

# “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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