

## THE NEWSWEEK POETRY SUPPLEMENT: CATHARSIS

The old professor gathered his notes  
and conjured up the ancient puns  
that won puns like a third party gets votes,  
and left for the classroom to bind up some minds.  
He collected his thoughts as he paced down the hall:  
hubris, hamartia and Oedipus Rex, Classical unity,  
then pun intopity, laugh into fear, the pride and the fall,  
Somewhere there is bird lore, blindness in light . . .  
The door opened to an empty room,  
on the blackboard he read,  
"ARISTOTLE IS DEAD!"  
Pity and fear fled through his head.

MCLELLAN

I

When the sun went out  
The birds froze in mid air  
And grew stems to the ground  
The ground left the warm rocks  
And the people had no place to sit  
Finally they got mad  
And broke the glass stems and  
The birds fell  
And nothing was left

II

In the summer of the city Love  
Has the odor of hot concrete  
And cannot stand in one place very long  
Or it will get burned in the city  
Of the summer

CIMINO