

on the incessant smile of a candidate
who was trying, not without difficulty, to get in
somewhere, I don't remember just where,
and to the snow it didn't matter where.

But in the Park it fell undisturbed:
the snowflakes descended cautiously
onto the softly sinking leaves,
soggy multicolored floats;

onto a pink and tremulous balloon
childishly fastened with chewing gum
to the trunk of an evergreen
and sleepily rubbing its cheek against the sky;
onto someone's forgotten glove,
onto the zoo, which had shown its guests out,
onto the bench with its wistful legend:
PLACE FOR LOST CHILDREN.

Dogs licked the snow in a puzzled way,
and squirrels with eyes like lost beads
flickered between cast-iron baskets,
amidst trees lost in the woods of.....

SENATOR WESELY PRESIDING

SENATOR WESELY: Excuse me, Senator Landis. Senator Cullan,
for what purpose do you arise?

SENATOR CULLAN: Mr. President, I would raise a point of
order. Senator, I enjoy the poetry as well but I do not
believe it is not germane to the issue at hand and so I
would ask the Chair to ask Senator Landis to address the
issue or to refrain from speaking. Thank you.

SENATOR WESELY: Senator Landis, will you please try to
bring your comments in line with the discussion at hand.

SENATOR LANDIS: It will, as a matter of fact, become
germane at the end I hope. I intend to tie it towards
the issue at hand and I have heard Shakespeare quoted on
this floor. I have heard the Bible quoted on this floor.
I have heard the Declaration of Independence quoted on
this floor. I see no reason why we can't enjoy the effect
of a good poem although it may be lost on Senator Cullan.

Behind a wire fence, zebras munching hay
peered, at a loss, into striped darkness.
Seals, poking their noses from the pool,
caught snow in mid-flight on their whiskers;
they gazed around them, quizzical, confused.....