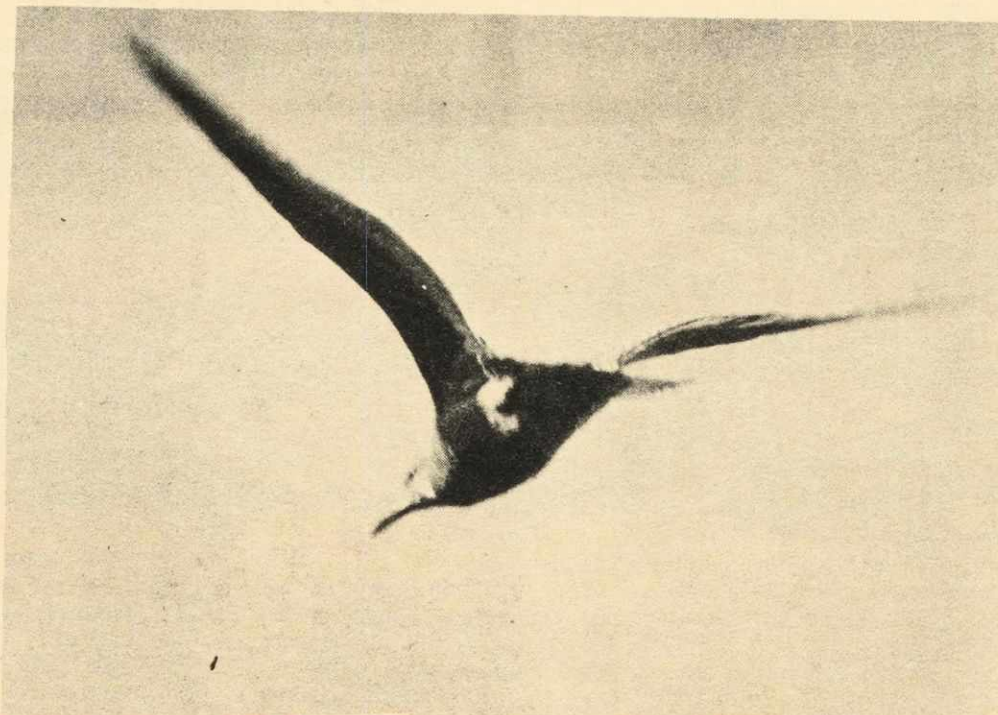


# POETRY

## Performance Piece

Caught in the bard's web  
of craftily spun  
syllable threads  
she was drunk  
gloating on the image of goddess  
and he was quick  
to pick the rose  
burning in the cheeks of his audience.

by William Dodge



## TAKE CARE, THE LADY

Take care, the lady, when she hears:  
"Take my arm, lady, if you please,  
We'll walk between the willows;  
I'll lead you to a hallowed place  
Where mosses grow in pillows."

Take care, the lady, when she hears:  
"In whistle round, the Nightingale  
Will thrill us to the ground,  
And there we'll see capillary twigs  
In the yellow moon browned."

Take care, the lady, when she hears:  
"And there we'll hear the brook playing  
Its watery harp, the weir,  
Our clothes will soften and start fraying;  
Then we'll be in love, my dear."

Take care, the lady, when she hears:  
"God knows what wonders take place there;  
Let's walk this little trail,  
For Venus gave me this bottle  
And we are well supplied with ale."

—Anannas

## THE TIGER PRINCESS

On my travels I met a princess  
Enchanted to a tiger;  
She had a prim, proud head, she did,  
Necklaced in rings of fur.

From her neck hung mystic pendants  
That trailed across the ground;  
Her body was wound with strings of pearls  
Carved all shapes but round.

As she roamed her nose was upward turned  
In sublime disgust,  
And she never dropped her eyes below  
The highest branch of lust.

She swore that Zeus would turn to tiger  
And leap down from his perch  
If e'er he saw her stalking wild  
In search of shady birch.

Yes, she had love to match the gods,  
And they had heard her pleas,  
But she had spurned so many men  
That Zeus had felled her to her knees.

She was nothing but a beast with curls,  
And men's sorrows were her feast,  
So now she walks all wrapped in pearls  
Condemned to live a beast.

—Anannas

