

**Broken Window**

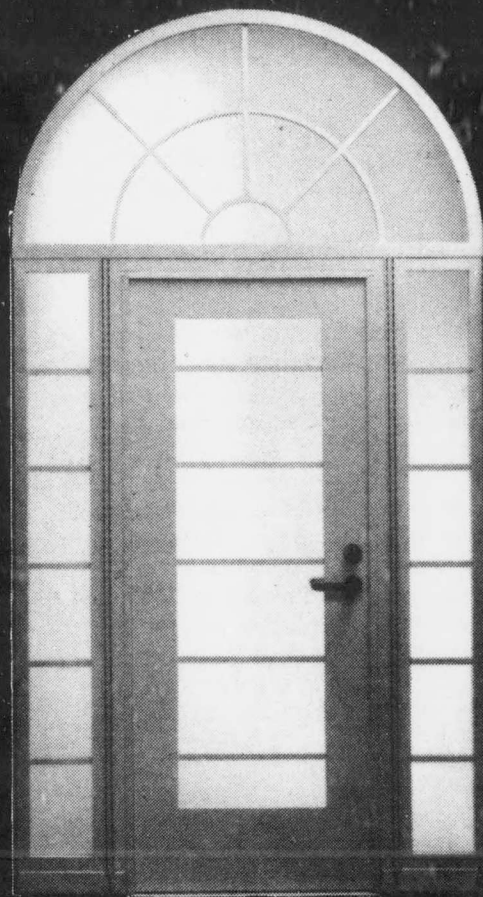
As cold as the bricks on the wall  
 Is the wind which blows  
 Through the melancholy trees,  
 As it carries tattered leaves  
 To their place of burial.  
 Observed through a broken window  
 With hollow eyes  
 And interpreted by an even more  
 Desolate mind.  
 The warning has been sent  
 And one must prepare,  
 For death is around us  
 With an engulfing presence  
 Bringing with it  
 The Fall of Usher.

Matthew J. Collins

**The Burning Carpet**

The world crashes down  
 Upon the figurine,  
 Crystal fragments glitter  
 Like stars in the night.  
 Existence is futile;  
 A useless excursion into the depths  
 Of an everlasting hell.  
 There is no escape,  
 For death is everywhere  
 And welcomed by many.  
 Especially those who remain  
 Cast in a stationary solitude,  
 Helplessly awaiting the arrival  
 Of an inner force of destruction.  
 One may be as clear and beautiful  
 As the lucid waters  
 Yet as lonely and hollow  
 As the deepest grave.  
 Although the sun will rise  
 It also must set.  
 Darkness has arrived,  
 With the weight of the world  
 To be dropped  
 So the silence may be broken.  
 No longer I await thee  
 For the door has been opened  
 And the burning carpet laid.  
 Depth arrives without hesitation  
 And is greeted with open arms.

Matthew J. Collins



No. 57

**Cirque du Soleil**  
 (Hymn for a Postmodern Ballet)

REFRAIN:

O trapeze artists!  
 What ideal forms you take,  
 You create!

CHORUS:

1. O great naked apes!  
 Possessed of opposable thumbs,  
 You swing not by tails  
 but by tools of your own fashioning.  
 (Refrain)
2. O Children of wonder!  
 Way up high in you wire jungle,  
 You defy all natural law;  
 You define free will!  
 (Refrain)
3. O masters of imagination!  
 You stir the embers of primordial desire  
 smouldering within the recesses of our brains.  
 Now stoke the primal fire  
 burning deep within our naked breasts!  
 Fly! Soar! Rejoice!  
 (Refrain)

Lee Dugas

**Field of Fire (Part 2)**

Two warriors in a Field  
 a christian sword in the hand  
 and he holds a sword  
 his armor is full as he stands  
 Once he was wounded  
 beyond hope and healing  
 Now love descended  
 and gave him his healing  
 the Field of Fire has receded  
 It is now hot coals  
 yet the love is there that's needed  
 the first still prays and hopes  
 His strength is now replenished  
 and now he's ready to Fight  
 a new Fight, although this one's not Finished  
 He now has sight beyond might  
 the second is still an attractive statue  
 still made of stone straight through  
 but now she saw a love fire  
 In this First warrior's proof  
 Her eyes have seen  
 beyond reality; or dream?  
 the First has won  
 but he still longs  
 For her to win the battle  
 and hopes that easily won battle  
 will be soon  
 possible before noon

(10:31)  
 Dec. 17, 1991

Jason Richard

**Field of Fire**

two warriors stand in a field of fire  
 one wears a helmet, at his side is a scabbard  
 in his hand is a sword. his shield stands ready  
 his shoes are well worn - his belt roughly made  
 the other has none but a spear and a stone heart  
 the first has been cut deep, and the blood flows  
 his side aches, his allies stand by, some even pour salt  
 the second wishes to help but is afraid  
 the first looks at his rival, his friend  
 'is this true' - he sees a mirror of his past  
 innocence lured into service, hurting  
 the second stands as a statue  
 with a heart of stone  
 the first is weak, his blood still drips  
 he's unable to cut himself down, this mirror  
 it haunts, hurts, despair is strong  
 the field of fire has burned deep into his flesh  
 the other stands as a statue  
 the first has lost much blood  
 his life dwindles as he sees his allies win  
 himself lose. 'why is this what i choose?'  
 the other feels deep, deep within  
 there is yet life, hope, love, 'but where? why? who?'  
 the second fears death but must die  
 the first is already dead and longs for the second's victory  
 (february 21, 1991)

Jason Richard