

The Anniversaries

Year after year, in May, I read
The wire service for Kent State news.
The veterans spoke sadly, stunned
In the empty spring. They retold
For students required to attend,
Assistants taking roll beside
The single security man
Who clocked the permitted time.
My short, annual story
Of not returning ended
In car doors closing. Seven
Of those years it was raining
When I walked outside, counting down
The minutes in Pennsylvania
And then New York, saying "Now,"
Listening to wind and traffic.