

POETRY POETRY POETRY POETRY

SECOND POEM THE REVOLUTION

Free at last from jagged valleys of our minds
 We move toward forest hills
 That cut above the times we leave behind
 Shrouding mist have ripened into bubbled dews
 That grace the earth cleanse the soiled earth.

Upon these hills in the city wastes,
 We'll cultivate the richest earth of rich imagination
 And there we'll find the fields of intellect and taste
 The swelling grass from paradise --
 Paradise that links our thoughts
 And looms within the temple of the mind.

Here, upon these hills let the fingers of our minds
 Slip along the surface of our silent thoughts
 And touch the surface of our dreams that wind
 About (like sap) the rooted trunk of Inspiration,
 Whose flowing sap feeds the four-dimensioned growth
 Of inner space: a new universe within.

Here, upon these hills will become the sacred men.

D. Bailey

UNTITLED

And not even dusky-handed clouds,
 The way sleeping eyes flow into the stars,
 Can mold a mask for the sky's sorrow.

She weaves in the darkness a winding-sheet
 For your silence, but in blind mourning
 Slips through the white threads of snow
 You've spread, a miser of the rights of love,
 Beneath your shallow pillow.
 She keens in black-robbed tones
 For richer lovers.

Where the moon has turned its face to the night,
 You sleep with your dreams to the wall.

Sheelagh Russell

OUT OF SILENCE

'Speak, oh! through binoculars
 of what trembles before my uncensored vision!
 Release the cuffed hands from your leather-like arms
 so I may see the distance,
 and track down the perfect perception
 which you so lately behold.'

'Hang me, oh! as human
 on a nearby gallows
 and go see for yourself what your four other senses have over me!
 For I cannot see the future of your foot-steps
 as they enter my unseen territory.'

Duncan A.D. Harper



The eagle - a poem for Alexander Solzhenitsyn
 in his captivity

the sky is empty
 the eagle no longer soars
 for he is now a pinioned captive
 behind wooden doors

but solzhenitsyn we hear you
 we know of your plight
 we sit waiting with you
 for those footsteps in the night

they have banned your all writings
 and refused you the prize
 they label you a renegade
 destroying your homeland with lies

but solzhenitsyn we hear you
 we know of your fears
 we feel for your hardships
 yet we can give you only tears

they want to trick you
 and make you sing their song
 to make you admit it is you
 and not they who are wrong

but faith solzhenitsyn
 though they have silenced what you've penned
 the phoenix of your genius
 will triumph in the end

and when they come solzhenitsyn
 in the night to take you away
 we will say a prayer for you
 all eagles will mourn that day

an eagle's only home
 is the freedom of the sky
 though born of mortal woman
 with the eagles do you fly

a writer's true worth is shown
 not by what he writes
 but by what he must endure
 to pen what he believes is right

so strength solzhenitsyn
 endure what you must
 we will remember you
 long after all is dust

G.K. Roberts

POETRY POETRY POETRY POETRY