

JEAN

Tin can garbage littered the alley ways,
Stones scattered the walk beside the road,
Buildings set aside the road and walks
Cutting sunlight out of its way their shadows,
The tenement stood redded-grey by the smoke
Of the stinking factory nearby the polluted shore,
The dirtied air choked the sun where the tenement stood
Alone, filled with empty people wanting more — of nothing.
The redded rags washed in the polluted water
Hung, by the dying sunlight on the ropes
Holding the buildings apart. A child cries empty
And echoes among the walls near touching darkly dirty.
Brown eyes, brown hair simply, sadly
Walking down the lonely alley
Amid the garbage and the towers, gladly
Though she did not know why
To what she could only do.
Sadly, lonely she walked into the tenement
Crying poorly yet hiding her tears that all she knew
Alone up the noisy steps, through the locked door and waiting.
She lay down, smiling, crying and closed her eyes,
And died.

— Rajmund Kaczmarek, 1969

