## 



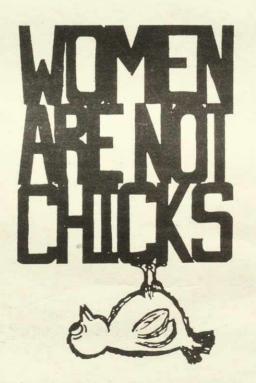
Mystery or Vacancy

As neutral as your existence, "It's hard for us to understand" you recite. Your passionless pleas are so vacant you cease to exist in my mind. The blur, the generality, the unreality of your emotion binds me; not to something solid that I could break free from, but to some lurking, hanging flat line from which I am powerless to flee. I seek from you some primal scream; some action to justify my existence in your eyes. For this I hate you. My passion knows no limits. I can love to hate you or hate loving you. Either way I am broken.

Mouthing softly empty words, praises from a vacant mind shrouded by mystery. You call yourself a man. Well woe-man am I and my words are solid, built with bricks which I have laid around me. Do not ask me to get on my knees and look up at you. I resist my chains and bonds and my spirit will soar with freedom. MAN/WOMAN/CHILD ANIMAL/MINERAL/VEGETABLE -slavery of labels. Your idea of me, and me, belong as separate things. I cannot be your yes-man because I am woe-man And I bear too much already. Do not pretend to know me. Your silent judgements could fill volumes, but to me your non-words are not mystery but vacancy.

It is that vulnerable moment
after
I fasten clasps and button buttons
feeling more naked
not less
with each article of clothing
and you open your mouth
and I cringe
because anything you say
may be held against me

-Dana James



Women in my life

Forever
In a hall of
Glass
Searching for the door
I was not
Reflected in the glass walls
or ceilings
They said
I was not

Sudden In-sight My eyes closed Opened, refocused And the walls were lined With silver Reflecting Ideas, experience Beyond words

Forever You Are the source and Purpose The silver lining Of the cloud In your eyes I see Myself The door

Laura Makarenko

dreams

the conciousness I refer to in waking hours seems void of the joy it feels when I 'm dreaming in those places where it can be exactly who it wants can screw who it likes and beat up all the and kill the rabid grizzly with its bare hands when I'm dreaming no one tells it to sit up straight work hard be a good sport it can say what it feels yell if it needs to cry, no, not cry, it only does that when I'm not dreaming

Sandra MacLean

Kneeling, I lick the salt from your skin, mesmerized by the rise and fall of your voice, praying to your gods of ice and ego.

I feel my innocence slip through your fingers like sand

or shards of glass.

Left alone now, in the moon yellowed night, ice crystals snapping beneath my soles, wrapped in the warmth of the mixture of liquids, which evaporate with the rising sun.

-Dana James

Tryna Booth