

# Méasure



A REVIEW OF FORMAL POETRY

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*Silenus and His Gang*

*Telegraph Rd. Early Morning*

All six of them, satyr-like,  
All six of them shambled  
One muffled his mouth,  
The girls watched them, wondering,  
Across the empty  
Sweaty eyes sought  
And found these figures,  
Traced on the truck,  
The girls sat in their stalled car,  
One hit the switch again —  
Bolt. Smokey blood  
Heaving and hard-faced,  
Legs weak and wavering,  
Forbidding and fat.  
The windows white-fogged,

eyes squinted, drunk;  
from the sunken pickup.  
his mule-eyes glimmering.  
white beams washed  
a.m.  
through the steaming dark  
funneled ears and goat-hooves  
its tires mud-slapped.  
awaiting strangers, doors locked.  
the bite of lurching  
on the blemished moon.  
one held his green bottle;  
he watched from the tailgate,  
The five were coming now.  
the wiper-blades

