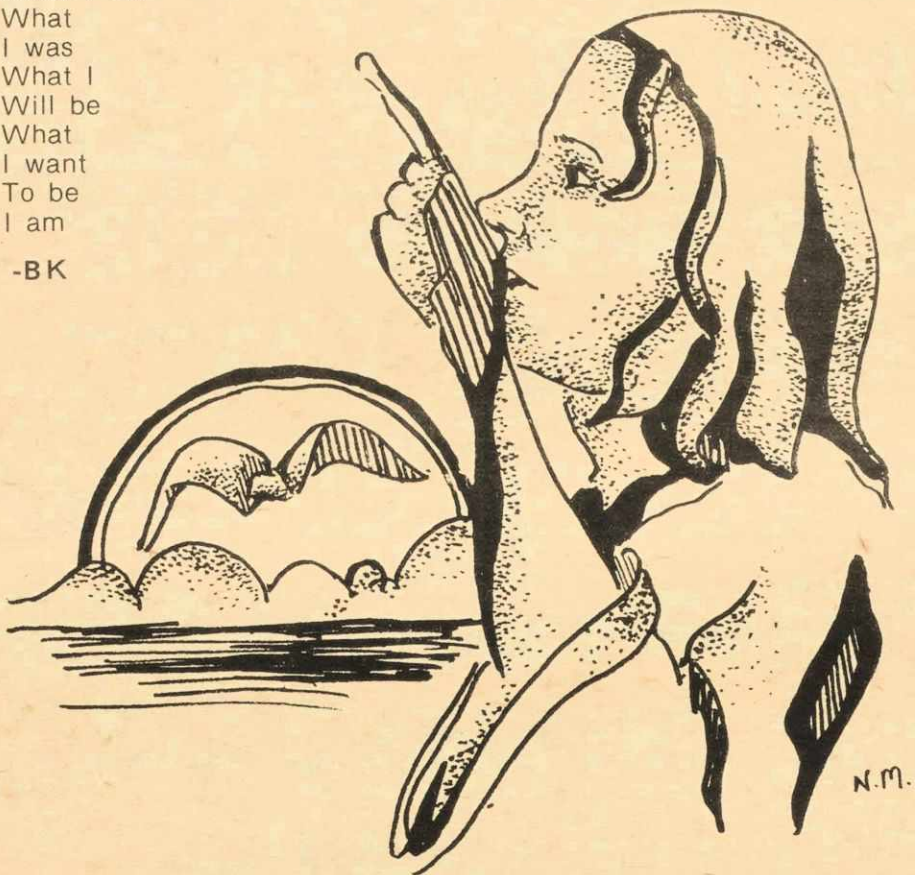


# LITERARY SECTION

I am  
 What I am  
 What  
 I was  
 What I  
 Will be  
 What  
 I want  
 To be  
 I am  
 -BK

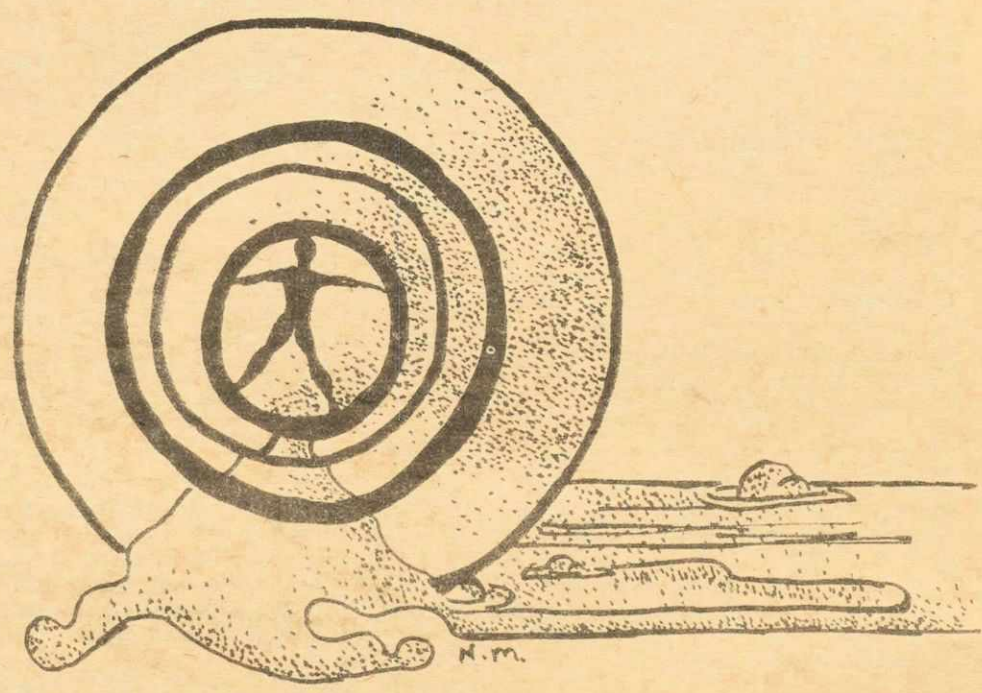


**A Gray Afternoon**  
 The hushed murmur of distant traffic  
 The Rain drums against the window  
 pane  
 Arms around you around me  
 Laying together in silence-  
 Hearing each other's breathing  
 Feeling each other's warmth  
 And solidity-the textures of cloth.  
 We shift-the clothes rustle  
 The bed springs squeak and sway  
 Closer this time,  
 Our eyes stare into our own private  
 Vacancies, sharing the communion  
 Of our experience.  
 I watch your dark, opaque eyes  
 Moving slowly in their sockets.  
 Together and separate we lay apart  
 Held together by arms and hands  
 And warmth.  
 The world has forgotten us and  
 Drowned us in the murmur of the rain  
 And the distant drone of traffic-  
 Together.  
 -BK

**Faces: Canticle**  
 Strangers, strangers, strangers  
 surround me.  
 He is around me again-  
 Strangers, strangers, strangers  
 drowned me  
 The ever present stranger.  
 Surround me with your indiffer-  
 ence.  
 The imposition of his indifference is  
 always with me.  
 -B K

**The Misplaced**  
 Engulfed in misery  
 They seek the road of relief.  
 The liquid escape trickles down  
 their throats;  
 enlighting obsolescent minds with  
 false finds;  
 and erasing all sense of time.  
 Lilliah

**I Looked and Saw Myself.**  
 He flew across the street.  
 The car came to a full stop.  
 Dad yelled "What are you doing  
 son?  
 "You know better than that!"  
 "Now get home and stop that  
 foolishness"  
 His eyes fell to the earth not lifting  
 them  
 till Dad had finished.  
 As his eyes touched mine a deep  
 shame  
 streaked his face piercing my  
 memory  
 and reopening the carefree days of  
 my youth.  
 Lilliah



Regarding a human devoured by  
 the masses of cynicism;  
 sucked up by the slivering  
 tongue of deceit  
 cringes and crushes all  
 desire for aspirations.  
 Lilliah

**Submit your creative works  
 to my post box at Gazette  
 - ed.**