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Bastille

Manuel Avila

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BASTILLE

by *Manuel Avila*

Quiet, please! Quiet! The noise pollution is
about to begin.

Oh, to bask in silence and watch the huge
waves pound against the impregnable
rocks—

Then backing up, only to regroup under the
inspiration of their leader: Moon.

They come again

Pounding and striking the rocks

Again

Wrenching and tearing

Again

With all the might and power of all ever
refused.

They come again

Pounding and striking the steel doors of
Bastille

Again

To free all within that they should not
be refused

Again

And the silence within is slain with
the bursting of the doors

Again

And all that ever were knew then, at that
moment, you can't keep these men
down

For they come again,

Again to be free

Again

To love again

To dream.

If only airplanes didn't fly so low.
Quiet, please—quiet!■

MANUEL AVILA of Oklahoma City is a former SOSU student now attending Central State in Edmond and majoring in Communications.