

Painter's

The world is covered by her eyes
as they move from faces, cars, magazines
up in the air where the chimney-smoke is
and then down on the bark
of a tree.

The bark has moss on it. The moss is green,
brown, frosted with ice, and the bark
is grooved-like small brown cars
stacked up on a 16 lane highway.
She thinks of the time when as a child
she made tub sailboats out of the bark.
When the boat was finished she put it on the calm
water surface of an old black tub. The tub was
in a garden and the whole summer there were huge spider webs
between the wooden stumps on which
the tub sat. Other insects were "skating" on
top of the water. They never sank because the water
tension supported them.
Then there were the times when she used her
BB gun to shoot at the cherry-eating
black birds with yellow beaks.
The birds also ate her grandparents's currant
and a couple of times she killed the bird
just as it had a small ball of red currant in
its beak-ready to be swallowed.
She stopped killing the birds after that.
A few days later she passed the tree
with the moss on it again.
It was sunny but not very cold.
Because of the light the tree looked
different. She thought it was a happy
tree.

Martin Bakota

And

Oppression
hangs between my legs
hardening
to the power
of invasion

My eyes
X-ray razor blade
surgically separate
woman from humanity

My hands
twitching creeping
peeping toms

My mind
A maze of manipulation
a shepherd of deceit

My heart
male bound
a desert mirage

my life
a Judas thing
shareless
born of the sins of the father

my soul
in a male-strom
will always
love my mother

Stig W. Sargent

Frozen Peach

Winter's out there tonight
an old diesel truck
grinding softly on your nerves.

Hiding under thick snow crusts,
drifting through brick alleyways,
blowing smoke
and sucking imagination
like a valley peach.

Singing wicked little songs
in the city trees
while the puddles freeze
around us.

Having spent all his shooting stars,
he returns to the fireplace
to fill the kitchen with smoke.

Meanwhile, lying smoothly on the four-poster
was easier than it looked, she thought.
The cold air peeking greedily
through a fogged bedroom window.

Much later, running through the gutters,
the rain searches noisily for escape,
only to be caught in the barrel
and boiled for a late cup of tea.

C.L.

Common Sense

Sometime my belly hurts
and I get so nauseated
though I have not eaten.
It all ends up in my head.
I'd be listening and a crack in
the wooden frame of my window
will sound like a crack in
my head.
Crack!! And then silence.
This sounds scary, doesn't it?
It's all in my head.
And I'm really grateful
to the people who give me
some common sense.

Martin Bakota

Is It Me

Is it me
that I don't understand?
Is it me
that I must be someone?

Someone indeed
Someone strong
Someone wise
Someone rich
Someone I like

Is it me
that has few or far to wander?
Is it me
that must enjoy life at its hardest?
Is it me
that needs someone of comfort?
Is it me
that should allow these feelings to be bared?
Is it?

Terry Pippy

She comes in dream like
a brown bag lunch
and there is no lust-only love
She sits down and smiles in my unbelieving eyes
and wanders around till I'm very high
then I open my mouth

and under my feet there is no
ground

down I nosedive like a short-winged airplane
with 10cm of ice on its wings.

Martin Bakota