

God pulls magicians out of his sleeve and sets them on a table. The magicians, three of them, pull Valentines out of their sleeves, and place them on the tinkling music box that is playing Brahms. One of the magicians, with a Hugh Hefner ear lobe, sticks a one cent sale sign into the pile of Valentines. When these theatrics have been completed, all the Barbie dolls (male and female) who have up to this point been holding their breath, break out into spontaneous applause, and a sublime feeling of spiritual love. The second magician, who must

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have been the master of ceremonies, lands a 15 pound kiss on Miss Valentine's false Sophia Loren lips. The third magician, who is wearing a gold Liberace suit, just blows kisses to everyone, and passes out sugar coated Valentines which have nothing to do with pain and sincerity that is left when you run across the street to hand Suzanne flowers, only to be crushed by a jealous bulldozer tired of its dull existence.

The first magician is praying for forgiveness, when two dozen cowboys in Bonnie and Clyde costumes, mangled hanging from their belts, money and machinery mangled in their pockets, hop out of the last one hundred depressing morning newspapers, and spray the room with machine gun fire. You leave the room like a piece of Swiss cheese suddenly realizing how little some people care about Suzannes and Sad Eyed Ladies and silver crosses.

When we fell and fell
into each other
emptiness fell and
into that balance
terrible
we emerged anew
i touched you
and from the world's
depths
Your eyes were
like a fawn
and then
they're gone too.
Adam Schneid (FIII)

See how a candle speaks to your eye.
Envelops your mind to tell you why
A life must be lived to brighten a night.
So kiss me now with our love at its height.
Burn on sweet youth!
Ne'er think of burnt fuel.
For love kindles itself.
An everlasting jewel.
Wonderous, wandering worlds of fire
Melt through a night, meet with my mind.
Gild a smiling mood
And hands intertwined.
Alas the flames of life expire.
And sigh last flickering tongues of fire.
And all that's left is an ashen mire,
And a memory of something higher.
Blair Hammond (WII)

For her you shine.
You seek outside yourself
To find a dream:
Ephemeral Eros — love.
You wander through the hallowed hollow
Realms of loneliness and fear,
For devotion to a pain-strewn quest
Transcends all scattered purposes
O wordly care and strife.
For her
You rage against
Time's blazing candle
That leaves
Gold glowing embers
Of a half-forgotten past.
For her and you and Love,
Like writhing bodies intertwined
Melt to colours surrealistic
And fling out beams of triumph
Through the velvet void
Blair Hammond (WI)

An elevatorful of perturbed mandarins
must have seen you
when they checked out of the lobby,
a thousand eyes
must have followed you
when you stopped to buy
a hundred hunch-backs
a paper,
must have thought their sidewalks
smiled like Heaven's shoreline.
I must have fallen
badly from my tricycle
I did not see the cop
blushing in the traffic jam of silence
you left behind.
Dieter Schnell (FI)

Montage is your creative
arts forum. Each week
students work — poetry,
short stories, graphic arts
or photography — will be
featured. Contributions
should be addressed to
Kandy Biggs, Escalibur.

