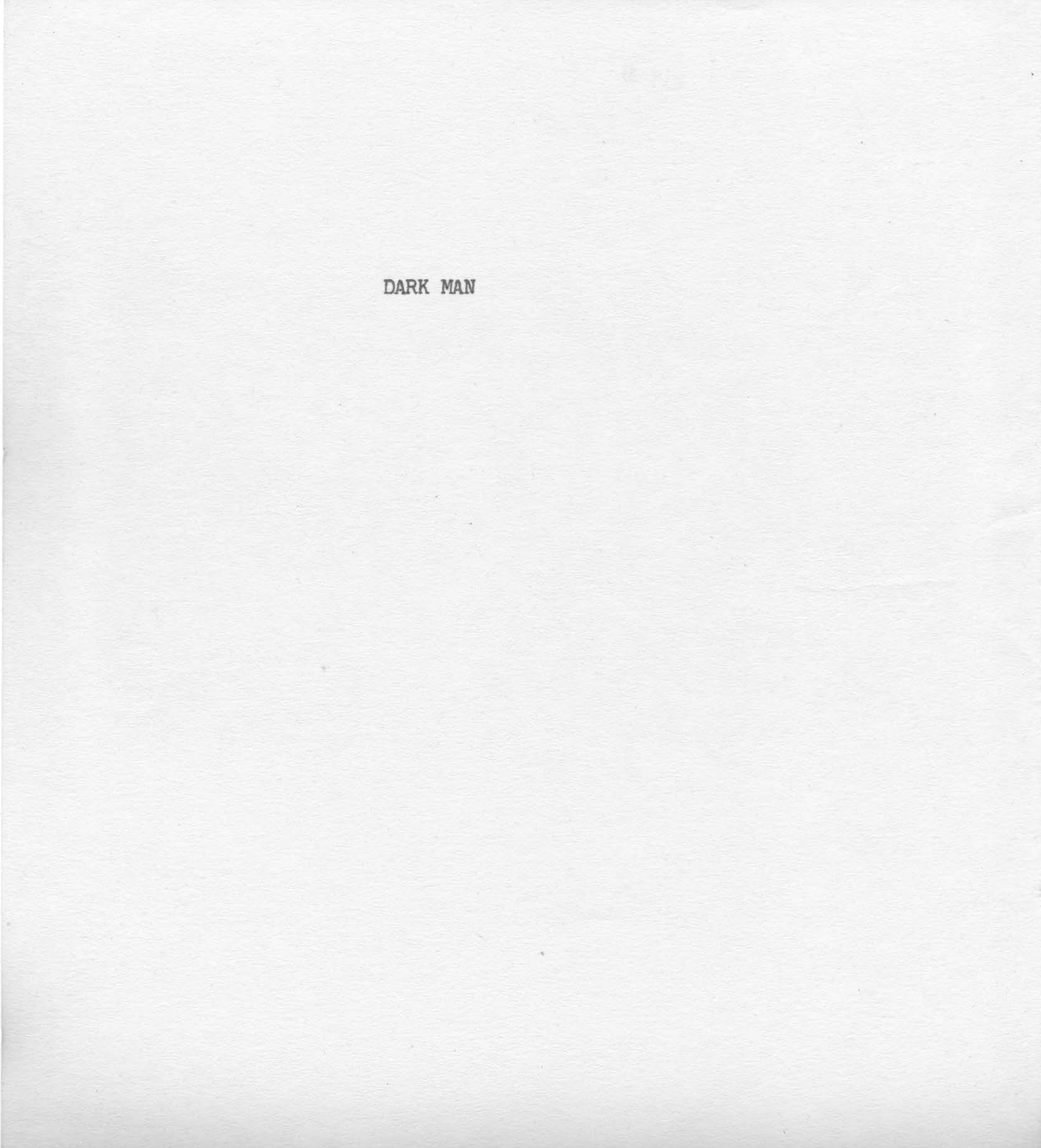
diaphanous  
ambience of skin,  
paper thin

butterfly-like  
burgeoning  
forms.









dark man -  
what a relief !  
so restful-eye and  
yet so deep like  
a rain  
forest.

like certain states of consciousness -  
Keats' negative  
capability.

or the sort of dream  
strains towards a poem  
but waking you don't remember.

i meet you walking out of tombs,  
slots of light break you  
into blossom.

i follow through gangways  
and yards  
to hear you whistle  
you "live in  
now" as you  
turn to let me have  
your face an instant.

in the shadows i can't  
make you out.

men are dark.



A black power hand  
turned blue in the face?  
If so, it hasn't reached  
the notice of men who care  
for floors and walls, and guard  
entrances. They're very relaxed.  
One cop even thinks  
he's part of the design -  
ought to pay a fine  
to monsieur Soulages.  
But why burden him  
with prophetic sense of black  
humor or of human sin  
or folly or whatever. And  
why pick on them. Some  
of my best friends are  
paid to watch the night, though  
most do it for nothing. The truth  
of this moment's observation is  
very little. Men in the middle  
of a mural by Soulages.  
The mural looks elegant and  
dominant and maybe even  
a little angry. The men  
are haphazard as men  
usually are. They seem  
happy.



To get there

we'd have to run  
the kids the gauntlet  
between the curb  
where traffic swerved and  
(his, hers, still  
waiting for the bus)  
two old black faces  
which traced, it seemed,  
maps of hate:  
the skin looked so  
slack and sad,  
cheeks hollowed  
in and chin  
pushed  
back, Her hand  
was something else, smooth  
against tan of  
the shopping bag, black  
dolphin by a backdrop  
cardboard sea - She was manacled  
by the bag's loop  
handles she'd wear  
home from there  
where she can shop  
and serve but not  
live. Forgive me,  
I was thinking, but  
they didn't give a shit  
about me. Still, before we  
rounded the corner  
he proclaimed our emancipation:  
"It's like I said  
in my love letters..."  
As I herded them into the car  
I thought my kids might  
have the choice

to be free.

Fifty two years and I see  
he is what we call **white**  
and has loaned her his jacket,  
actually white.

2020





She asked, *You black power?*  
I thought a moment too long,  
then said firmly, *Yes.*

*"A pretty Babe all burning bright  
did in the air appear."*

Robert Southwell S.J. 1595

*"Burn, baby, burn!"*

Burn, child

I

funny, what won't rot  
fast will burn,  
like hair, quick  
with a shiver of flame

listen quickly,  
the trees have a hum  
like those generator poles  
with their strange, brown  
clay fruit surrounded  
by cyclone fences;  
it's similar to cicadas  
but whistling within;  
your ear might freeze to a limb  
if you put it there to hear.

(more)



II

went up on the hill  
to inspect the damage  
willed by a spasm,  
found the expected things:  
supermarket shell  
charred black  
smashed windows  
now boarded  
back up  
rotting things had  
burned briefly

crept by an auto parts store  
head to the ground  
eyes peeping round seeking  
among pillars of brick  
stacked to the sky like Stonehenge  
a baked Ford,  
King's cremated bones inside.  
Would the wind  
through the grille  
articulate "the moolehillis  
of MISS iss Ippi"?

2020

what burns  
will not decay

(more)



Word drunk he said "spasm"  
We look back through smoke and hope  
that he meant "revolt"

2020



III

like the dwarf star junkies  
of centre ave.  
burning inward floating  
the milky ways  
of somnabulist eyes  
through the spilled glitter  
of refuse between buildings  
where the city  
lets them  
accumulate, energies turning  
inward burning  
out hands  
left a-fumble heads a-  
nod while the godhead in the man  
stumbles through the stars'  
curved chambers  
searching release  
of act:  
impact  
against the clots  
left by a lot of honky  
sole. bring this dog  
to heel  
she'll eat her own tail  
crazy bitch  
till she sit still and  
what still  
decay.

those who will not rot  
will burn,  
listen:



(msd)





IV

the trees trill  
with electric fire  
all down the broad avenues  
and consume their kindly shade.  
there's no place left  
for a man to rest  
or hide; who would  
will dig himself a hole.

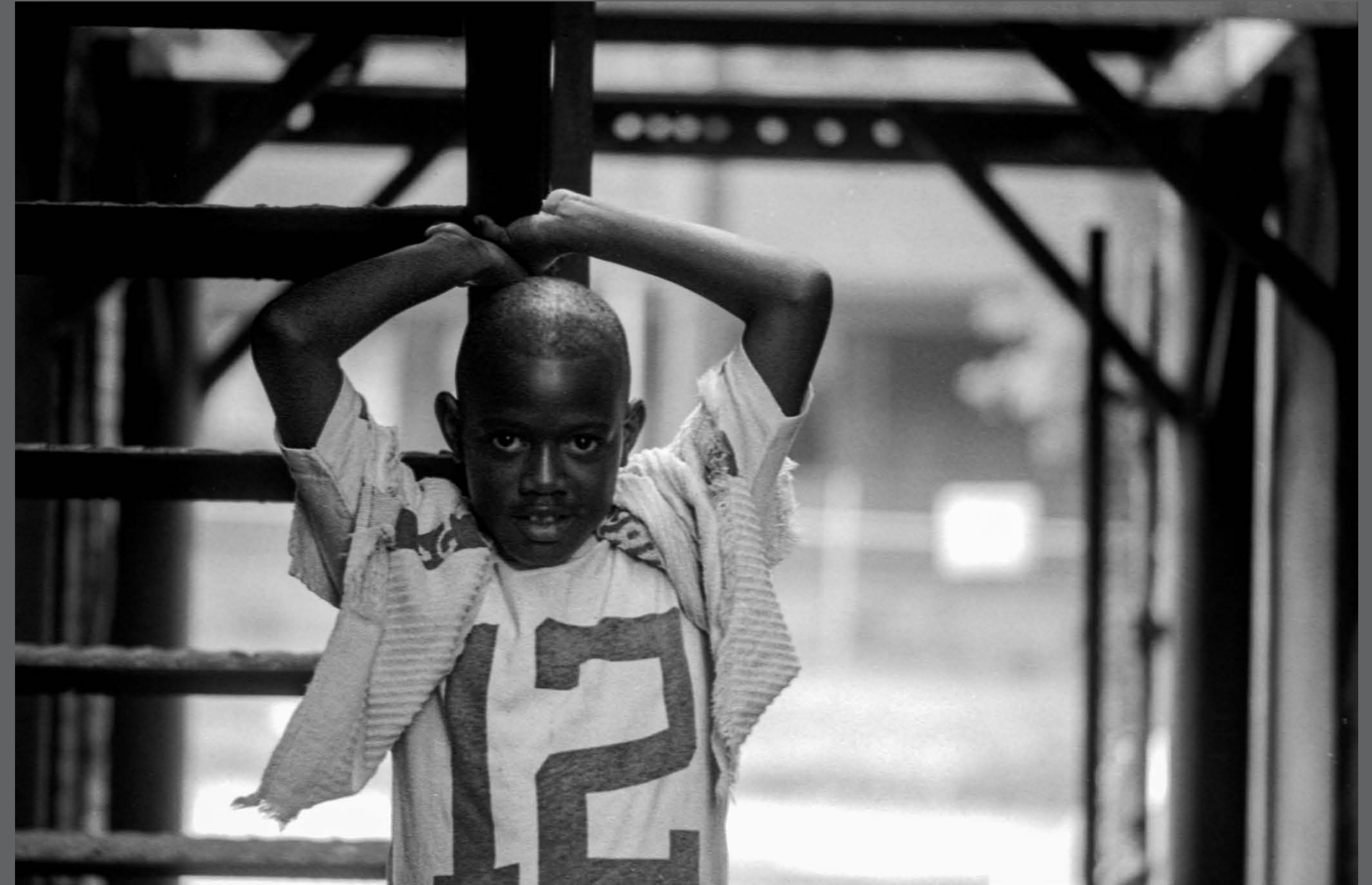
(moe)



V the babe

No one seems  
to know how it got  
there. In Fox Chapel  
they'll stare  
at you and say -  
It must have been a falling  
star. It wasn't by car  
that it came, -Perhaps  
a boat? In bursting holds? -  
It couldn't float, they'll say,  
and flame that way, though  
perhaps that might explain  
its preference for proximity  
to rats.- The union men  
will shake their heads and slake  
their thirsts- We were here  
first, no matter what and  
it got here just the same  
as my old man and has to take  
its knocks to get where I  
have got. I don't smell  
anything burning.- In towers  
of learning they know  
the whole thing is very complex.  
They're completing a text  
preliminary to an  
investigation for forming  
a committee- It's pretty  
urgent (one confessed  
in the can). I talked to a man  
who's very influential and thinks  
it's a fallen star. He'll finance  
my research for a study I call  
"The Interstellar Birth and the  
Fall of the Burning Babe."







DARK WOMAN

Monolith.  
Center of the myth.  
Tower of flesh.  
Dark flower.

monolith: single  
stone, but never alone,  
ripe with my <sup>our</sup>  
child; yet  
apart and obdurate  
with disciplines  
of grinding life  
from stone.

center of the myth:  
for those reasons.  
and why else  
cross the desolation  
of self?  
where other  
arrive than this  
other? what circumstance  
but to sow seed  
upon stone?

tower of flesh  
and thick with flesh's  
resistance  
and its mystery,  
memory. cell  
set upon cell  
recollects becoming  
not as itself a thing  
but towards  
some telos  
we cannot yet  
articulate.

dark flower, then,  
menotropical, swaying  
with the moon,  
delivering blood  
tribute, most under its sway  
when exempt:  
full as fullest moon  
flower  
sagging with freight of child,  
the moon's,  
awaiting deliverance.

"You're having my baby"  
hated that possessive pronoun  
and damn I did it too.

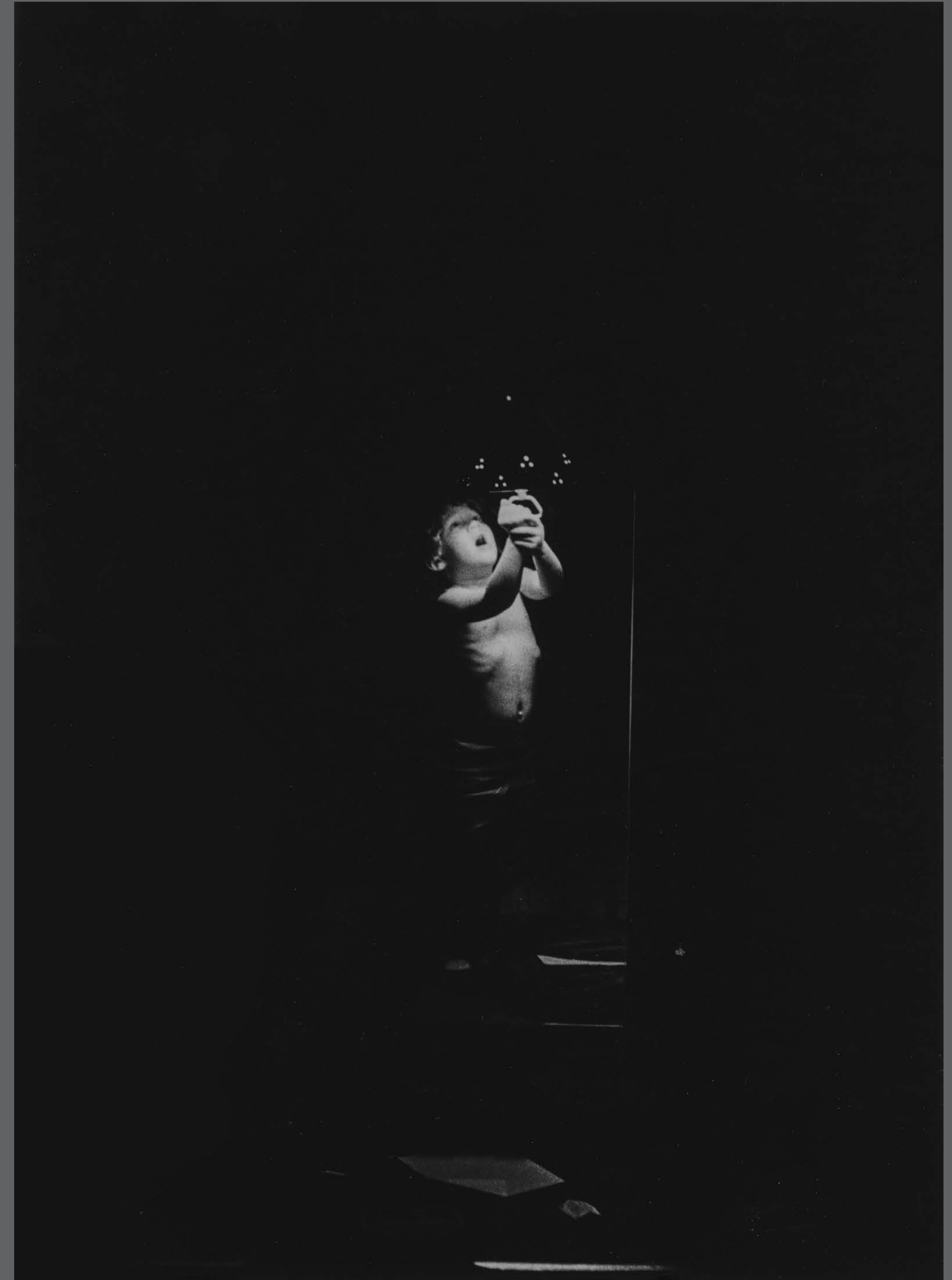
2020



You'd think that time  
slicing a new piece  
off the moon each night  
would leave her  
permanently broken.  
Time takes and takes  
till there's nothing left;  
bereft of her  
the sky is cold stars  
like a virgin's body  
that has just expelled  
blood and ovum.

Time stands still.

The will that makes things go  
again is the moon's.  
It grows like a mushroom  
or a belly  
that has taken the dark  
into itself.







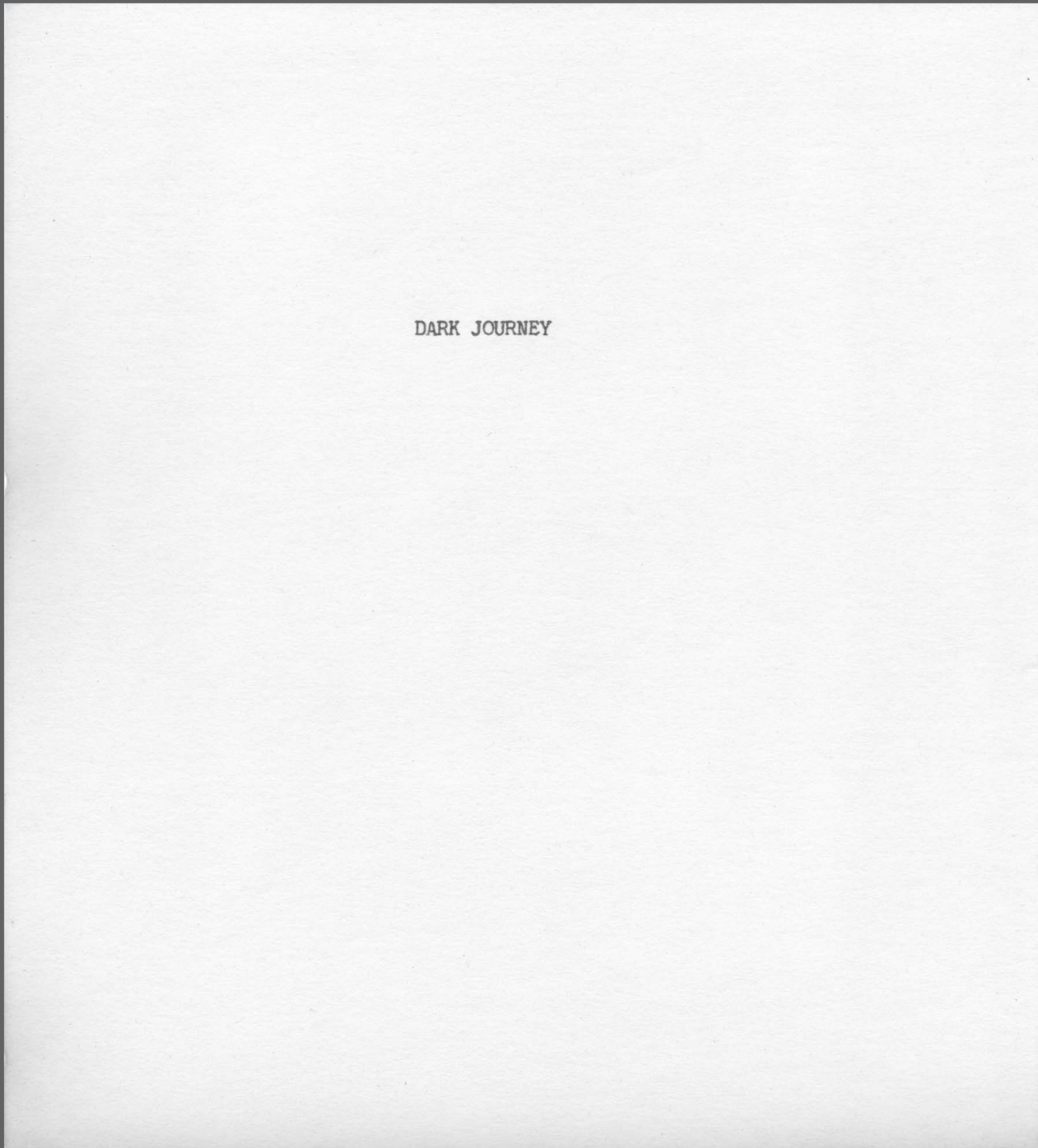












Some scenes  
so old  
so somberly drunk  
with over indulgence  
in "the human condition"  
(like those old men  
you see, cafes in France,  
sweating leaning  
over a bottle  
of vin du table)  
so saturated with  
something  
a little like nostalgia,  
but purer,  
that human particulars  
blur and  
things, scenes,  
focus to a  
face or hand or  
thigh of our  
corporate becoming.



Small girl, deep shadow, long lines

In the station  
edged on the long bench,  
curled there  
as if tossed there;  
silly peanut, unpecked  
by birds near the curb there,  
outside where taxicabs whip.

The glossed bench boards gleam out  
like receding rails  
in this dim light;  
so quiet  
as one of those...what  
was a small animal  
you find between ties  
claimed by the trains.

Funny.  
Fist holding head and  
feet off the ground  
but jacket never unzipped -  
she can't be going  
and so must be waiting  
for a father or some  
other. The station's tower's  
chimes strike  
two notes of some tune  
and stop. Birds whirl  
a moment, hover,  
look like they'll settle  
but don't.



O trips to Kresge's,  
adoration of plastic bodies.  
O penisless male manikins,  
staring through glass  
at your over-sexed mates,  
stared at (through glass) by  
adolescent initiates and potbellied  
old men.

And terraces of glitter  
in jewelers' windows, slashed  
to half price since we've lost  
our lease (on life? We ogle  
engagement gems, spread like a raped body;  
and glowing or shining watch faces, stopped  
or never started. And we hover a hand  
to darken our faces, interposing on the glass.)

Movie marquees where they are changing  
the heavy steel letters at the top  
of a ladder, where the clang reverberates  
as all our alphabet is dropped before us.

Argus Automatic Eyes which regard us  
from drug stores.

Man alone on a wooden bench  
in the Greyhound bus station.







Two tenderesses  
dark  
in the darkness  
that tenders  
intimacy

caught

in conditioned reflections  
of light  
that lightens  
the conduct  
of touch

with a worn  
ring  
of ritual

unless  
worn to witness  
that darkness  
you cannot give  
away, cannot  
give without.



Wait.  
Game.  
The waiting game.  
Waiting room -  
womb to get ready,  
tomb to go  
to it . The Game.  
One to aim one  
to watch, Steel bumpy  
ball. Better than  
watching the clock;  
tick tock two  
moments in a game  
room, him and  
yang, make the clock  
ball, the clock go  
round, blond and  
black, this  
and that get set  
to go. For clowns know  
and laugh to  
gloat: there's always  
more than  
two - a man  
with something to do

outside the game room.  
And another, old  
old mother of the green  
face - Be born be  
born on the sly  
by two. Sneak by  
to your train. Ride  
all night through rain  
and come out again into  
black sleek fields  
of grain. Plant your minds  
by leaning stalks  
to make  
a new a  
singlething,  
you, yet  
apart. Green  
mamma comes  
but where  
there's a more  
than two  
you can't  
divide,  
one remains.  
They're game.



Bus stop

Waiting.  
Hands so animal anxious  
in rain,  
unprotected and hair wet;  
it's hard.  
One should hardly find fault  
with the fret of your brow.  
The problem  
is how  
prevent the plasticwrapt scowl,  
the dead  
hawk of a hand never  
extended anymore; the  
problem is how  
to wait  
in the rain  
and still remain  
open - Look!  
That white bloom that  
spills from her breast !

To open in sun  
sometimes in heavy rain  
tulips must close

2020



"An Expert at Letting go"

(for L.M., her words except  
she minds her prepositions)

"I am sure it is G \_\_\_\_\_  
who has helped stir up in me  
this restlessness

and the questions  
I have told you of. He's been  
in this country about a year and a half

and traveled over, and lived in  
much of it. One day  
he wrote out a list

of the places he has been here  
and for how long,  
and in the corner

of the page  
he wrote  
HARD WAY TO BE HAPPY

(In Agee's Noa Noa  
is 'This, of course,  
silently wows Gauguin.' Well

this of course silently  
wowed  
me."



At Key West  
as in Altoona,  
ideas of order: pro-  
visions for the journey.

Don't throw the wrappers on the road.



What does the light reveal?  
Darkness.

The white paper?  
Black characters.

What can the dark conceal?  
Itself only.

To what purpose?  
The cast image, the story or inference there of.

But to what purpose stand toward it?  
Age. Length on the shadow. Draws in even to your standing and the black characters dance on the pulse of your eye sing to your beginning sound you to your end.









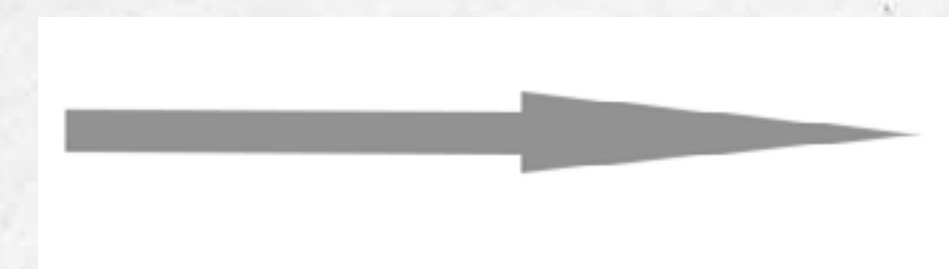


Inching of the blade's my game,  
not the blight that blasts my edges,  
not the cigarette burn gaps  
on torn scraps of consciousness  
whitely settled  
in the ashes' declivity.

My mind carries the stain  
of having lain in damp grass.  
When I lean out of myself,  
in the timing  
of heart's brevity

I feel the sway of such things.  
A white scrap of paper is surprised  
by transport of the wind. (So many  
rhythms contest to be  
the paradigmatic song  
of me.) The paper's levity  
is snagged on the wire's barbs,  
regular as a clock's tick

(more)



but flicking through randomly  
as my heart's miss-firing.  
New weathers drench it  
and finally weigh it  
loose to the litter and growth  
of the ground. So many rubbings  
on it: the rivulets of rust,  
creases where trees clenched it,

a daisy's yellow stain, and matted  
patterns of grass. Jesus, even the barbs'  
piercing redeems; all markings  
jibe now in near quidditive rhythm -  
should love lean in to wrench it  
with a final line to clinch it.





Close your eyes.

Now, what do you see?

Nothing?

wait...

Constellations, neon grids.

A world on the firmament  
of your lids

born in you as that other world  
was borne in you

two worlds eliciting each other  
upon the dark

kissing on the membranes  
of your vision.

See, this black world within now full  
of that world without

and falling silently.

Now imagine that this is forever.

What else would you want?

The eyes  
of an other.

*Bill Jungels*

I grew up in Chicago and then as a student or teacher lived in South Bend, Baltimore, rural Minnesota, Pittsburgh and finally Buffalo. This book was created in Pittsburgh.

Though I still write and have begun another photo/text book, I have devoted most of my energies since 1985 to documentary, primarily in Latin America, mostly in Mexico and mostly around social justice issues. The latest are *Broken Branches*, *Fallen Fruit/Ramas rotas, frutas caidas* and *Maya Faces in a Smoking Mirror/Caras mayas en un espejo humeante*.

The former centers on Maya immigration to the USA from the point of view of the migrants families in Chiapas, Southern Mexico. The latter focuses on Young Maya men and women struggling to preserve Maya identity and to resist, faced with the “smoking mirror” of a dominating culture that tries to commodify everything. Maya Faces can now be [streamed](#) for free on YouTube.

My [website](#) features Writing, Photography and Photo Essays and more.

### In memory of John Logan

who pointed a way  
laced with honest criticism  
to a young writer.

To Georgiana,  
then as now an assurance  
that I am somehow the same  
as she changed along with me.

To the children of The Hill,  
may they have remained  
as open and as strong  
as they were then.



This picture is a fist  
I feel it is a thing  
Siskin had cut out of my quivering chest--  
out of my huge furred stomach,  
It is a fist. It is a face  
In the mirror I no longer watch,  
and its light flecks have now the glint of tears  
I have never wept  
out of the tender, bald knuckles of my eyes.

*from On A Photograph by Aaron Siskind  
by JOHN LOGAN*

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