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Sonnet for a New Residential Circle
Kent, Ohio 1967

Like contented squaws squatting in a ring
Our burgeoning bungalows have grown each year.
We've gas, and soon the sewers will appear.
In short, we do not want for anything.
We go to church more often in the spring
And in the summer to the beach. We hear
Monotonously of births. In fact, I fear
Our lives are one continual circling.
But where else could we settle? Hart Crane's sea
Is cruel, not only at the bottom, and to burn
With the windy tumult of Antigone
Is equally destructive. No, the hero's fate
Is not for us who come too timid and too late
Who, living on circles, venture only to return.