The empty classroom:
a stopped clock's face
reflects the summer moon

The Cuban heat
selling roast pig
in the street

The muddy creek:
a young bald poet wades
towards the fishing pole

The curfew siren
is searching out the urchin
about to sniff glue.

On the subway steps
an empty wine bottle
collects a raindrops.

The bright morning sun
looking down the rifle barrel
blinds the assassin

The distant church bell
is disturbing the urchin
dealing with feelings of doubt

The run-over cat

The distant church bell
is disturbing the fisherman
searching for seashells

The first snowfall
is coating a floating

green scum on the pond
coating a floating condom
screens the summer sun.

Deep in the river
through the quivering grass
a slithering
museum steps
covered with dust and newspaper
swept by the autumn wind.

The autumn wind
sweeping the museum steps
lifts an old newspaper.

The autumn wind
autumn wind and rain
has bow

autumn wind and rain
has blown the same newspaper
from the museum steps again.

Autumn wind and rain
has swept the same newspaper
from the steps again.

Their smoky breath
links a line of ragged soldiers
marching to their death

mountain road...smoky breath
links a line of ragged soldiers
marching to distant death
Bass

picking bugs

off the moon

Mother,

with a cake that failed,

gives the birds a treat!

In the rain puddle,

after worlds stop colliding,

the moon emerges.
A buzzing horsefly
here...there -
into a cicada shell.

Java tea leaves swirl,
falling in place: Medusa
with a Rorschach curl.

In the empty church -
a quiet child watching
flickering candles.
A cicada cries,
and a horsefly on the sill
wrings its hands, and dies.

He heard my brother died,
and buried a toy soldier
in his yard.

In the sun ray,
in the monastery chapel,
the old monk prays.
WM. L. MUSTARD
VICE PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
The boarded-up church:
an open bible soaking
in a rain puddle.

After snowfall...
a child hopping in the footprints
of his father.

Hiding, breathless...
holding the stolen melon:
the beat of my heart.
THE PHILADELPHIA COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.  
ERIE AVENUE AND "G" STREET  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19134

WM. L. MUSTARD  
VICE PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
Pine needles fall,
and fine rain opens the pores of the lake.

The tenement...
a ceiling seeping cold rain:
the smell of kerosene.

A path of puddles
stepping off into the mist...
footprints of the rain.
The tumble-down shed,
by a rusty water-pump
tied down by a web.

Christmas morning:
a series of crying babies
shortens the sermon.

Bitter afternoon:
a painted matron shivers
in a mini-skirt.
WM. L. MUSTARD
VICE PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
Swollen and turbid...
slipping its tongue over the dam:
the lake tasting rocks!

In the sick room,
on a wallpaper blossom,
creeps a winter fly.

Locked out in the cold -
the hardwood door,
and more between us.
A dead chicken hawk
nailed to the telephone pole -
the autumn wind.

After the rain...
in the belly of the hammock:
the quivering moon.

The outhouse door
swings open - and spring wind
thumbs through a catalogue.
The cold wind-swept marsh:
   a whimpering puppy
   caught in a steel trap.

The desert wind
   is lifting a veil of sand;
   a nude on the dune.

The cellar corner...
   an old upright Remington:
   the young bald poet.
A skeleton oak
tapping on the frozen pane -
the voice of the wind.

A gust of cold wind
is helping the garbage lid
catch up with the cat.

The old monk whistles,
and the autumn wind tonsures
a seeding thistle.
In the empty room,
where her sewing machine stood:
dark marks in the dust.

The golden maples:
saying things that can't be said,
by not saying them.

A vineyard...
lacy leaves sifting sunlight:
a tiny freckled face.
Easter morning...
the sermon is taking the shape
of her neighbor's hat.

The first firefly
beyond the reach of the child:
the evening star.

The summer wind
is modeling sheer nylons,
and the latest bra.
The wrecker's ball
shadowing the tenement wall,
reflects the autumn moon.

The plantation mist
vanishing in Spanish moss:
the scent of wisteria.

The empty play-pen:
a morning glory vine
tying down a toy horn.
The deserted fair grounds:
a merry-go-round-of-litter-
whirls-with-a-snow-flurry!

Now the war-drum rolls:
a lone totem pole
upholds the autumn moon.

The village bully
receiving Holy Communion,
holds an Easter lily.
The noonday sun:

a country trolley

cables a cicada's tune.

The rippling river:

a ribbon of red-winged blackbirds

quivers in the wind.
Creeping moonlight:
rows and rows of white crosses
shadow the frozen snow.

With the linden leaves,
a swarm of noisy starlings
swirls in the windstorm.

The icy river:
a drowned wine washed ashore
eyes the morning moon.
The cathedral spire
is touching the bottom
of the autumn moon.

A cresting wave
brushing the crescent moon,
crushes a wrecked schooner.

Where cattle graze
near the grassy battleground:
the grave mounds of slaves.
An empty dory
rocking on the choppy bay,
bumps a bell buoy.

Bitter cold morning:
the blind accordionist
fingers a Spring song

The clouded moon
barring its bottom,
sits on the picket fence.
WM. L. MUSTARD
VICE PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
The moonlit dump...
echoes from a tinseled tree,
and a shattered ball.

A wild persimmon
is drawing the town gossip
to puckered silence.

The loping squirrel
making waves...playing porpoise
through the spray of leaves.
The windy swamp grass:
a raccoon hunter's torch
licks the autumn moon.

A distant bell
is taking the shade and shape of mist:
the smell of the bay.

Under the rainbow,
over the checkered landscape,
a dancing striped kite.
My dead brother...

wearing his gloves and boots:

I step into deep snow.

The autumn wind

turning back a blanket of leaves,

uncovers the moon.

Father and son

tramping through the rank grass,

take the dew fishing.
A whimpering puppy
on the bank of the river:

a small muddy shoe.

Cemetery hill,
and the museum beyond:

the autumn wind.

Carp muddy the creek,
and the rhyme of a cloud
becomes assonant.
Waving stripedly,
by the turning barber-pole...
the sound of the flag!

In the empty church
at nightfall...a lone firefly
deepens the silence.

The blind musician
extending an old tin cup,
collects a snowflake.