

LITERARY SECTION

The Tears of Blood

The lone-man Albinus Kraeften strode boldly into the Valley of the Fallen, And beheld this bleak place where his beloved brethern lay, His deepening sorrowful grief matched the dismal darkening of the day, While he clung to his courage and held his fears at bay.

'O Dying and forever dying, 'the lone-man Kraeften whispered, 'Behold thy catalyst., 'O Slaughter millions,' he cried, 'my brothers, murdered, all!' Raging revenge gripped his throat as if in a vice of squeezing steel Until he nigh choked and backwards did he reel.

The lone-man Kraeften recovered with his reverent gaze Upon the death-still myriad poppy-white millions Which so snowed the vast valley in numbers to amaze — Each flower holding the four truths of the philosopher-sage.

Along the clear path did Kraeften run and run, Until, at a crossroads, with the poppies all around, He beheld a fallen torch half-buried in a mound. This, he knew, only the unclean and unchaste need shun.

Albinus Kraeften wrenched the torch free from the ground And held it high aloft while the poppies made a low, moaning sound. One of them did he select from where it grew in mud, And crushed it did he over the torch for its bitter tears of blood.

'One tear for faith, one for unity, one for strength, and one for power.' Fiercely roared up the blazing flame in a blazing tower. The poppies to it turned as if it were the very sun, For they knew Albinus Kraeften's rebirth had come.

Bob Alexander

ODE TO THE GRAWOOD

by Donalee Moulton
Cool and copper
Wet and foamy
Chilled and refreshing
All a man could want
Yet I thirst for more,
And refuse I don't,
as someone yells,
"Drink up, it's on the house."

I PLAY TOO

by Donalee Moulton
Little girls playing in the sand
Mother's calling anxiously
Waiting expectantly for the
Reassuring answer
I play too
My castle grows large
And tall and powerful
And shatters
At the sound of maturity.

LIFE STYLE

by Donalee Moulton
Structure
Was not meant to be
A life style
It was meant
To construct
A P.A.T.T.E.R.N.

Conformity
Was not meant to be
A P.A.T.T.E.R.N.
It was meant to ensure
A life style.

EGO

by Donalee Moulton
It pierces the sky
Like some magnificent form
It reigns supreme
Over its insignificant domain.

Tremors, earthquakes, bombs
Affect it not at all
It is the foundation
On which the structure relies.

It envelops the land
Like heavy laden fog
It shrouds entirely
Everything in sight.

Rain, wind, light
Fail to shatter its density,
It must encompass all
To maintain its strength.

But like you my friend
It will fall,
And like you my friend,
It will disappear.

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Dona Bulgin

I see you need to love
in the sad uncertain complexion
of your gaze beneath which
you weave a cautious web of words
around your gestures
sketch a silent supplication to
love, I see your need for
Christ's sake touch me!
—Mick

