

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
POWER 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!

(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.
close- to your wants?
or your wishes?
and you find your self
Wanting, Wishing.
Ross A. Libbey

THE SPIRAL

Life is like unto a huge spiral;
If it begins good,
It can only get better;
But once it 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



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 cancer-
that 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

HERE AND NOW

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



DWAYNE MCLAUGHLIN Photo

THE FULL MOON CASTS A FAVORING LIGHT

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

A THIN BLUE MIST OVERHEAD

When we walked across the water
with the moon above and sun below
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
eyes alight with moonfire
starlight
burning peace

When we came back to shore
the moonlight closed upon the water
a door squeezing off a sunbeam
now snapped and shattered
on the floor

M.J. Corbett
June 12, 1979