

speculations

I
 i lay with my head on your thigh
 opened my eyes to you staring at me
 closed them changed
 aware you might be looking
 wondering what you were seeing
 what thoughts these eyes interrupted

II
 the house is empty now but for me
 cradling telephone leaning
 remembering you the wall your shoulder

no one watching
 i cut space
 differently

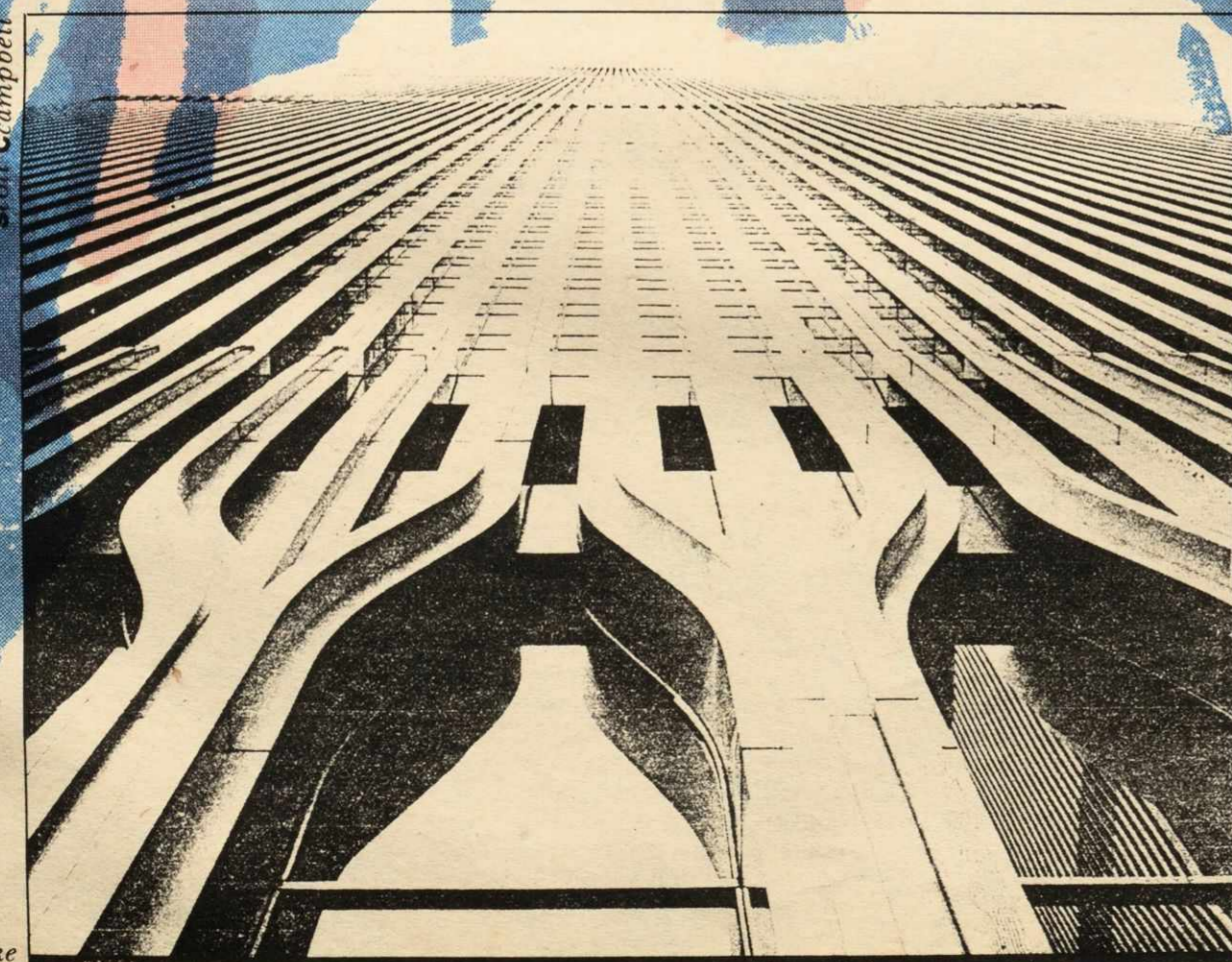
III
 you are sticks are straw
 dry spaghetti brittle to hold
 i am surprising edges
 smaller than either of us remember

IV
 "surprise"
 i taught a child who couldn't hold that word
 till we worked through "sir" - his dad - &
 crackerjacks "prize"
 he needed to say it right
 to make his parents
 notice

V
 you & i together
 are anxious to be the best
 most honest liars proudest
 in the world

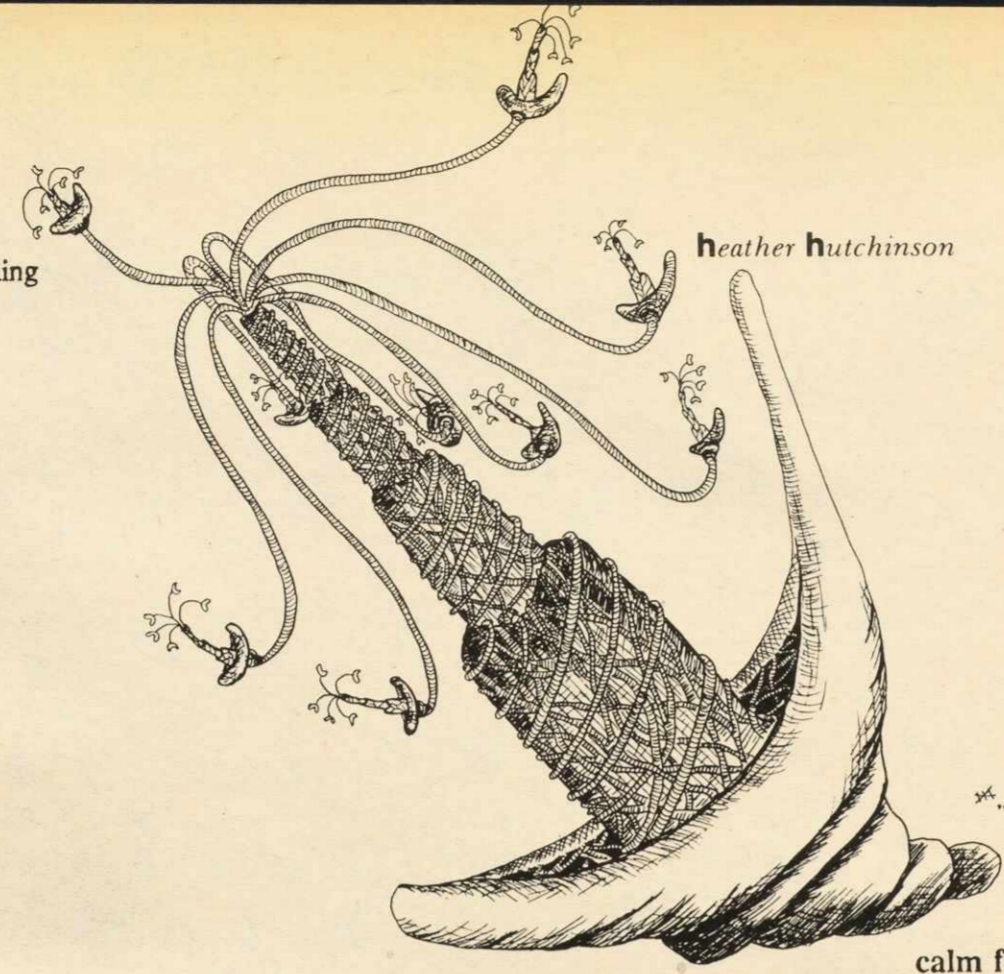
kathy mac

andrew duke



The Child
 The Child played happily
 Until Someone noticed
 And took the Knife.

andrew duke



heather hutchinson

dream empty heavy
 sweat hard hard
 on me I am strong
 rejoicing is is lover
 strong quiet current mantra
 lover
 lover
 lover
 lover

calm full quiet dream empty
 not full or filled empty
 we shoulder to shoulder
 heads turned each away sight
 not eye

such work such
 hard work to
 love someone

hands become my hands
 on your back wet
 hair wet eyes tearing
 chests sticking damp
 I feel you apart &

start to dream

kathy mac

Together at the Airport
 it is nearly December and we need a happy poem
 because we feel like monkeys in a cage
 trapped in narrow beds
 observed by all
 We need some time off.
 We have just been seeing the ocean
 through museum windows
 and the triangle of a desk arch
 through a man's lens
 We must create our own order, our own meaning
 in our own lives.
 (possessive isolation)
 Love or work will not make us safe.

Headache

Every time I think of you
 You know what I get?
 I get a headache
 I get a migraine
 I get a brain hemorrhage
 I get a brain hemorrhage

My heart is on fire
 With burning desire
 And I've got third degree burns

andrew duke

Heavy, Heavy thoughts.
 Imagine a small plane leaving this city
 imagine a small brightly coloured plane
 leaving this city
 the streets, buildings reduced to a bald patch
 of white with a few narrow black strips
 a few sticks of people and trees
 We could choose to stay here
 or we could have a scotch together at the airport.

heather levy

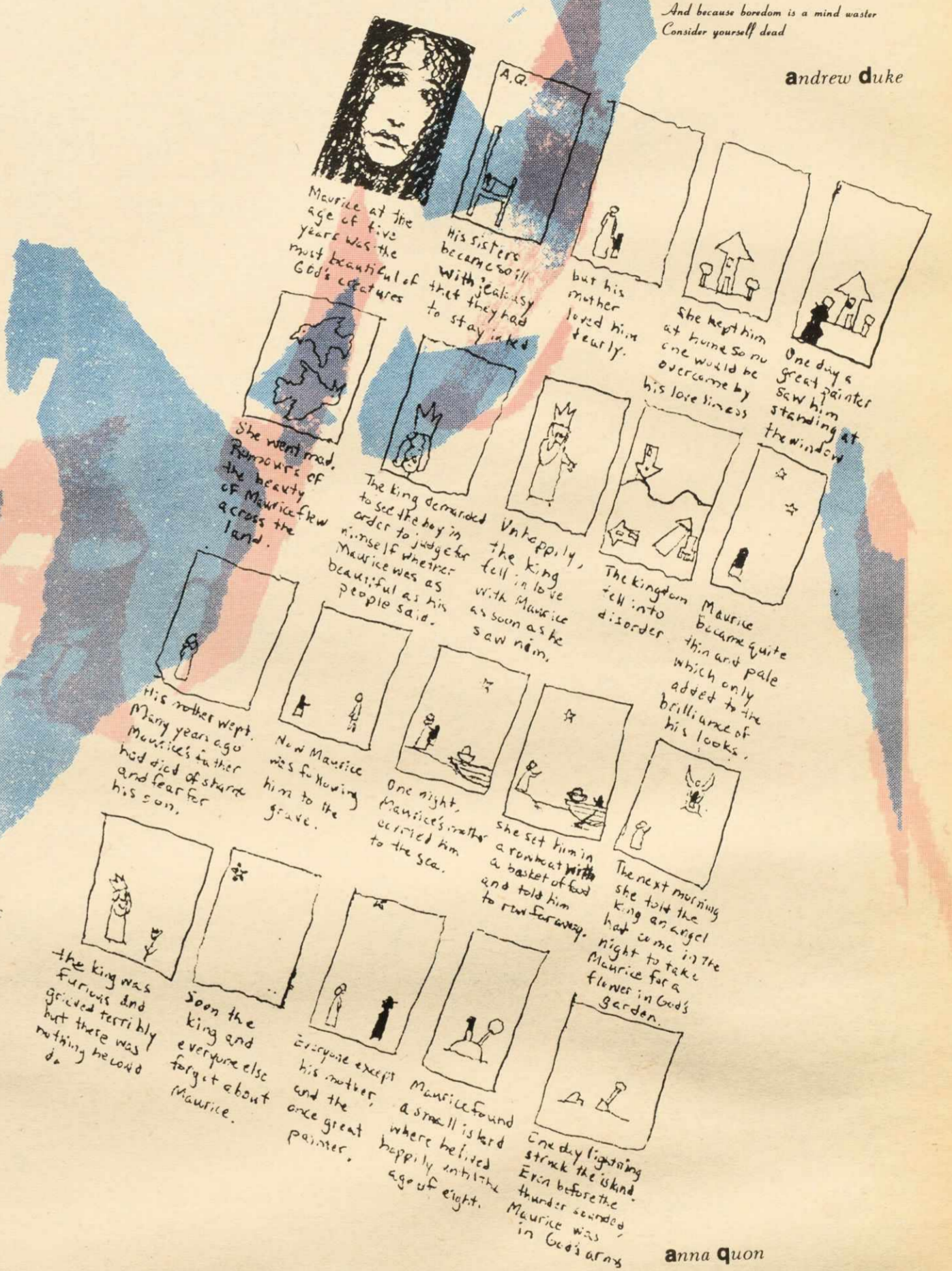
The New Fashion

The New Fashion is here
 You designed it

Since this is the only new thing
 It keeps the world afloat

And because boredom is a mind waster
 Consider yourself dead

andrew duke



the king was
 furious and
 grieved terribly
 but there was
 nothing he could
 do

Soon the
 king and
 everyone else
 forgot about
 Maurice.

Everyone except
 his mother,
 and the
 once great
 painter.

Maurice found
 a small island
 where he lived
 happily until the
 age of eight.

One day lightning
 struck the island.
 Even before the
 thunder sounded
 Maurice was
 in God's arms.

anna quon

Glass

While I was vacationing in Vancouver, I was involved in an extremely bizarre occurrence. I was admiring a work of art in a local museum, when I was startled by my enjoyment by a muffled rattle. I turned and saw a large marble sparkling on the floor in front of me. I picked it up and look about for the child to whom it would belong. No one was in sight, except a tall, dark man who was standing directly in front of me. He appeared confused and frustrated. He started to say something to me, but stopped, and reached out his hand instead. I assumed that he wanted the object I held in my hand; perhaps it belonged to his child. I gave it to him and he gratefully thanked me. I watched in horror as bent over, looked about, and replaced the glass in his left eye socket.

andrew duke