



Printer's Devil Review

Gerald Solomon. *After the Raid*.
Volume 1, Number 2 (Fall 2011)

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After The Raid

Dust, ashes, cracked glass, all that's left from the fire.
Something by my shoe, singed picture's
wide sky for a scene natural as odd.

Purity blue, controlled empty heaven.
(So large.) Arezzo's barefoot angels
who stand about like columns of waiting stone.

To contemplate clarity. Calm, austere, resolved,
attending what will not be hindered.
Unreadable mouths, deep eyes.

White courtyard, all open marble –
palace, temple, flat city square.
The required Jewish palms.

At a tasteful distance, a youngish man
waits, exact as naked,
made ready for the official scourge.



Right here and now though, new rain come and gone.
My London burnt and only one cloud in the sky.
Our sky, cobalt as an eye, open to harm ...

All too natural. I'll go back home –
narrow house, field of stubble, field of wheat.
You and I have stood there long since.
Wind molecules brush ripening crops.
Shadows go, come, go away, traces ...



No thought has been so clear.
A sense of truth finally invented.

A long illuminated cloth, unwinding ...
Help as unison.