

La Estatua de la Encantera

Oh so demure... so demure
 Solitary is her form encased in figure of night;
 Reaching for every mysterious drop of elegant right,
 Pulling it down from the ethereal
 So demure, oh so demure.

Her shadow a soft sculpture
 It absorbs the life of the wall.
 Wish that I could mould it all
 With the fluid motion of flower perfumed in dew.
 Oh so softly, so soft...

Could I touch
 Passionate fingers upon her cheeks?
 Touch her thoughts?
 Her thoughts... Would she tell me her thoughts?
 Tell me, please...
 What do you think when your sculpture smiles?
 It seems so pleasant, so shy!
 Yet unafraid.

Could I pretend I am the wizard Eros?
 And read the sensual part of your being?
 Give you something?
 Enough to steal your thoughts at least?
 Could I take you beyond the horizons?
 O, what do you want?
 What can I give?
 May I place a flower on your breasts?
 Would you hold it close?
 Make it part of those perfect gems?
 So pure, so pure?

O you are lovely;
 You are lovely in sweet repose,
 Even more lovely than you are pensive
 And I am enchanted
 I am enchanted by your grace.

You are a mystery
 The tender ambience around you confess,
 Confess!
 That you are sculpted
 With the care of a Sphinx born of dawn.
 I want to collect you,
 Collect all of you in one giant sweep!
 I want to call you a mistress of art,
 Preserve you forever in that state of ravaging delicacy!

But, can I trust you?
 Are you not guilty of distracting me with lust?
 I do believe you are...
 Yet, I could be a lover,
 Escape with the knowledge of your charm.
 Would I be able to re-tell the adventure, though?
 Describe with gratuity the passions of your mind?
 How you bewitched me with that foreign smile?
 How you tickled with those restive eyes?
 How you tore open my chest of crazy emotions
 And tried to manage them through all this comotion?

Oh you are a sinner's excuse for conceit.
 Who could resist the unknown in your smiles?
 Who could ask you to leave your world of dream
 To share in this earthly time?
 Who could make you say what you think?
 Who could capture the elusive moments of your thoughts?
 How I wish that you were more than a dream!

by Mark Ireland

Sound of a silencer

The wind blew and rustled the leaves
 The snow fell, on limbs of trees
 The sky grew gray, on a weary day,
 That those inside could not see

The wind cascaded, over the body
 The snow melted, as the hut drew closer
 The sky mourned, on a regular day,
 of those who heard it, I cannot say.

A traveller in night.

Hey, Joe

by Elliott



Pictures embrace me like smoke coiled ghosts of days past.
 Long and forgotten they come ripe to my center.
 Haunting allurements of yesterday's moon.
 No one listens or hears anymore - they only speak-see.
 Blabbering voices in the breeze; soft and stinging.
 Living the past and for memories is not living.
 Living for tomorrow is looking too far ahead.
 Living for now is comfortable; secure like a warm thought.

by Shaggy

Parading like naked soldiers in full fisted fury,
 all exposed yet rendered unconscious.
 Behind closed doors thoughts rap soundly.
 Wheres a key?
 Imagine it; it only takes a thought to unlock the
 door the thought are behind.
 The Insanely-gifted man claps his hands and taps
 a spout into his mind hoping to catch a sap -
 running - raindrop thought of reality.
 They escape him. Sands in the hourglass flow away
 as dust devils stirring. Lost forever in-the moment

by Shaggy

UNTAMED WORLD

IN SEARCH OF THE PLATYPUS

HOSTED BY: ROCCO ANDERSON
 GUESTS: BETTY AND VERONICA
 OPUS THE PENGUIN
 INTRODUCING: RUFUS THE PLATYPUS

