

**The Pied-Piper Philologist Cycles over the Converted Trestle  
Bridge and Imagines Stephen C. Foster as Together  
They Lament the Tragedy of American Racism**

*R. Allen Shoaf*

Quiet isn't the absence of sound  
(quiet isn't absence at all),  
quiet is the presence of sound  
anticipated,  
as the self is presumed  
by the boundary of the body  
like a phantom limb  
of the complete individual  
unable to accept the trauma of division—  
inauguration of death:  
the Angel in repose  
upon the dark white river  
rolling with life  
and its peril  
inescapable,  
edged with pleasures  
senses so slaver for  
they forget pleasures are dreams  
where the cuts didn't heal  
and lips disgorge liquors of longing  
as cries awaken the Angel  
to restore the quiet  
life claims is its own to disrupt,  
as if life somehow  
were not itself  
just another  
swell and lap  
lap and swell  
“way down upon the ‘Swanee’ River.”