

Poem on the Bathroom Wall #3

Captain Chaos speaks to his children
in images
He went on the road today
Left his skin behind
Went to pieces,
transformed into another void
and left the puzzle unplayed.

When he emerged again
it was in colours
He spoke to his flowers
in Kaleidoscopes
and dissolved their minds
in rainbows.

Captain Chaos left town today,
immaculate and apathetic
All his children sighed
in their new wasteland,
foraging madly through ashes
for the pieces.

He is the puzzle ring
and his language annihilates
all the patterns

There is no solving him
Something has broken him
There is no putting him
back together

Captain Chaos closes the book
on his memory
Burns every second of the past
His fingers turn the planets
into nothing
Beware of when he speaks
with his hands.

Sad Jane

Concealed

I heard a faint stirring from you
like quiet small things rustling
inside a mound of leaves
my unfeeling words
were fingers of cool air that danced and
teased
and stirred whatever was beneath
and then it scurried but dared not show
I saw the sheltered eyes of it upturned at me
through the slivers of darkness
and from there it watched me
two small eyes, horribly afraid
I hear its small whisper-breath
it senses that I am stronger

it remains, afraid
its motions frozen
buried in the layers
that churn and turn in the weather
from past summers
when you were full of color and life

It hides under the fragile cover of washed-out
leaves
a cover of fragile leaves each curving vein the
inscription of a woman's name
now faded they all crumble to the touch
and your heart trembles violently

but I know there is life in you
I hear its whisper-breaths
afraid to show
so I wait and sit
while on me the two small eyes are still in-
tently fixed
from within the blanket of leaves
inside the little pocket
that rises and falls with its fits of
If I wait here long enough
perhaps it will emerge
if I wait through the night,

by Sherry A. Morin

distractions

Star Hanger

You stand as a tower next to me
yet I am unable to touch you
and you are unable to know me

You reach up to the sky perhaps
or maybe you dig down below
yet, only in appearance, you've earned respect

Your hands are long, fingers holding my threads
and such a long figure wraps me up
I cannot fathom any of the explanations

I close my eyes for the moment
and pray that they will be opened to a star hanger
and if not then I must lament when they open

You stand as a tower next to me
and I wonder what is within
and why I have seen you but obscurely

you reach up above my head and hang a star
and I have not been able to see why
I wonder and write asking who you are

are you of a man possessed?
are you of a spirit possessed?
why have you done this to me?
can't you see that I bleed?

Star Hanger, I cannot deny
Star Hanger, you have caught my eye
Star Hanger, what is your name
Star Hanger, I do not understand
Star Hanger, are you more than a woman?

Star Hanger

by Jason Richard

Tale of a Newspaper Girl

Extral Extral Read all about it!
Hear the story of the exploded man from Thames!
Hear of a calm, familial man
Who this very town knows as Mr Bonaface
How he this morning a terrible deed did commit.

It is said that Mr. Bonaface did this day did explode
In the rectory of nearby St. Joan's.
He did explode like a heathen it is said!
And all his body was consumed by little devils
Who sprang from every facet of Mr. Bonaface
Unto the rectory floor in flight
Running, screaming, scampering everywhere
Creating hell and great despair!

Oh read about it!
Read of how the known men of our town were shamed
By this strange come-uppance of Mr. Bonaface.
For I do recall one elder say:
Tis my social disgrace to witness an upright man ex-
plode.

Tis true, the rector himself stood nearby.
Many in front said he did cry,
Placing his head in his hands and levelling lament
Unto God, whom he did blame for this demise.
For how could he have known
A calm manner of man like Mr. Bonaface?
A single man of no pride or repute
Laid every night in other person's beds
Lavishing praises on their wives.
How was he to know Bonaface was a man of heavy
stress?
Working long, overdrawn, devious nights
To satisfy all earthly women's delights?
And who was he to know
That stress was of a demon kind?
Oh God, the rector cried!

You know, I never before heard the rector cry
And have his will by God denied.
I never knew of Mr. Bonaface's awful pride.
I always thought, as did the Church

Mr. Bonaface was just another soul
Saved from guilt and pride,
Just another neophyte,
In God's great suburban divide.

So, read it! Read it!
Extral Extral Read all about it!
And if you like this story
You'll be taken by a fit when
I tell of the hypocrite Doctor of Derby!

by Mark Ireland

My Love is a Bowl of Cereal (To Skippy: I wrote this just for you...)

My love is a bowl of cereal
He's all mushy sitting in milk
When I eat up my cereal,
He goes down as smoothly as silk.

When I don't want an Oreo
I reach for a Cheerio
And crunch 'til it's inside my tummy.
When I crave for some Bran Flakes
I throw out my pancakes
And feast 'til my movements go wavy.
(Oh, how sweet).

Oh lovely Shreddie
Oh Shreddie, my love
What a beautiful Shreddie you are.

After this you will think I'm a Cornflake
As you probably already do.
So the next time you're eating cereal,
Just remember: I love you.

By Kathleen B. Grady

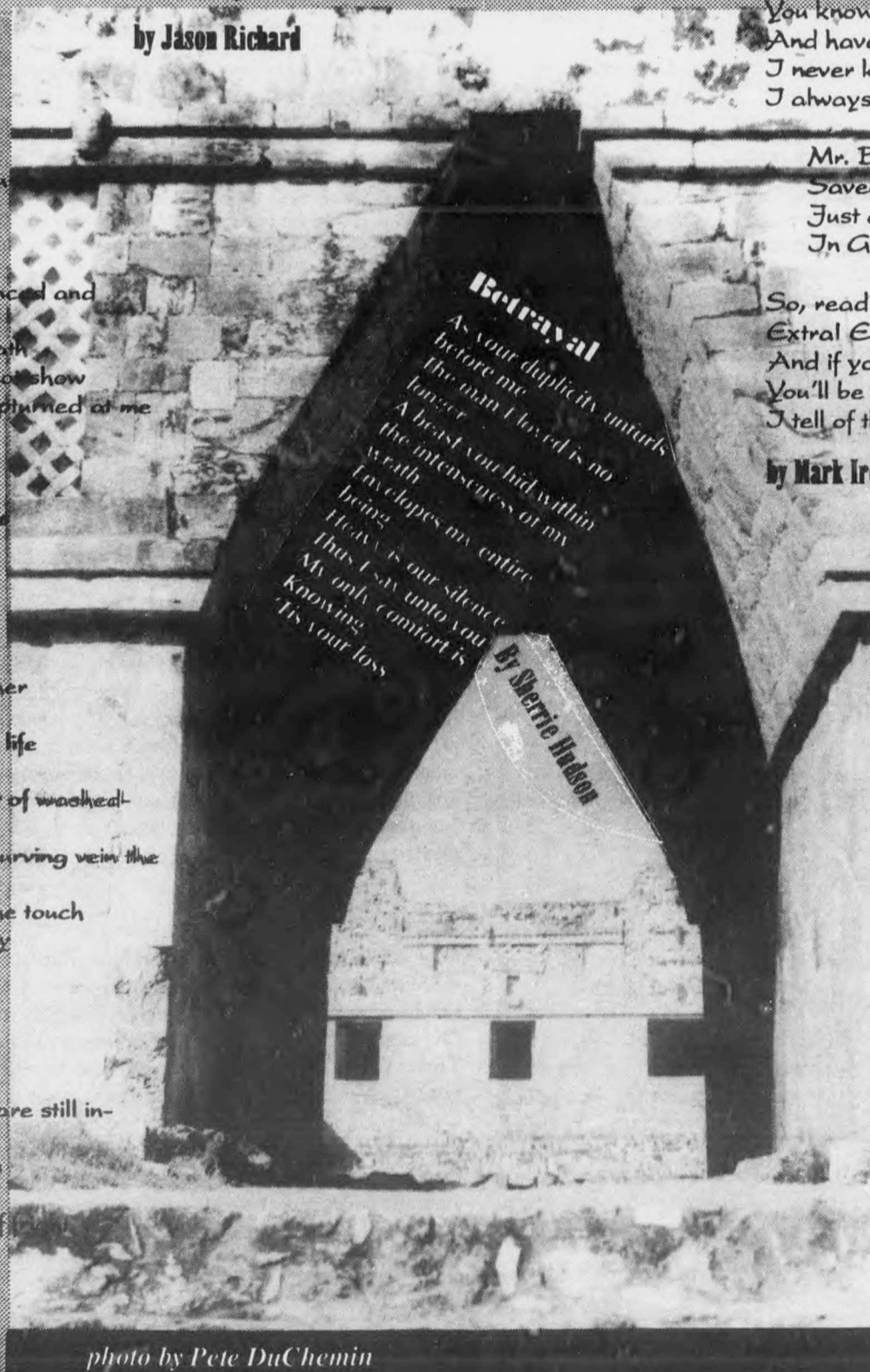


photo by Pete DuChemin