

Mid-Day Turns To Dusk

When Fathers aged long ago teach
The kindness of flowery words
Pastoral melancholies of snow
You see taken by speechless hands
Knees of clay
Tongues of stone

When east winds hiss through bony branches
Tired of leaves in November
A feeling from the oppressed soul
Like celestial flower flows
White migrant swallows take off
From boundless airports at the top of the world

When you find yourself sitting and thinking
Mid-day turns to dusk.

Silvano Zamaro

Poetry

I, too, through it, lie to others in
obnoxious grammar
trite intellectualism
trivialized emotions
words as unnatural symbols
hallowed in sound
holy to my inalienable right to say
and not be understood:

Here

in the dim lands
of poetry
an empty
abyss

half poet. I
impale to the cold steel of
the modern page

the result

Scott Fralick



The Beast (again)

Oh . . . child of a dead dream . . .
the tearful rivers you have crossed,
the crystal tunnels you have travelled,
While I watched and marvelled.

please . . .
go . . . you can't be,
anymore alive . . . in me,
your world is not . . . mine,
or my fate thine,
your past . . . you and I . . . don't know,
your selfish love . . . cannot flow,
you saw the seas die . . .
and the centuries go by
you watched the stars in the heaven being born,
and never cried for the men whose hearts were torn,

and . . .
still you live
never . . . never able to give,
you speak words with so many meanings,
I sense . . . events with so many feelings,

but . . .
what really says . . . the beast . . .
that took my spirit in feast?

Maan Saad

A Spring Night in Dublin

Would you like to dance?
You said when we met
outside the toilets
You coming from;
Me going to.

Yes
I said
(I figured I could hold off
for a while to have a dance
with you)

Well, wouldn't luck have it-
They played three slow
ones in a row
And you held me in your arms
And remarked that
my body seemed tense
And asked me
(you dear good man)
if I didn't trust you

You asked if you could
drive me home later
and said
It would be nice if we could
have some tea and chat

Yes
I said
(I thought that would be nice
since we lived in the same house
and had gone in your car to the dance)
Then the music ended
And I went to the jacks

When I came back to the table
I was informed that in my absence
Jimmy had been sick
(under my chair)
and Alan had gone off with
a lovely ring of feathers
So we had to give Jimmy
a lift home

We got in your car
Jimmy in the back
Poking his head over the seat
to give the occasional direction
to his flat
It's this street here
He said
And the headlights caught
The sign on the wall
And we laughed

Then when we got home
to 390 Ton-le-qui
(which you said was Irish for
Ass to the Wind, which I believed
until I looked it up)
I made some awful tea
and we talked and laughed
And I told you a bit about the pain
that I'd been through
and said yet for all that
I was still optimistic
And you said sweetly
that if I was at all
optimistic, I'd be
over there kissing you

So I wriggled over on the carpet
and was caught
in your embrace
Then, upstairs
the warm air lightly billowing
the curtains on your window
and flipping up the unattached corner
of that obnoxious poster of Napoleon
with his other hand on Josephine's
half-bare breast,
We talked
and made love
(RadioNova trying valiantly
to cover the squeaking springs,
and Eamonn's snoring in the next room)
And talked some more
and laughed together
about the name of Jimmy's street:
Tranquility Grove.

Gay Hollingshead