

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

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 swamy lake  
 With crashing chords upon our ears from "Sousa" stand.  
 The grass was fine  
 So full of love  
 ...and drunkenness.  
 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 ourselves an alien fragment.

- Susan Manzer

