

Something Strange

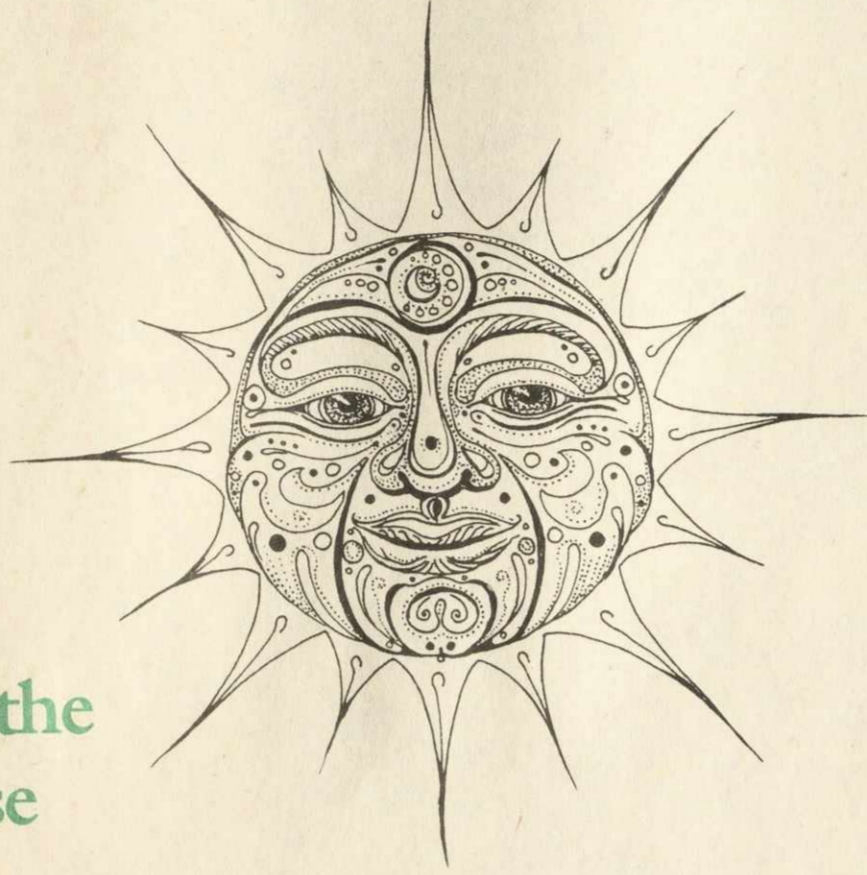
I see something strange in you,
I want to pull it out and hold it dripping,
Bloody in my hand
Then, now that it's free we can let it loose
In the room and watch it dance
Watch every movement, every sound.
I did not know that was in you
It is so wild, so free, so savage,
So beautiful.
It dances beneath floating motes of
Moonlight and blood
If you hold out your hand,
Will it come to you willingly?
Will it allow itself to be bound
Again so neatly?
I don't think so
I think it would prefer to ride,
On your shoulder
Not under your clothes,
Not behind your eyes.

Ingrid Heard

Haikus by geoffrey ineson

Red sports car, va-room,
a crazy trip home from school:
a young, dead, blonde girl.

We are hearing them—
violent dreams from the cross:
Jesus is a verb.



Ali, the patient, and the secret of the universe

Anonymous

Andy parked his father's car in front of the Veteran's hospital. He was using a surgeon's spot, but he knew that he wouldn't be there long. And it was the spot closest to the side stair exit.

Inside, and across to the elevator. Smiling at the weekend receptionist and a usual hello. He was four hours earlier than usual and there before visiting hours began. Though as a hired hand, he had the same sort of freedom as most of the staff there.

Sixth floor. "Andy, young chap where did you find the firewood?"

"Hi Henry."

"Is Andy back with the firewood yet?"

"Good morning, Harold. I haven't found your cat."

"Pooh."

"You're early today Andy, aren't you?"

"I have something to do later at home, so I asked to move my shift ahead." Andy replied.

"Wasn't on the schedule... Are you sure?"

"Yeah, well, you know Hindelstoss. Hey, is Beauty up yet?" Andy asked.

"Not insofar as I'm aware."

This perplexed him. "Well, you can go early if you want."

"Just let me sign the night-shift report... here... your show. And thanks Andy."

"No sweat right. Besides I used to work nights remember?" Weekend staff of hospitals are usually not too terribly concerned with complete compliance to the rules as there are no administrators roaming around. Just as long as Andy was there in case of an emergency. That's all that mattered to the floor nurse.

The elevator doors closed. Andy was off the swivel chair in a flash and he bolted to Beauty's door. There, Beauty sat up at once and cried "Ali!" Ali was a name that Beauty gave to Andy shortly after he started working at the hospital. It is short for allegro. "A deal's a deal, Ali!"

"A deal is a deal, Beauty! Let's get out of here!"

"Damn Hindelstoss and all her Nazi genes!"

"Damn them all! But let's get you dressed first!" Beauty was a trim six-footer. He was a MD for sixty years but ended up here when his wife passed on and kids pricked-off on him. Andy wasn't going to prick him off.

"Did you practice those stairs like I said?" Andy asked.

"You bet your life-savers on it Ali. Kept telling them that the old fellas were stiffening up and I

needed to stretch them on the stairs. Twice a week I did."

"Great, let's do it."

"Which hat should I wear?"

"Just grab one, it doesn't matter."

"Look, I need to make a decision a-a-as to which hat I want to bring. It does matter!" Now, what is the weather doing?"

"Perfect day Beauty, you don't need a hat."

"Look Ali, don't be too hasty, I must find my gloves."

Slowly down the stair well. Andy held on to Beauty's left arm and belt to keep him steady on the descent. Resting on two of the landings, and again at the door. Together they doubled paced it to the car.

"Ali, a deal is a deal right?" inquired Beauty.

"We're out aren't we?"

"Can this car fly?"

"Wait for the highway, Beauty, we're almost there."

"Ahah! Sailing with Hemmingway!"

The windshield played a double bill with the road. Authority was going to crash on Andy. He knew it. His job was on the line. But so too was the deal. The deal of a lifetime.

"Passing lane insight!"

"You, you're supposed to be as blind as a bat!"

"No, I was lying so people would read to me. I wanna drive now!"

"That's not in the agreement."

"Stick in the mud, eh? How fast we going?"

"160."

"We can't hear the engine!" Beauty pleaded for more speed and apparently took great joy in waving to passed cars. All he wanted was to get outside. For the past four years he wasn't permitted except in a wheelchair. With no one coming to see him, he had nothing to move around for. But he was learning much from his friend Ali. And now it had come to this.

The car finally left the highway to a much more tame speed and rolled along through narrow country roads.

"How much further?"

"9 clicks."

As the car hit the dirt road, the two started to feel more at ease. No one was sure to follow them into the woods. Andy knew that his parents weren't going to be at the family's summer home. After ten minutes of pastures and meadows and forest, the car stopped and they opened the doors.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

To Look Upon the Sun

I for one to look upon the sun
Appears to me like one eclipsed,
To be eclipsed unto thy son
For he to me must feel transfixed,

and in that cool September breeze, thy fruitful seed was tossed,
Have you ever thought what eternal turmoil wrought?

Jeff Arsenault

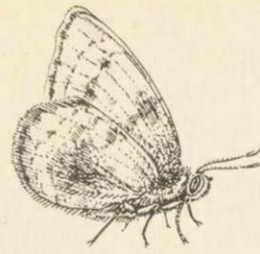


Flight School
RESTLESS TOXINS POISEN BLAMELESS ATMOSPHERES.
FORCING FURIOUS FLIGHT INTO LANDS UNEARTHED.
FOREIGN LANGUAGE PURIFIES TAINTED TONGUES.
BUT STRANGE DISEASE CHASES VOIDED IMMUNITIES.
SO NEVER DISCARDS YOUR PASSPORT.
(UNLESS THE PHOTO IS NO LONGER YOUR IMAGE)
Nicole Dominix

the fourth

one approach,
and you go back.
"playing at being home"
the night confides,
cold as May winter
midnight, hold of mouth and brows
a thin precise winter, cold
work of gin god of tobacco
ghost splinter imprint,
prints off times
which never were.

Graham Touchie

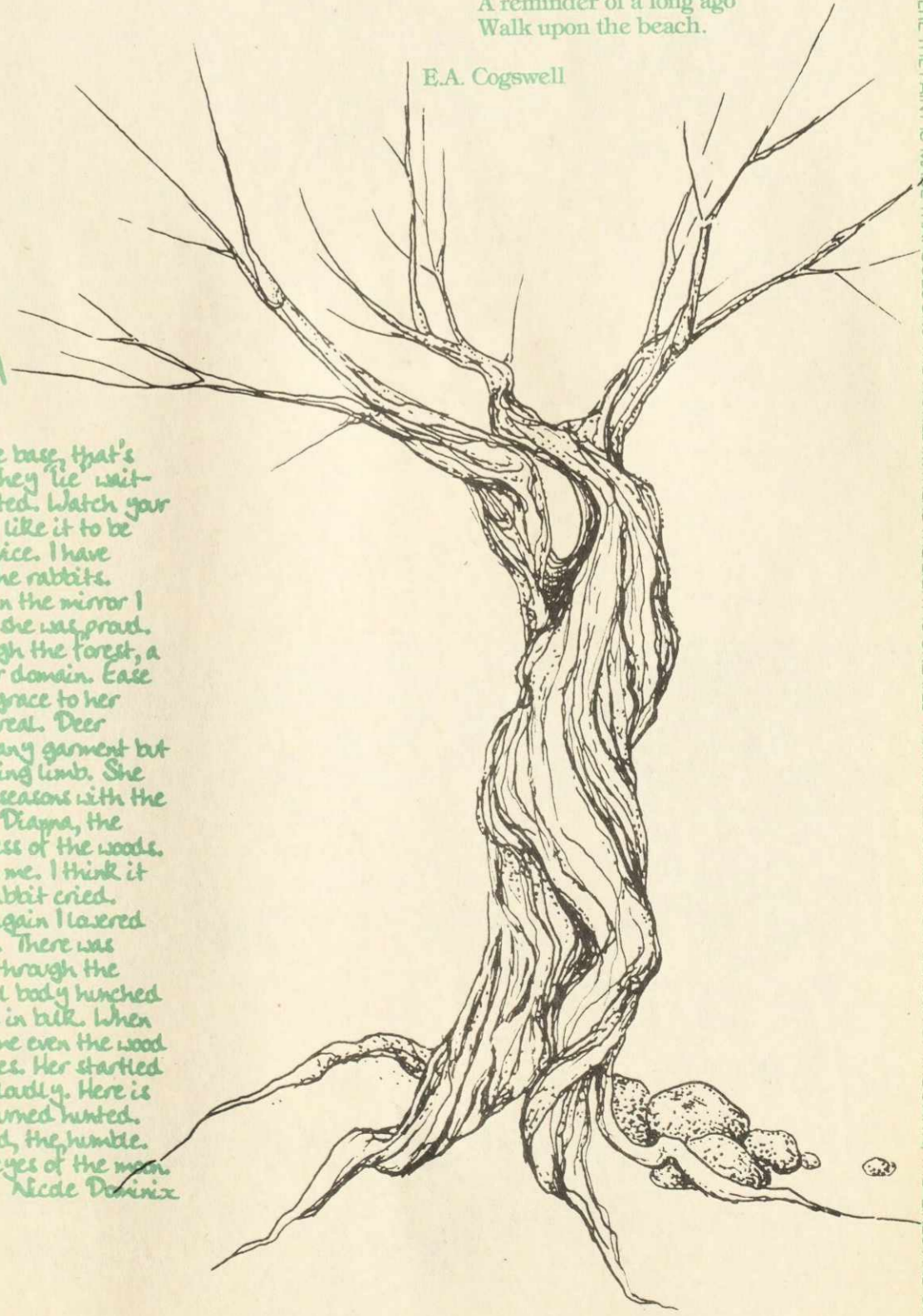


The tide goes out and leaves
Pools of water
in the recesses of the rocks.
-a place for us to find things in,
Something to see our faces in
as well as our beginnings.
A reminder of a long ago
Walk upon the beach.

E.A. Cogswell

DEER DIANNA

Dianna,
Look towards the base, that's
where they'll be. They lie wait-
ing, las and distorted. Watch your
back Dianna, they like it to be
easy. Take my advice. I have
heard the cry of the rabbits.
Before I saw eyes in the mirror I
knew Dianna. God she was proud.
She stalked through the forest, a
stately ruler of her domain. Ease
and security lend grace to her
step. God she was real. Deer
Dianna never wore any garment but
the shade of a baying limb. She
leapt through the seasons with the
pace of a gazelle. Dianna, the
magnificent goddess of the woods.
Now she's forsaken me. I think it
was the day the rabbit cried.
When I saw her again I lowered
my head in shame. There was
Dianna scurrying through the
alley. Her beautiful body hunched
over and disguised in bulk. When
we spoke she told me even the wood
nymphs wear clothes. Her startled
eyes screamed too loudly. Here is
Dianna, huntress turned hunted.
Dianna the haunted, the humble.
Accidental in the eyes of the moon.
Nicole Dominix



Rhythm

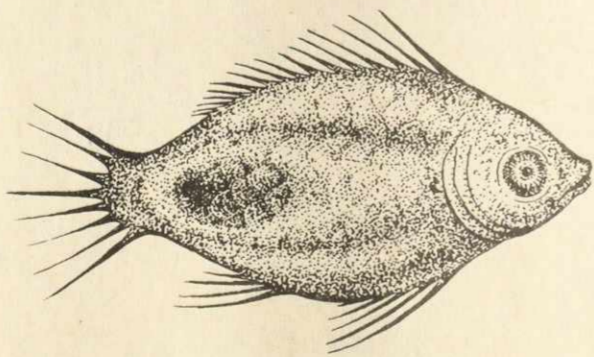
Now I understand you a bit

you deliver the moment to us
by reassuring that we will persist
as you persist

Pulsating faith

A blanket of trust
which comes to us
in movement, sound, and weather

We abandon ourselves within your arms
you let us know life stretches far beyond here
you envelope us with your motion
and we dance inside the warm magical house.



Pete Conlin