

THE MUSE AND THE BEAST

You may smile, still,
Unaware;
Untouched by the living;
Embraced
By your own brutality;
Unable to recognize
The silent death.

You will smile
With savage eyes - coal-black,
Lambent.
Yes, you will smile
Your merciless smile;
Your beastly gratification,
Your lightless existence
Glaring behind my window-pane.

You will smile,
In frozen hues of grey,
Not knowing,
Not caring.
I have run
Barefoot, in the storm,
The thirsty roots
Of my being, revitalized
In the sooting rain,
Crying out in the haze,
Witnessing your death.
And, you
Have not even heard a thunder.

You may smile, still,
While I weep
For the child who never grew,
Drowning in vanity.

Idil Ozerdem

ON A CONTEMPLATION OF THE MEANING OF LIFE 1973

A breath of youth, disguised as wind, taunted the kindly trees,
Within a silence bathed by the blue from an evening star -
And fragrances led me onto flowery fields where the bees
Had recently labored noisily. Now from very far
The struggling thunder mutely splashes the distant skies;
Where homesick geese stand black against the growing orange floods -
But here I see a million glittering fireflies
Flashing their golden illusions among the orchard buds;
Jittering crazily; an errant friendless multitude
Above this summer-infested lowland; this cotton marsh,
Where soundless and endless and sweet the passing wind tells rude
Tales of contrasts with city streets, painfully cold and harsh.

But beyond this field, beyond this night, the hazy blue-green
Aura on the high banks of the winding homeless river
Invades the lungs of this same wind, and mingles scarcely seen
Above the peeling fishing boats where the silent quiver
Of ebbing time flows as in swift sympathy with the stream.
And past laughter moulds and blends near tired wistful old men
Whose backs are bent with unwanted age; and who lonely dream
Of once gay-colored hats and nimble feet and a time when
As carefree boys they never truly knew of youth, because
They hadn't felt the burdened weight of dreams come
But partly true. And so each cherished thought that never was
Re-shapes the lines upon their faces in the tired sun.
And with such burdens they laugh at half-felt faces unseen
Throughout an unknown unfilled interval of unshared years,
'til their melancholy joyfulness mingles with their dream,
And adds a note of certainty to waked eternal fears.

So of myriad men unlikely borne a hope has gone,
Within some unknown and powerful rhythm as profound
As the myriad children falling on their knees alone,
For a loss of themselves and of their father's magic sound.
So too I fear the scripts of time's cruel pen and death to be,
As I feared in other times and fields of a love to own -
Not grasped just then; though numberless and endless before me
The lines of those who love stretched on in feathered chains and one.
But I cannot accept, must not be comforted to know
That others have passed these tests; for I now strongly intend
To be a tyrant to this affliction, this profane flow
Of time, and love my being 'til its meaningless end -
Sensing the specialness of life, and the disrespect for
Unwanted tradition, and of each man's profound sadness.
And while I may grow old within an expanded youth I shall implore
Myself with defiance of blind laughter, with uniqueness, and with profound gladness,

P.D.P.

A MOMENT TO INFINITY

1

Oh, quiet quenching brook of thought
Give greatness to a fleeting moment,
Lasting love where silver pleasure naught,
Infinity, cries the mind in sweet lament.
Knowing, now accepting such virtue sweet,
God's great ditch of love so great
While meaningful minds must seek retreat,
A grasping earth expounds its hate.

2

Born of womb deep child of time
Has mystery sought such need of you
And is your song made sweet on rhyme,
God's sacrificial lamb, the ubu.
Taste the tongue on waters sweet
With moments dear, sensations rise
Lifting praise on knee bent, feet
And all the lies have nurtured, true despise.

3

Hand shakes hand while fist strikes man
Jesus came and healed the lame,
Blood of Christ save now, it can.
We in liquid joy float quite insane.
Nero drank in lust of rape,
Dante visioned nigh below.
Darwin gave to all the ape
Beatles, goodbye and then hello.

4

Room romanced in shapes of dream,
Slowly sifting sands of time elate.
Grave yard yawns, then smoothers screams,
Life's last blood holds visions great.
Sink fast in deep dark sorrow
Infinites child kissed time from fear,
Lasting joy spells we tomorrow
The end is coming, no its near.

5

Listen, trees of loving forest green
Uproot thyself and stand by man,
Clutch in sinking song the lasting dream,
Strangle us with love, you can.
Reproach Poseidon's pactful power
Calm seas with love here born,
Spare safe, souls, from fatal hours
Allow us "fate" with man forlorn.

6

Hyprocite, yon field lie,
You love the cross but fear to die.
I've stretched myself on rock of thought
While others find the same in pot.
My eyes I've lifted up to you
And you reply the flowers die.
Murder them and us, you will
Your bastard intellectual thrill.
I die.

S.J. Vasseur

MEMOIRS OF A WEIGHT WATCHER

Memories of summer,
Along that lazy route,
A hot dog with mustard,
A hamburger without.

A pepperoni pizza,
A quarter pounder with cheese.
A big big banana split,
In a restaurant with fleas.

Drinking cokes,
Cracking jokes,
I'm starving now,
Go kill a cow!

Ms. Fat Anonymous