

THE FIRST NAKED LADY

In a very short time,
an evening,
I came to know her, completely I thought.
So easy . . .
That I imagined her to be The First Naked Lady.

Naked next to each other
She let me have everything,
but let me know so little.
Naked and warm she lay beside me,
yet so far away I couldn't reach her.

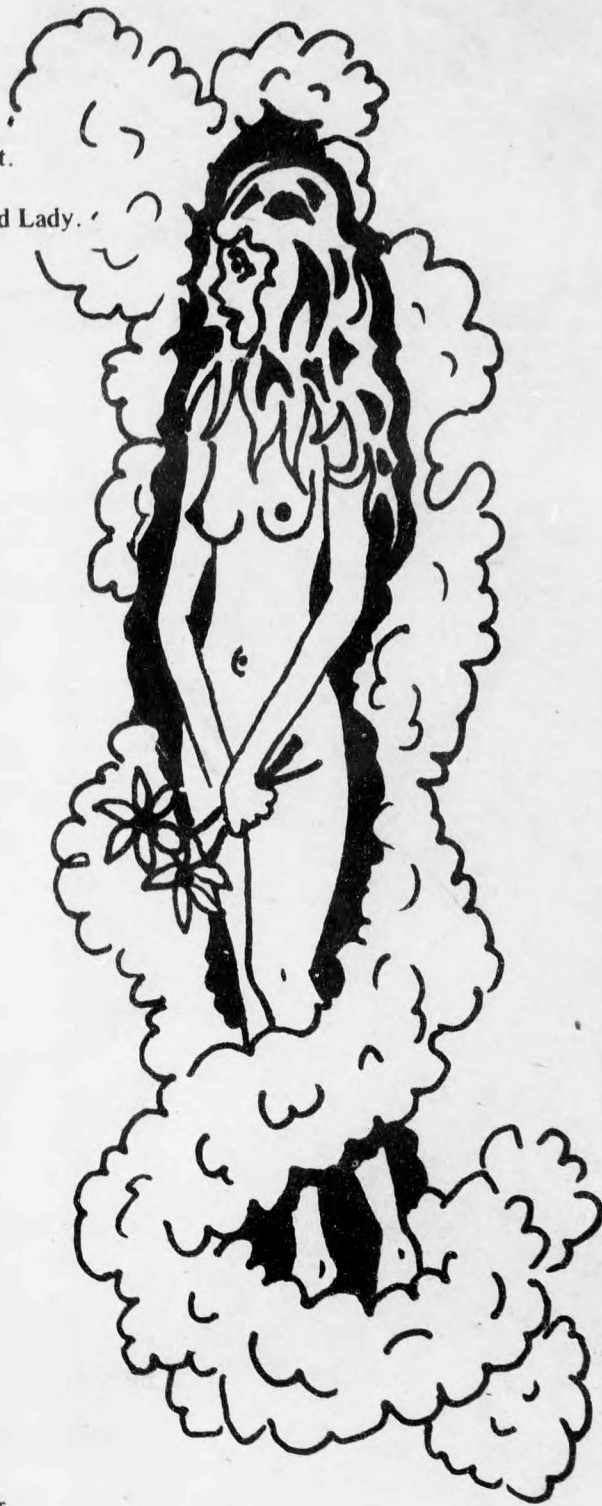
She knew exactly what I was feeling,
that I was mistaken,
that she never gave me anything.
She knew she wasn't really naked,
and that I was.

C.Z.

Coming

a truck approaches
from somewhere
grows from zshzshzsh
to zshazhsazsha
crinck crinck
over a bump
roaring presence
diminishing
roaring
threatening
dies away
somewhere else
a man calls
something like
oge ooge
echoes over space
spaced
out there
he whistles
frfrfrit
an answer
uck ooo ayr
as a plane passes over
far away
like unsteady thunder
forcing zuoo and tapering
forcing zuoo and tapering
forcing less
melting into
another truck
zsh rising
zsha threatening
zshaaaa
and passes
followed by a car
shhhooo closer
shhh
guuuu
motor vibrating
struggling
less
shhh
and
silent
sleep

by Thomas



Pursuit

To be free.
Free as a bird.
No, the bird has been captive so many times
that the coloured feathers are falling thin,
and a bird has a master in the sky.
Free as the sea.
Oceans are slaves of the moon,
and their rebellious tides make
victims of the shore.
To be free
as a small pool after the rain
which the sun will dry away.
Free to be.

Sheelagh Russell

A Poem of Wonder

I'm
alone under a gas - lamp
and wondering
how it works.
Isn't it a switch to see
a child of the present
confused by the past
at last?

Larry Brayton

petit

petit action deviendra grand
petit train va loin
petit seins si fermes bloues comme la ferme . . .
Je t'avoue que je t'adore
Je t'avoue que je vous adore!
Je vous avoue que je t'adore
Je vous avoue que je vous adore
Je t'adore
J t'adore!
T'adore!
'adore!
adore!
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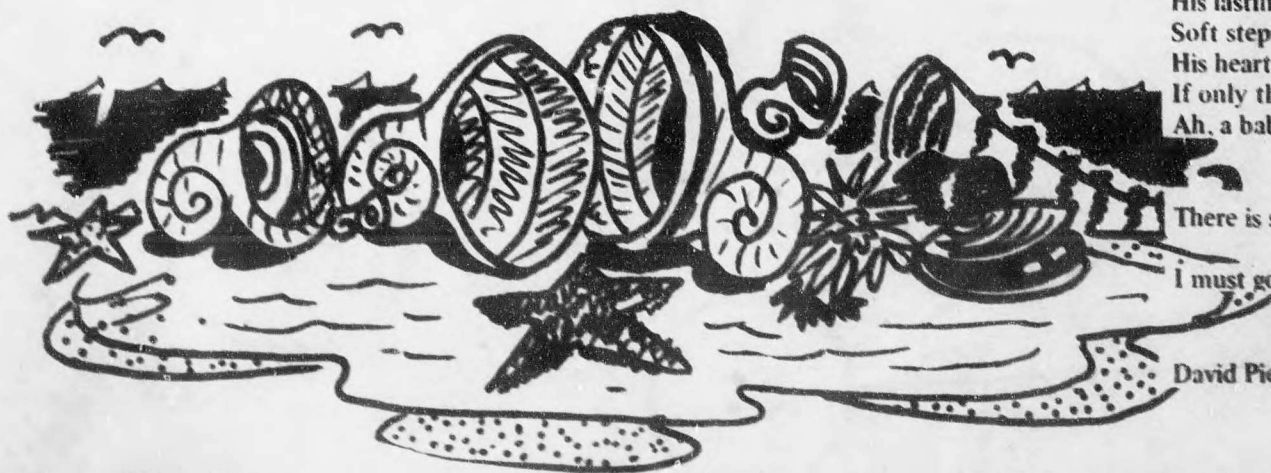
Georges Belair

My Sea Shore

The sands were warm and wet,
salt bit the air
Stiff, chilly breezes brisk the jacket you wear
The scene is set over she comes her heart
lies in the sand.
Yonder he comes, the wind has known him for years
She is but a pup romping nowhere
He has been stiffened by the draft of so many tears
His lasting friends cannot always be there to see
Soft steps press the salty sea below shifting sand
His heart and will burn with old silent washes
If only they could meet just once and feel the sea
Ah, a babe, so young and yet

she does know
what is real
There is still some who have been blessed with
faith with me
I must go now for the shore is safe within
her strong zeal.

David Pierce



graphics by Mac Haynes