

Home

Summer 2011

Winter/Spring 2011

Autumn/Winter 2011

Summer 2010

Spring 2010

Winter 2010

Autumn 2009

Summer 2009

Spring 2009

Autumn 2008

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

Guidelines

Contact

## Three Poems by G.B. Ryan

## Late Afternoon, First and 88<sup>th</sup>

She walked her walk in high-heeled boots with dangling pom-poms, a grown woman, much beyond the youth, probably high, who stooped behind her and tried to catch the bobbing playthings as she strode beyond his reach without a backward glance.

He straightened up and turned for approval to his friends, five of them, their schoolbags on the ground, who had held back, all of them near six feet tall and almost two hundred pounds, none showing a wish to rob, molest or interfere.

If he had knocked the woman to the ground the charge could be assault and while she and he were white, his friends were black and although this was Manhattan not Alabama nonparticipation might not be enough in court.

As I approached, I thought up friendly words to warn them of the legal risk of such nonprofit activity and noticed them step backward and look another way, clearing the stage for a thing about to happen here.

Had he surprised me, my white assailant would have downed me – I moved with him and tried to bang his skull against a car and though he broke away I was satisfied to have communicated in language I think they understood

## **Art Collection**

A painter tells me he will very soon be forced to throw out his unsold canvases accumulated over the years because they occupy working space.

He foresees a public television program about a sanitation worker accumulating over the years a thrown out canvases collection

that he plans to donate to an art museum in a building to be named for him.

## **Limousine Drivers**

Limo drivers park waterside and eat their lunches

Plastic-boxed Central European

food items

One feeds gulls on his weight-loss diet just perhaps

Gulls pester in his absence other limo drivers

To the gulls all the limo drivers seem alike

**G.B. Ryan** was born in Ireland and graduated from University College Dublin. He has been with several New York publishing houses and works mostly as a ghostwriter. *Poems*, *G.B. Ryan* will be published by Elkhound in March 2012. He has two children and lives in New York City.

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