

Dr. Frank's Clinic for Nuclear Kids

I am sick to death today
yet overworked plunge in,
and in my fever I'm frantic
to probe out the heart of children.

I am nervous insane inside, nervous insane -
I steady myself:
Ready with the stainless steel,
tools of my salvific trade
as nurse is ready with her ether mask
to suspend the puff and fall
of the idling infant breast:

I tell myself, repeat myself,
"I and Hippocrates, Hippocrates and I,
We are saviours plucking life from death -
We are gods," I psalm and cut
and cut and cut and cut. . .

Nurse hands me now
a petrie dish properly antiseptic,
and i pluck out
a pulsing heart
defective as it skips
its monitored stubborn beat. . .

I-Hippocrates - Hippocrates-I
we have sworn our oaths;
we are skilled in our art
plucking life from death:

Nor does the infant whimper
nor twitch nor blink an eye
asleep like this beneath my masterous hand:

"Quickly, Quickly," I cry
"We don't want to lose it now."
And a tissue-plastic hand ghosts
slipping in between
where i pry the finger ribs apart
to set in place
the cherished replacement part
we stripped an hour before
from the still blue thing
we keep spared below
frozen in our cryonic vaults.

D.W. McDougall

Let Your Eyes Be My Sail

Let your eyes be my sail.
Let your beauty be my wind.
Let your heart be my stars.
Let your words of wisdom calm the waves that are
in my path.
Guide me to my destination by writing your song of
love on the water.
Let your blue eyes be the color of my sail.
Let your tears be my rain to quench the fire that is
thirsting for the love of my heart.
Let your dreams be my island.
Let me find a cornerstone to build my castle of
dreams.

Gille Legacy

Together Burning

Dying
catering to whims
whims of the heart and soul
together we sail
endless into the mist
into the fire
until existence
is no longer possible
only visions and memories
of what used to be.

Trisha Graves

The Crime

Entering the sanction
of the placid four walls
my bedroom
suddenly illuminates
a new disposition.
The flashing lights
and loud music
have recently passed.
No longer surrounded
endlessly with figures and frames.
Now placed in a duet of chance
decided only by ale and time.
The outer layers of our existence
are ineptly shed,
and we graze upon each others sweetness.
I suddenly become viciously aware
I'd forgotten my partner's name.
Or had I even asked?
Perhaps not
it seemed so unnecessary.
My passion is stroked
and my loneliness is freed.
It is a peaceful interlude
barring all
anger and hatred from within.
However my soul
slowly fills with animosity
as the wretched act is completed.
Yet, I still lay silently
as two strange arms
encase my being.
The tides of time turn
and morning brakes.
My eyes are singed
-not from the bright light of day but from the
visions
that slap me in the face.
In the pandemonium of dressing
my mutilated self-respect,
nauseated disgrace,
and dishonoured psyche
all scream in shame.
Although we will never share
anything ever again
my lover will be with me
always.
He is my scar.
And my shattered spirit
burns in hell.

Trisha Graves

Spirit

Man get's tired
Spirit don't
Man surrenders
Spirit won't
Man crawls
Spirit flies
Spirit lives when man dies

Man seems
Spirit is
Man dreams
The Spirit lives
Man is tethered
Spirit is free
What spirit is man can be

*Mike Scott,
The Waterboys*