


'Tis the length what sparks me tired soul
 Tho' t'ain't too, and someways no quite 'nuff
 It'll do me, aye, near threw me
 Yet i'll claim three and no hearts torn
 He's ripped one, i've heard the after mourn
 i'm in no mad panic as yet,
 not too long we'll feel the sweat
 but ah the wind'll no be merry,
 after the long trip home, oh no, after that long return
 when the gambits'll dance to any and all
 you'll need feel no shame in the want to call
 so then flay me, as tho' t'was i who's done the wrong
 No sir, and yet sir, i'll accompany your song
 And rally you on, but lo' i'll need your coachin'
 Your map for peace — so we're none a wantin'
 Look quick man, put down your rifle, there's wood —
 We'll start a fire. g.b. 4.12.78.

FOR THE NEW BRUNSWICK
 ESTABLISHMENT

Will you brand me
 monster,
 traitor,
 madman,
 wretch,
 prevaricator?
 Class, fame and might
 aren't what they seem;
 if all love gold
 who's left to dream?

MAURICE SPIRO 

REFLECTIONS AFTER CONJUNCTION II




Beyond the moon two souls merged
 Immersed in the shallowness of an evening's light
 Although the stars monitored contentment
 A sky hawk plumeted earthward toward a killing.

She danced to mitigate his unwarranted silence
 And he in turn performed a meaningless ritual
 Those who witnessed their departure
 Smiled with eyes aflame.

Four surrendered musculature aiding the flee
 Morning long a passing venture
 Into the horizon lower down the hill
 To mull on drunken eulogies.

Fourteen passed before revelation
 Black scar on red eternally symbolic
 A message to carry toward unpredicted future journeys
 No roses mark a frigid grave. g.b. 7.12.78

PATTERN ONE

 Out of the stars we fall.
 From a scattering of splintered light
 Into the eye of the enemy and a darkness
 Warming itself against the firing of our engines.
 We fall. Down past the roaring of our ears that scream out
 Through all the training
 And the present desperate courage against the battlecruisers.
 Within the centres of our canopy shields
 Targets spiral up to fill our senses,
 Leaving the screens to count off the sequences to firing point.
 Lasers. And fighters diving away
 From batteries seeking out the space
 Of where we thrust against the black,
 Recoiling now for the turmoil of one more attack.
 Within their War Diary, our Fleet poses only a threat
 For the younger officer in the throes of staff college,
 And terrors, only for the incompetent. g.b. 4.12.78.

DONT MISS

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