

THE BOY-CHILD SAGA

A boy-child and yet a man,
A babe too soon mature.
Like an eagle-chick flying without wings
He runs while his brothers crawl.
To the blind he is only a seedling;
But to the sighted he stands a grown tree
laden with fruits,
His branches open to warm and comfort
the cold and comfortless.
To those without eyes he seems
haughty, shallow, and weak;
But to those with open eyes
He is warm,
His heart full of love,
His will firm and loyal,
His mind ever seeking and finding truth.

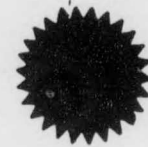


Through young on years he is aged on wisdom.

True beauty he appreciates
Disregarding its oft' misleading appearance;
But evil and ugliness too he recognizes
Piercing their sugary masks.
Shielded on self-made armour,
Through evil's destroying blasts
He remains unscathed.
Protecting himself against evil,
He is ready always to embrace true love,
To reply honestly to honestly spoken words,
To accept truth no matter its form.

Though young in years he is aged in wisdom.

Ammi Khannah



WINTER SNOW

I

Upon a strangled hill, a wind blows
Cold through a stubborn heart, where those
Fresh dreams crumble on eyes
That watch this shadow fall and rise
Between some other's life - demands
And my own impassionate commands
Cold alone upon this windy hill
And frozen in a fumbled will,
Then heaven's skies fell lightly to the ground
My head's bareness forever crowned,
I suddenly sense a breaking up, and know
High-above, a baptism of Winter Snow.

II

Always the long ing to be freed
To search dull embers and fresh seed
I come young, songs scorched at birth
But covered by hesitations and false mirth.
With this terrible youthful eye, I cast
Sighed glances to the future, not the past
My hidden Virgin Muse, with side-eye glance
Smirks while crawling I try to dance.
Slowly the blood begins to burn,
I grip the knife-edged pen and turn
To see a million words in Heaven's flow
Rain Down within my heart like Winter-Snow.

III

Before me stretches pale fields of hopelessness
And the cold numbered shadows of loneliness.
Images warrior-clad push on like clouds
The, muffling nodded crowds:
Who will judge each word a tragedy
And my solitude as a calamity.
But out beyond the reasoning band
Lies the unsettled throbbing of the land
Heaving always beneath that burning sun
Until all man's victories and defeats are won.
Then it too will weep, dip low,
Falling on this worn clay as Winter Snow.

Shay Garvey

KALIEDOSCOPE

I view those glass pieces
The bits tossed around
To merge into a pattern
Of beauty that speaks aloud
Only to last till a turn
Of a child's delight
Erases the memory
To make a new design
I see in it my lifestyle

— aftab patla

THE GIFT

hour after hour
silent and still

furrows of anguish
cutting your burdens
into a forehead
narrow
and reclining.

a life of sorrow
veined in memories
embodied by your flesh
transforms
to wool
as your bones
needle back and forth
enfleshing your suffering
in a sweater
for me.

SALLY HARASYM

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

'To say or not to say,' that was my question,
'In poetry or prose, or verse of mine own invention?'
But since I'm no poet, but a simple reader,
Of the stuff they give us to decipher;
I borrowed from John Donne, who borrowed from the Greek,
And they as you well know, were not the first to speak.

Now saying what I've just said, yet nothing said,
So in reading all we've read, yet nothing read;
Of devils, nuns, and clerks, and a bunch of clowns,
With kings and their knights, and a parson who made his rounds.
Of lovers' loving lost, and how hot love cools the heart,
How learned men in life, in play, make love and fart.

Those are the things we read, 'cause they're the things they wrote,
Those sophisticated writers, Bah! I think they dote.
We read, and write, and criticize, what those jokers said,
But these interpretations we give, it's a good think they're long dead.
We're like Gulliver in Lilliput, he was a giant in the land;
These ancient writers' writings, the midgets we command.

It's no illusion, I'm finally coming to the end,
Of my simple verbal exercise, my charade of learned men.
So you can have your laugh, now that I'm done
'Cause poetry is for poets, and as you see I am now none;
But maybe I'll make it in a hundred years, if I live that long,
If not, like thos whose bones we resurrect, my poet-tree will live on.

— Paul Payne Ed III