

THE PROFESSOR

"Man plays with dynamic forces in the universe," said the professor and the students avidly took note. "In fact, man is dynamic—a continuing source of energy—man is inexhaustible and chargeable!" The students inscribed his words to paper and looked up—

But one small man in the back row bowed his head and didn't take anything down. He scratched his head, moved a paper and got up, leaving the professor to send out his dynamic words.

He went out—completely useless.

"Well, men, go out and be dynamic," roared the professor and the students rose.

The professor looked around—convinced that the small man was still there—

—C.A.T.



Clay Pedestals

Softer than the gray sky they turn upon,
two pigeons flow following their beaks;
—yellow nibs releasing their stately shapes,
slate-flecked, true dove-relatives
above the statue staring into space.
Moving higher on mauve wings
and higher on their necks,
a green sheen like beetles' backs
that flashes twice.
Beyond, the charcoal limbs of rising pines
rise into the air like ribs of fish.

Joking yokels, hands jiggling, talk
and whistle at her walking form
until her vision's aura is veneer,
only air, lines not there,
hollowly ocular.

She returns, ascending the staircase,
a corner of light rising
beyond her almond eyes.
Her open almond eyes move,
reflecting the softer shadows of her room,
the cool wells of her coloured inks.

—Michael Pacey

My friend comes to me with an invitation for coffee

I say I have no time

My friend comes to me for conversation

I say nothing

My friend comes to me for cheering-up

I say he is dull and ignorant

My friend comes to me for companionship

I say I want to be left alone

Some say I don't deserve a friend

but my friend comes to me again.

—Garold Murray

NIHILISM OF SELF

Idealism of personal fame,
Politicians you know
Play this game —
Destiny is a shake of the dice,
Your stupidity and their vice.

Socialism was born a bastard
When Capitalism called it love —
Communism you know
Is also a game?
Penology is necessary
To rehabilitate the soul.

Slavery is rather ideal,
Nihilism of self
Is the desired goal —
Now who could be so vain
To play such a game?
Only a fool with loaded dice.

— John Quigley

Nostalgia

I used to be nostalgic

As I looked up the slope

Of sunny afternoon

With all the trees and houses

And their long shadows

Reaching down at me.

But now it's night

And I wish I could see

Those shadows again.

— Leo Ferrari