



Literary Page

TWICE IN LOVE

To be in Love; is to be one
One can be all they can when in Love;
How does one reach that stage?

If I told you "I Love you"
Would you return that Love?
Is it a Love of the same heart?

I can not tell you about Love
All I know of Love is brotherly
One does not marry for brotherly Love

To be in Love; is to be one
I am not one with myself;
Therefore I cannot be one with another

KHRYSTA HAMILTON

PEOPLE

Boyfriends Girlfriends
Bestfriends too
Shouting questions
Demanding truth
Where? How? Why? When?
What are you going to do?
Just leave me alone - get out of my life!
Hey! - what's it to you?
Adults' pressures taking toll
Change this and this and that. . .
My counsellor is on my back
I'm really sick of this hole.
Mothers Fathers.
Siblings too
Screaming Demanding
What's wrong with you??
-Don't bother coming back - you hear!
Why m? Why are you doing this?
A pain-stained tEar
I need to relax, to forget a while
Get me out of this cage!
Cool down, let loose
Before a fit of rage

STEPHANIE BARNETT

UNTITLED

Thickening stench of tire,
grey swells convort against the sky
hard blue and speckled with crows;
they have seen blood and swoop.

This is a barricade,
the crossroads called No-Man's Land,
this melting tire and dog flesh
between us and faces vague-
on the other side coughing
burning breaths of smoke.
We wonder about human flesh:
does is stink nausea
like hairy, stiff-jawed mongrels'
pancaked grins on melting asphalt;
feast for flies and maggots?

Smith gurgled laughter
slapping the rotting table top
as he described the chase
the capture, the roping
to the tire, the flames,
the melting, the stench,
the laughter, the bubble
of pleasure all with a twinkling eye.

He said,
they caught the dog
hairless and on two feet-
playing tricks of evolution-
at dusk entering No-Man's Land.
He saved his mother
burial expenses and more.
At daun she smelt the incense
and wept at smoke stains
thick against the wall.

He said,
they celebrated the gluey heap
of flesh burnt, acrid stench
sustained by rubber and flame
drying body fluids and bone.

In the moring the smoke is gone
the asphalt swishes dew,
the tire is dusty grey
and black bones jut out;
the teeth remain white,
the tongue is melted black
and silence lingers;
residual smell of death,
and where the blood is red
there is black again and wet.

KWAME DAWES