

## 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