In a Reference Library

Under dull "flora" glass,
With newsprint reverence, they sit

At long refectory tables,
Workless on a rainy day,

Heads bent in hushed soliloquies
Inside a skin of silence

That shudders only with
Rain-muted wheels outside

When, suddenly, dark-bearded, quick,
A man walks down the centre aisle

Playing at priesthood, mumbling
Parables and sermons, to and fro

He marches, pointing fingers
At uneasy looks that turn

Immediately to their own homily:
The murder of the morning.

LOTTE KRAMER