

**poetry by Richard Krawiec**

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**Youth**

we never knew

how impoverished

we were, living

on a futon

in a tiny room

blanket-shaded

in roach-suburban Boston

we had coffee,

bread, vegetables

in the crisper

warm arms

for wrapping

each other, smiles

arias of love

which wavered

through the sirens

of foot-shuffle night

harmonized above

the clank and gutter

of morning

each day's sunlight

was brilliant

clouds and rain

a surprise

we failed to see

the peeling paint

awed by the flicker-

sprinkle of stars

the glowing green beyond

the tangle and fold

of shadows

on the sheets,

our laughter

pushing back

expanding the walls