

Africa Nite Soliloquy

Dusky room Egyptian flutes . . .
 Music of ancient evenings
 Loving . . . satin and stone
 A lifetime ago.

"Part of my soul went with him"
 The lady Mandela says.
 Amen, sister woman
 Difference is -
 That man had to go.

So for the bitter . . .
 And for the sweet . . .
 Here's to you, babe
 Odi nso elu ajka . . lse!

By Dawn Leavitt

Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of

I still believe in Unicorns,
 Though now they seldom stray,
 From emerald glens of diamond dew,
 That melt before the Day.

I still have dreams of Camelot,
 Though Arthur's Knights are gone;
 The Boar of Cornwall sleeps awaiting
 The Once and Future Dawn.

I still have faith in wizardry,
 Though Taliesin's days are past;
 Before the sun brought dust-dry Noon,
 The Morning's spells were cast.

I wish I could return to Spring,
 To see Unicorns at play,
 Before the scorching Summer sun,
 Has chased them all away.

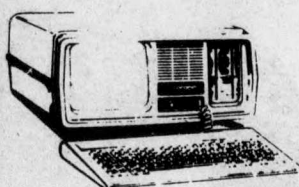
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No Rhymer Reason

Go write yourself into oblivion
 And send it in to the Aquinian
 Forget about rhyming
 And rhythm and timing
 For God's sake, don't leave an opinion

Tell the whole world that you go to STU
 With a meaningless stanza or two
 Mispell a few words -
 Be creative - two thirds,
 You may soon start a poetic coup

Be outrageous, and rhyme "doubt" with
 "note"
 Better still, try and rhyme "fish" with "goat"
 With a poetic licence
 You needn't be silenced
 And it really doesn't matter if a poem has any
 rhyme, rhythm or structure anyway.

Not to harm or discourage those who write -
 Carry on with your dubious plight
 But revise and refine
 (Not that I do to mine)
 And then publish a poem with some bite.

Pat Hamilton