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SEPTEMBER 29, 1972

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I OR ME

The wind blows the leaves from my altering disposition. My impulse is to gather them Before they flee the confined expanse Which suffocates me. But somehow through nature's conception They escape my grasp; And I am left To imagine the complete enigma That I am abandoned with.

-Susan Manzer



Sounds, Memories and Thoughts

The night-time sounds of crickets taunting me from their hidden lairs and the unseen gurgles laughing at me (or some private joke that I could not understand) reminded me of the laugh I had just left behind and for a minute or two I forgot that too much laughter always leads to tears. -Larry Brayton

MARKINGS

The marks were there:

The bloody road, The wailing pain, The ugliness of newborn death, And vultures loom To feast. Then, all turn Their heads In shame.

-Susan Manzer



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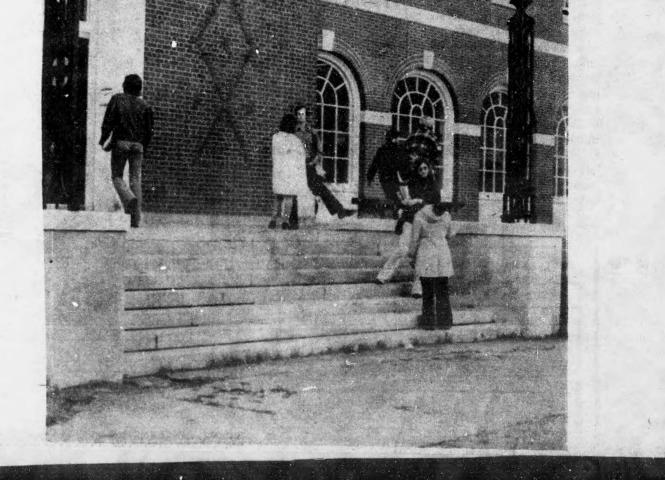
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TRESPASSING

Indian woman, preaching pusher, nicotine-fit beg Where whites ignore and blacks direct And dirty feet and foul tongue contaminate. We rode upon a swany lake With crashing chords upon our ears from "Sousa" stand. The grass was fine So full of love

...and drunkeness. Free to roam among the mass And I free to realize a dependence upon the stronger. We were a part But in the scene we found outselves an alien fragment.

- Susan Manzer



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