

Brian cells coalesce . . . awareness become reality
and you find yourself lost in place.
Who are you?
What are you?
You are fatigued . . . hungry . . . are you anything else?
You try to think, but thinking makes your brain ache.
A deep, harsh monotone forces its way through your mind.
You cry out but it does not good . . . for
YOU ARE ALONE

You take your first steps into oblivion.
There is darkness as your mind tightens.
You run, breathlessly . . . scared.
Your watch says four thirty-one . . . A.M. or P.M.?
You feel lost.
There is no one to help you, and you panic . . .
there has always been someone there to aid you, but now,
YOU ARE ALONE

You whirl in terror.
Your stomach knots, your vision blurs . . .
and then you see nothing.
The walls turn around inside you and you fall to the
metallic-floor.
You no longer care where you are . . . place has no meaning.
You are no place, anyplace . . . at no time, anytime.
Your eyes close, your ears shut out horrid sounds
and you fall asleep, but still
YOU ARE ALONE.

Pain, unending pain, attacking you . . . driving you insane.
Withdraw into yourself . . . run from yourself . . .
split in half . . . come together . . . drive out the pain . . .
close yourself to everything . . . become the nucleus of yourself . . .
you must do it alone, because . . .
YOU ARE ALONE.

You hold on because it would be worse to let go.
You look down at your watch . . .
it has stopped at ten-oh-eight.
It would always be ten-oh-eight from then on.
You cease to exist in time for your,
only eight minutes, fifty-one seconds after ten o'clock in
infinity.
All at once you feel as if you lost everything,
and you have, for
YOU ARE ALONE

The world swirls around you like a slick metal kaleidoscope,
a slick metal merry-go-around that will never stop.
The reality of pain forces its way into your dying body.
You race deep within yourself as you face the climax of
your life.
Then, there is nothing . . . only the silence of defeat
echoed by the resounding laughter of failure.
All you can do now is die,
and there is no one to turn to because,
YOU ARE ALONE

Your head no longer aches.
Your stomach is no longer knotted.
Your eyes stare out and see nothing.
The world is no longer yours to worry about.
Others now have that problem.
But as - you sleep in death, you question life.
And that is all you shall ever do for timeless eternities.
For in your death, as in your life . . .
YOU ARE ALONE

Joey Hooper

The Passion's Over.

Passion's over.
We had good times
together
But now that we've found
that we're not looking for each other -
that we were not for each other -
The passion's over.

Guess we weren't meant to be -
I was somebody different to you
And you were something different to me
Until we found out we
And the passion's over.

It's funny
That now you won't even talk to me -
Was I that much of a disappointment? -
And even though I'd like to talk to you sometimes -
You were a disappointment too -
I won't.
The passion's over.
And it's too bad
That everything else we had is too.

-Wind



Photo by Ken De Freitas

graphics by
Marilyn Boone

A Sonnet to the Most High of the Mysteries.*

The wood-stream where the dim nymphs play
Ever hears the notes the fawngeist rises
Piping away on a flute made of clay
For Him, silently lain in the vale of the roses.
I often listened to the willows' sad pleas
In the versant shade of old elm trees
Willow to elm letting fall all its whispers
Whispering mysteries soft tristly lisped.
The wood-stream wanders where the wood-gods go,
Moating His mystery with a watery past,
Where hyssop and rue and narcissus grow
Alchemically, ivory-hued, ivory cast.
Ancient sooth-sayers portended the Isisgeist,
A swallow woe slowly following the plough.

* The symbolic element has its sources in the
mysteries of the Blue Nile, written down and
preserved on the famous Stone of Cneph,
presently in Ireland.

-Terence O'Hanlon