

# LITERARY SECTION

HE LOOKS  
AND LURKS  
IN THE EASY VIRTUE  
OF HER ARMS

## "ONE TIME, NEAR LAKE HURON,"

Inside, crowded, blood crashing futilely against taught skin. Outside the window, heavy rolls of clouds, a budda's gut load, hang over long grasses, silvering in response to the winds currents.

For hours the words fight desperately, one side loosing ground so slowly, so painfully that finally this monstosity of human relationship is unbearable and only the unknown forces of a much more elemental nature can offer relief and perhaps even salvation.

An endless spray of rain nurtures the darkness. A cows uneasy cry touches the ear with a shiver. Dark clouds, like fat women, move restlessly upon helpless fields. Soaking weeds grasp bare ankles. Slippery grasses wipe away mud, warming itself between toes. And cruel monoliths, in a landscape made of darkness upon darkness, stretch their ageless arms, not quite blindly...

A pounding heart beating coarsely in time with the winds refrain of countless drops. Twisting roots have uncovered a secret musk, only partly hidden under the freshness of the air. The water and the shifting gloom have released the trees. Surrounded, the only way left is forward, deeper into a closing web. Overpowered, nameless terrors, closer than skin, propel wavering footsteps.

## JOURNALS AND DIARIES

Journals and diaries  
invade the privacy of your past  
and relight old coals  
that should be well dead by now.

God-Damn the scars  
that so easily reopen  
to the drum of infidelity  
countless details endless hurts  
fullblown irrational attitudes  
that best be left  
to the clearing water of  
forgetfulness.

A loving life gives you  
the strength to forget.  
Only when All the moments  
are unique  
can one die a natural death.

Suezan Aikins

HIS BELIGERENCE  
ECHOES  
AGAINST DREAMBROKEN WALLS,  
BUT NO LIGHT COMES ON.

## "Time is a Flip Flop"

Undressing, I tell my hair to wait on the towel so it wont get wet. It floats down obediently, crocodile style.

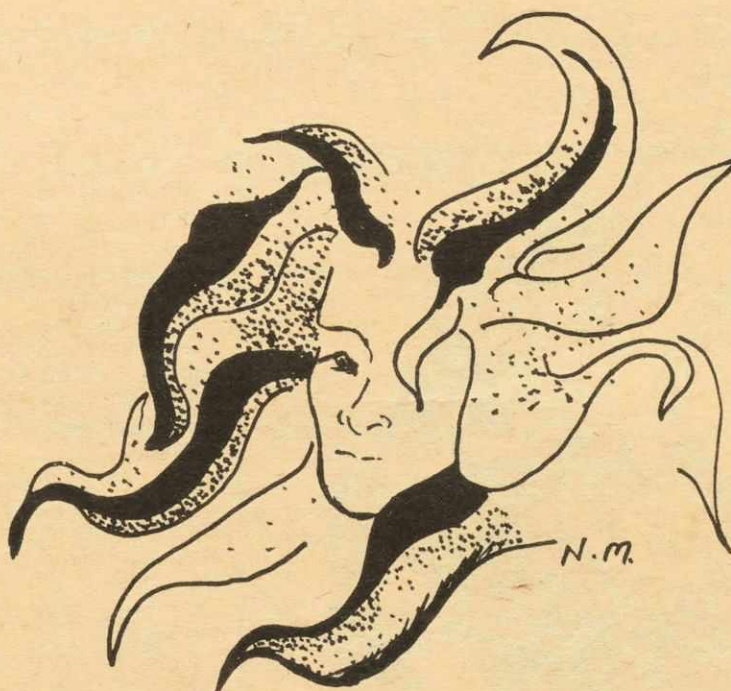
Lights out; shower on. The water beats down, counterpoint to my songs of love and work and patterns.

The soap is busy, it has no time for my foolishness and stings my eyes; having first attracted my attention by jumping from between my knees into unknown waters.

Giggles interrupt my quest in the dark. I'm used to the ritual: the light's sudden glare reveals them tangled in the toothpaste. "Wash each other off and lie quietly!"

Back to the dark; back to the heat. Thousands of nerve endings ransack the memory bank, producing endless reconstructions of your touch; fleeting images animate a finely veined sreen; Kaliedescope sentences fill the sound chambers.

The peaceful barricade of water sound is down. My hair weaves up and thousands of children are connecting to my head.



Submit your creative works

to my post box at Gazette

- ed.