

POETRY

THE SECRET TOILET PART 2

...and from this plumbing nook of quiet repose
imagine I am sighted from the road...

You'll never know the bottom line:
that I, while closeted here,
warmed by this long pink heater
below the sill of my spacious cubicle
am comforted inside from the outside
by nature's movements
through these osmotic walls:
rain blown from quick-weather clouds
and slick-winged grackles slowly rising in noiseless convoys
from the grass straining effortlessly in the wind.
I've driven past this building often
trying to detect my secret window but barely necessary.
all the drapes are like the mainstream
(some are paper-thin at that).
Drapes! A nice convenience but barely necessary.
Any one of Professor This, Doctor That
or Chairman So and So's private think bowls could be
THE ONE; but up there
on that wall of faceless facing bricks
one of those windows belongs to me.
IDENTITY IT IF YOU CAN!
I nearly ran another student down
peering through the pines as I drove along preoccupied -
and that would never do:
How could I explain to campus police
I was trying to identify my secret toilet?

(Cessation)

Pamela J. Fulton



MEN IN CHAINS

The train stopped
at a country station,
Through sleep-curtained eyes
I peered through the frost window,
And saw six men;
Men shown
of all honour
Like sheep after shearing,
bleating at the blistering wind.

"Go away! Cold Wind! Go away!
Can't you see we are naked?"

They hobbled into the train
on bare feet,
wrists handcuffed,
ankles manackled
With steel rings like cattle at the abatoirs
snying away from nap acc.

One man with head
shaven clean as potato whispered to the rising sun,
a red eye wiped by a tattered
handkerchief of clouds,

"Oh Dear Sun!
Won't you warm my heart with hope?"
The train went on it's way, nowhere.

Deogratias Mugo