

THE HERMITAGE AT LENINGRAD

Massive golden filigrees

of savage form

where uncut emeralds vie for light

with rubies, pearls and sapphires

As rows on rows of tapestries

amid the Flemish, French and Spanish masters

Assail blank eyes of

shuffling peasants

Diane Kemp
Feb. 74

DESERTED STATION

They've closed the railway station down;
the train won't stop again.
And so the tag ends hang
Withered and unraveling
Through years of bothered memories
When days of sadness
O'erwhelm with thoughts of might have been
Instead of what can be.

Diane Kemp
Sept. 74

CITY NIGHT

Across the city
Sirens faintly cry
Fretting
At a restive sleep,
Wailing night thoughts
Of the dark
Between two troubled days.

Diane Kemp
Nov. 75

WINDERMERE ENCOUNTER

At five o'clock

A squall blows into Windermere

Whipping leaves

Shifting rain around the lake.

A tourist coach

Descends upon the High Street

Spilling tourists

Who crowd the shops with dampness,

Hone an edge to conversation in the pub

And turn the town to fretfulness.

Diane Kemp
Sept. 77

HAIL TO MAMMON

Erect

Above the public mass

of city trees

The C. N. Tower thrusts

Its way to heaven.

Diane Kemp
July 81

WINDSOR SACRAMENT

Clouds of steaming pulp

smoke

Racing from the chimneys

spreading pall

Across the town of Windsor;

Sour-sweet sickness

Sucked

In cancerous lung filling slick.

Quebecoises

Struggling home from shopping

Thankful

For their husband's jobs.

Diane Kemp
Oct. 82

