DESIRE

You find your self Wanting and yet, Wishing you could STOP. Wanting that which is just barely beyond your grasp,

Wishing you had the will to turn around and look away.

Knowing you long for that you cannot reasonably HOPE to obtain, Creating mindless diversions Grabbing at twigs in an

all-out attempt not to be swept away by the current of your desire



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,

ASK HER The heliocentric notion

is positively dumb, 'cause everything that's in motion revolves around my mum!

A THIN BLUE MIST OVERHEAD

When we walked across the water

we saw the water by moonlight

it beckoned us to leap into the night

into the day

We saw that we could fly

upon the unseen wind

We swam in the ocean

trusting the current

touching the waves

When we came back to shore

now snapped and shattered

starlight

the moonlight closed upon the water

on the floor

a door squeezing off a sunbeam

eves alight with moonfire

burning peace

M.J. Corbett

June 12, 1979

with the moon above and sun below

(not from "Prelude and Fugue") Maurice Spiro

You find that, try as you may

the indelible etchings of your love (dare I say it?) cannot be erased.

and rightfully so. WHY try to bury a relationship so perfect it could survive at

any level, and thru any obstacles.

If the situation was different, things would be different But it's not and they aren't.

SUNRISE

When the night ends And the new day begins, There is a time Which is more beautiful Than almost any other time, The time when all life Can begin again.

John M. Erskine May 16, 1979

SO you find your self Wanting, Wishing Occasionally coming so close that it scares

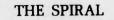
you .

closeto your wants?

or your wishes? and you find your self

Wanting, Wishing.

Ross A. Libbey



Life is like unto a huge spiral; If it begins good, It can only get better; But once if turns bad, It can only get worse. My like is like unto the second, Spiralling down, Down into eternal HELL.

John Erskine Dec. 5, 1979





DWAYNE MCLAUGHLIN Photo

THE FULL MOON CASTS A FAVORING LIGHT

and the poet in the second storey bay window with new glass never cracked

winced and typed another line about raindrops glistening silver

as she

on an automatic rifle opened fire on the garbage cans with dirty children clustered around

M.J. Corbett April 8, 1980

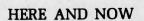


RAYMOND ARSENEAULT Photo

NEXT STOP, SOUTH AMERICA

Near the end of '45, some rich and famous nazis, the screams of tortured children ringing sweetly in their ears, visited that heap of cancerthat insult to intelligence, Discussed a few things and left: somewhat less rich, it is true, but with made to order passports and the heartiest good wishes.

(from "Prelude and Fuge") Maurice Spiro



Looking out across The sparkling water, A multi-colored mosaic of Mountains behind, I feel A sense of need.

Questions crowd Into my mind, Blocking beauty Could the dark distant bridge Be the road from here to there? Sunlight on the river ripples Seems to reflect How different both sides are from each other.

To traverse the gap, Transcend the river's ridge I realize I must change. Dreams, Hiterto unclear. Become reality.

A sense of beauty and Belonging no engulfs me. And echos through the hills. My life, my love, my laughter Are now here, In this My new found home.

Willa Stevenson



con Wed

Brie Hall Pres Thu Inte

> Fride Thur Brief

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Pres

Pres mech and !