

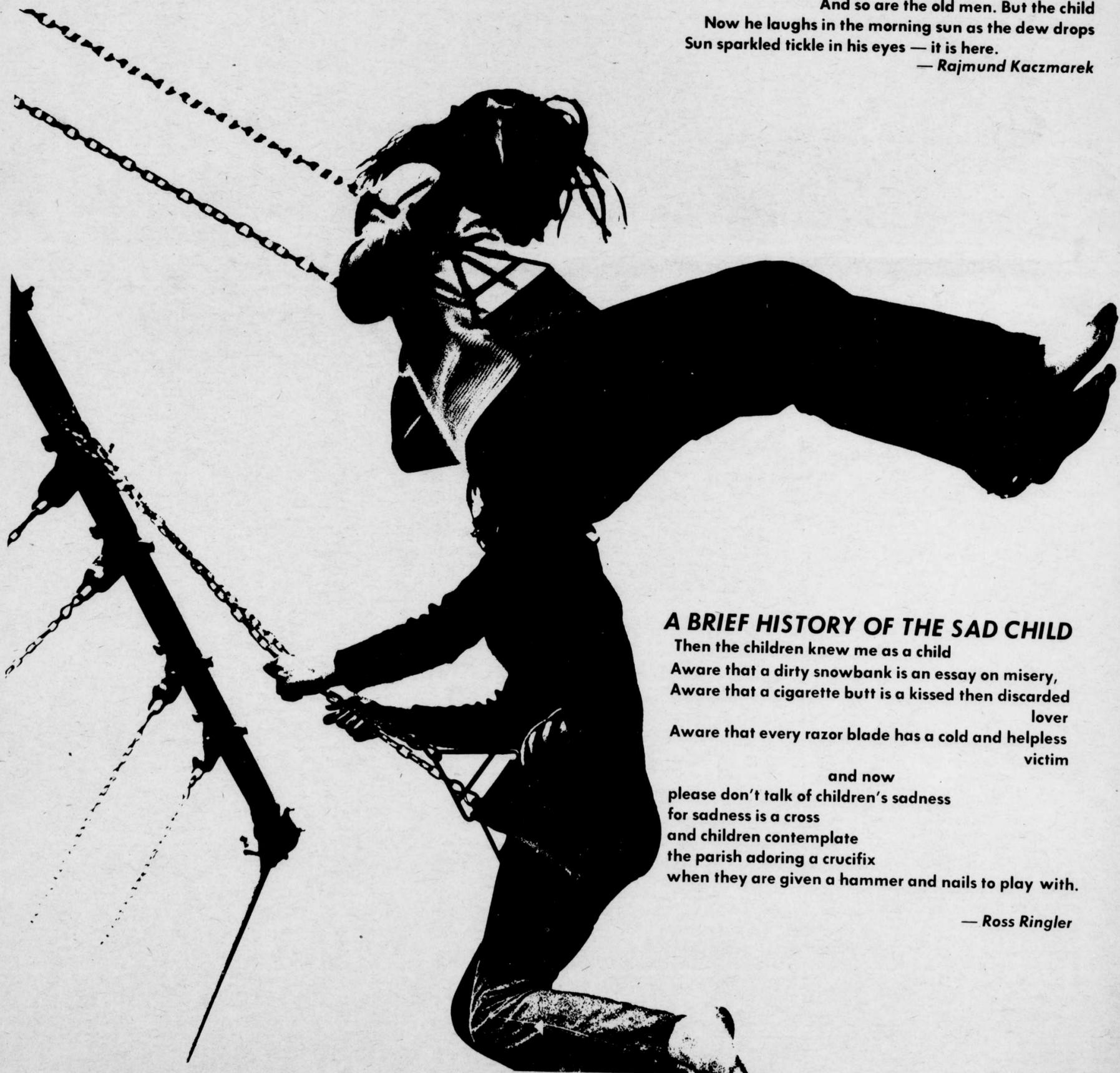
These poems met on a frozen Toronto street.  
They were icy strangers who asked nothing of each other  
but ask you to allow them some warmth from your mind.  
— R. R.

### THE CITY STREETS

I have seen the streets — the city streets,  
Where the children, the city children  
Play among the sterile walls.  
Christ was once a child. Where's the Garden of Eden?

The streets, yes the city streets do mourn  
The birth of children whose sterile cry  
Reaches beyond the conception out into  
The city streets where death wanders among the hours.  
Forget the faces, forget the tears, the joys,  
The smell, the sound of city streets,  
The touch, the taste of death.

Christ was once a child. Where's the Garden of Eden?  
The sun does hide its face from the city,  
The child cries for the night, and old men  
Take their place when the children are gone.  
They take their place in the night.  
The walls are gone, the streets are gone,  
And so are the old men. But the child  
Now he laughs in the morning sun as the dew drops  
Sun sparkled tickle in his eyes — it is here.  
— Rajmund Kaczmarek



### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SAD CHILD

Then the children knew me as a child  
Aware that a dirty snowbank is an essay on misery,  
Aware that a cigarette butt is a kissed then discarded  
lover  
Aware that every razor blade has a cold and helpless  
victim

and now  
please don't talk of children's sadness  
for sadness is a cross  
and children contemplate  
the parish adoring a crucifix  
when they are given a hammer and nails to play with.

— Ross Ringler