

## You and Eye

Can that have been a secret glance at me?  
As subtle as a thought. Your eye's periphery  
round only far enough to see.

Mixed feelings there ... perhaps curiosity  
just barely held by love or loyalty ...  
one somewhere else still needing sympathy.  
How happy little eye seems after Then  
now told at last; you're on your own again.

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to those of us ... who  
for some reason or another  
tend to wonder into dreams  
while all about us things go on

reality is but a thought away  
and that can sometimes hurt

like a baby's First breath

-Eric C. Hicks

HOW SATISFIED HE MAKES ME FEEL  
WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS OUTSIDE  
AND WE ARE WRAPPED WARMLY  
INSIDE OUR OWN HOUSE  
THESE TIMES SHOULD LAST FOREVER  
UNTIL ALL THE PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR  
INSTEAD SOMEONE MAY PENETRATE  
OUR HOUSE  
WANTING MORE THAN THEY GIVE  
THE PEOPLE WALK PAST OUR WINDOW  
THE RAIN RUNS DOWN THE GLASS  
AND EVENING CRAWLS INTO ME  
SO NATURALLY AND ALMOST WITHOUT NOTICE  
THESE MOMENTS TO OURSELVES'

THE WORLD MAY READ THESE WORDS  
WONDERING WHO IS HE? THIS  
MAN WHO MAKES A WOMAN SMILE.  
THEY MAY ENVY ME AND MANY  
HAVE, INSTEAD OF SEEING WHO  
SLEEPS CLOSE BY THEM.

-Bonnie Robinson

## Midnight on the Chatham Bridge

The night is solid black ...  
Far below the moon quivers  
whitely  
on the dormant darkness of the  
sleeping Miramichi,  
starkly obscene  
in the ebon comfort of the night.  
The blackness draws me ...  
"Come, come, come," whisper the waves  
hypnotically, distantly.  
I grip the guard rail until my  
fingers throb with  
fiery pain.  
"Come, come...come!" the winds implore,  
and I am lost in their song,  
melting, dissolving,  
a part of the night  
meeting itself.  
I am free! I can fly! I can soar!  
I can grasp the stars above  
and hold them glittering in my hand.

A grunting transport drags  
itself labouriously onto  
the bridge and I  
am blasted  
from the  
sky.

-R. Joseph Morrison.

## THE SACRIFICE

With a rush it was gone.  
I struck the match and touched it to  
one tiny corner.  
A flame was born, curling the paper  
Eating the words I thought were truth.  
The flame multiplied, crackling and spitting  
Like old gossips laughing over sorrow,  
Until there was nothing left,  
But soft, black ashes  
That blew away with a wave of my hand.

-Shari Hollins

The Gull

A white poem

Upon a breeze

-Tobias

## TRILOGY

Last night the sun was full.

So was the half moon  
And  
My arm.

Time. less time...

And less...

Procrastination—the root of all evil.

Mark the day Mahatma

Ghandi

Got

Busted for being alive!

-Michael Balsler