

'Till Death Do Them Part

While sun and earth spill forth of life
lovers picnic
in this graveyard;

Upon the warm green grass of summer
in this graveyard
lovers share each other;

The perfume of flowers scenting the air
only sweetens the smell
of their dying there....

Lovers that one flowery bed had made
that now in separate
graves are laid;

Lovers whose hair the breeze had blown
of love carefree
no longer known;

Lovers that blushed in the wind's gentle kiss;
lovers that loved;
their bodies don't miss....

True lovers in life shall love forever;
though death do them part
their souls shall never.

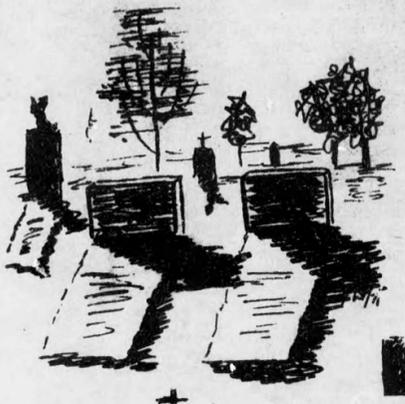
Mark LeBlanc

The Question

To think is to
know you cannot think.
To be is to
know you are not.
To live is to
know you will die.

Thinking, being, living.
To think, to be, to die,
Why?

D. Cogswell



Original Sin

Eve, thou first of thy flawed strain,
Rib of man, his joy and pride.
How like thee thy successors remain...

A lingering pain in his side.

Roy Logan

Contiga

Blankets of light on pure white snow
There's something I want to remember
Clean sharp wind so mean and so cold
I still can't remember if yet.

Is somebody waiting somewhere for me?
The frost over my window today.
There's nothing except just to pass me by.
My beard was white with ice

This frost of time in my mind
I'm turning but have nowhere to go
Then sudden the wind from the clearing
At last my ears feel cold.

VCPE



Old Age

Old age is but the climax of one small story - it is
the waterfall on the rocks, the lull of the blue high
ocean, the peace that comes at the end of a long day.

It is a time to sit in quiet contemplation upon the
back steps of one's youth, and think of things that
were, in those far-off days of time forsaken where as
a boy he played beside the hemlock shrouded brooks
that flowed like veins through the countryside, giving
life to the flowers of spring.

And when all is recalled in the quaint smile of
wrinkles, and heart and mind are one at last; there is
no grief or sorrow unto himself that greatly stirs the
hearts of young and old - he only quietly fades away to
the place from whence he came, the sunlight on his
tired face.

Philip David Peterson

Sept. 1970

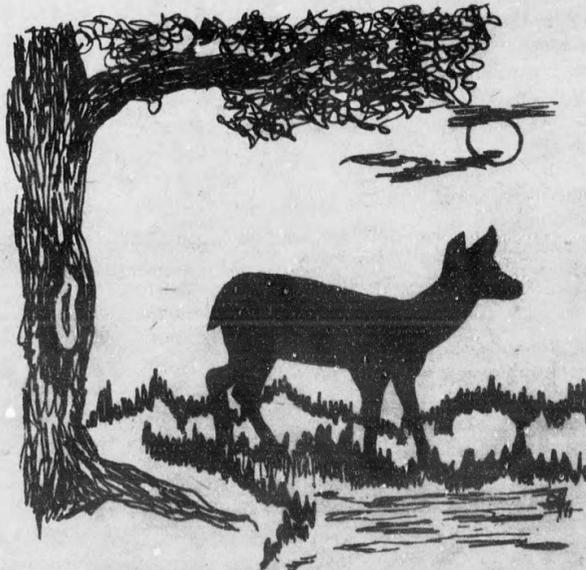
A watch
I knew
Told me
What time
To forget
About dying
And
Others nick-nacks
And nonsense.

Norman Fongere

Untitled

The yellow moon broke through
The dark pines.
His hairy shadow was long and dark
Against the foothill rocks.
As he walked along the lake shore
He eyed the shadows for prey
The great wolf had not eaten
For days. His hunger was driving
Him relentlessly.
A deer; peacefully drinking at the
Water's edge.
Resting after the meal, thinking
"At least I didn't come back in the city."

Leni Masspon



For Don:

Can. Lit. at 8:30
is bad enough

But to witness
handholding too

God! what a way
to start the morning

Perhaps if they fucked for us
the day might be better

Not because of the fucking
but because student would
probably take notes

Anon.

Graphics by Debbie Pound