

“Angst of ‘81”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

the past
Is sown along the trail
and to remember
the angst of youth
and simple dreams

we scattered like
the wind
and yet
In our hearts
we hoped as one

a centered silken
silence
cloaked in the shame
of youth
we cried
without words
within hinterland
where the deepest
roots
raged

we cast aside
our masks
reveling in
one another
askance; our outlines bolder

unrestrained
we cried
tears
spilling from our lips

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