

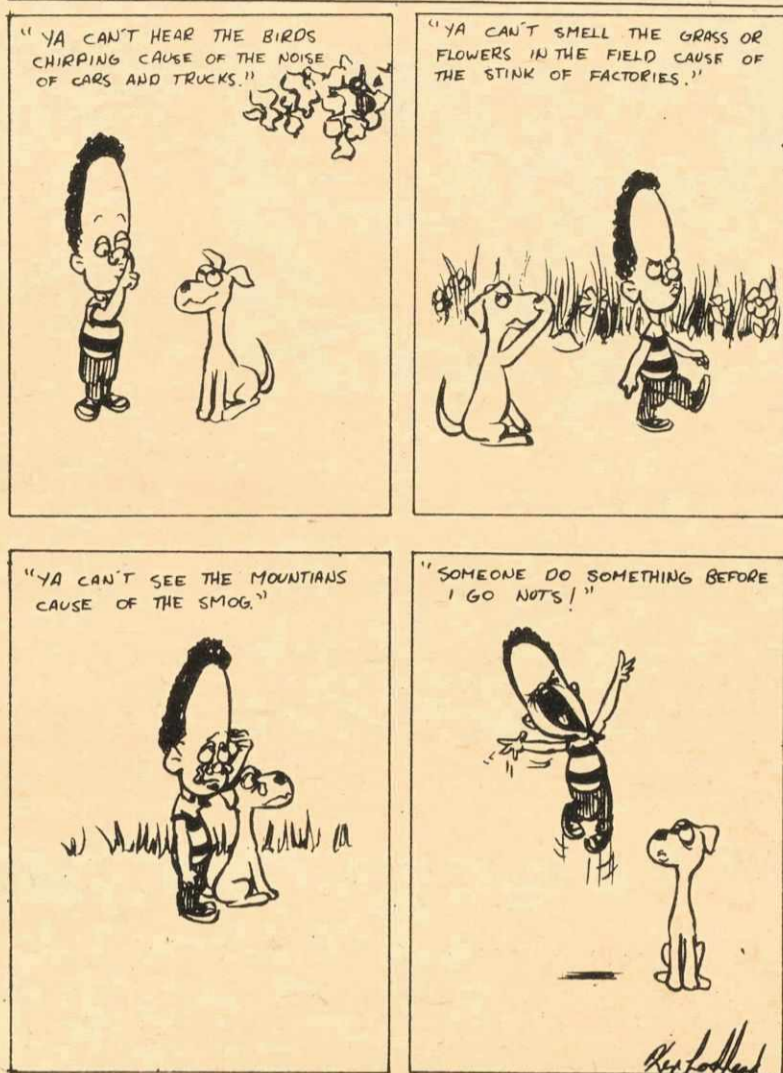
LITERARY SECTION

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to my post box at Gazette

Dona Bulgin

This I love more than anything else
 The quiet after-exhaustion that
 Precedes sleep or should;
 To lie still and lose all things in
 Emptiness. My mind foggy with a
 Dreamy, drugged, soft intoxication
 I seem to sink, drift and rise in
 Mindless oscillation;
 My body atomized into a shapeless
 Warm cloud of thick mist seeking a
 Precipitation.



Patriot

Kay, Kay,
 All gently, love and flowers
 Breathing hatred for the Yankee powers.
 Gentle Kay of wit and charm,
 Smiling with librarian wisdom
 Wishing none harm,
 Save for the denizens below the 49th arm.
 She leaves no stone unturned
 To find a witch to be burned.
 Knitting her afghan with scholastic aplomb
 She damns the hypocrites all to hell
 To the telegraphic click of her needles -
 Gentle Kay.

Smiles and hellos and hi's
 Don't mean a thing to me.
 Friends and people pass
 Through our hands like grains
 Of sand. Who are we to judge
 One another? How maddening
 It is not to be able to.

Not wishing to offend
 Neither stranger, foe nor friend
 He killed himself.
 Which I suppose is just as well
 If life is such hell.

name withheld on request