

DAVID BROMIGE

A Poem

Fall 64—shouldering or trying to
a way through Sather Gate I shouted
What about freedom of

passage, but all I got was laughter
but today, summer 69, dodging the Avenue
crowds the answer's

no longer avoidable, What
about freedom of passage—& we
living to tell the tale.

Only Fair

But Lennie said he got it
so he should get half of it,
some 6 million lire. Only half

was for me to give to you. Later
I open up the banana
& it's rotten.