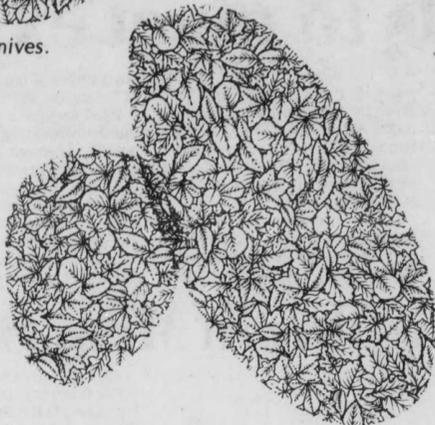


### THE FALL

It shone with clarity,  
Bright, shiny white pearl  
Encased in pink moistness,  
It echoed healthiness,  
And brown eyes pierced the air like knives.  
It was the face of a hollow,  
Faceless gutter lover,  
Swished and kicked  
And worked raw.  
Corked, stuffed and kicked  
Like a stubborn mule,  
Too eager to work if they knew.  
Lie there!  
Wallow in your own sweat;  
Soak in self pity;  
Someday you'll be clean.

Barbara Baird



### THE THREAD

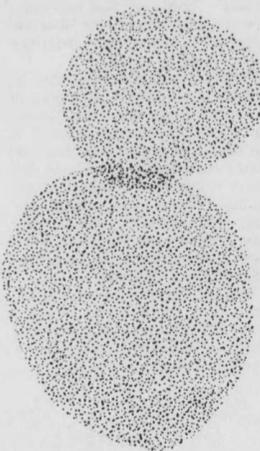
A man lay on the road with his eyes closed  
While the blood and guts  
of thirty years work  
Drained;  
And he dare not move  
For fear the jagged bone that protruded  
Like a broken piece of straw from his belly  
Would cut some more  
And leave him hanging like juicy grapes.  
The people stared, they swayed in awe,  
Their eyes looked like their worlds  
Were exploding before them.  
It was.

Barbara Baird

### DAWN

Night's lingering chill pervades the air in crisp clearness;  
Starlets play against a curtain of ebony  
Dancing in the morning light,  
They fade into blood red depths  
As purple clouds,  
Silhouetted against a timeless space,  
Sail placidly by,  
Waiting for the dramatic personae.

Barbara Baird



### DAVID

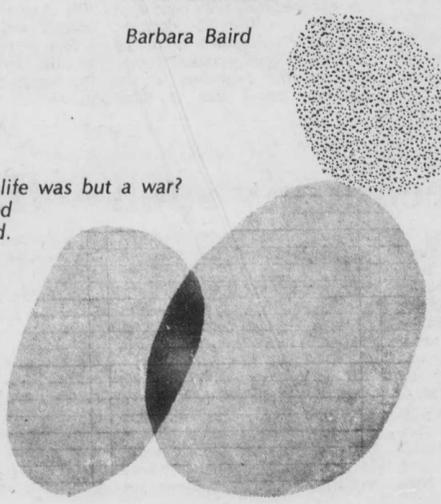
An aging form with eternal spirit,  
He stood, a pillar of stone,  
Moulded by human hands,  
Tediously shaping a character;  
A perfect man.  
He was nothing but marble,  
But I loved him.

Barbara Baird

### I'D LIKE TO KNOW

I really felt I'd tried with all  
To give the meaning of the fall.  
Unfold the meaning of the sea  
Which lies so deep in you and me.  
Reign on you kings of might and power,  
Give me the time of day, an hour?  
We left to life from there, the womb,  
And found that life was ere, the tomb.  
To Scab the realm of life, the tower  
And find the answer in an hour.  
Friend to all and find there's none  
To use the sword and finally run!  
Is this the love that Jesus preaches,  
I cry your name so you may reach us.  
Unfold yourself to all as friends  
And cry not, failing in the end?  
Success is labeled by percent  
Pharaoh's heart was hard cement.  
Life, its blood flowered not in me  
And yet I was like every tree.  
We see the movies of their hate,  
Yet is there one who can relate?  
I guess the theme I am trying to say  
Is I am here and God's away.  
Since left with you as it does seem,  
Then maybe life is but a dream?  
Would you remember any more, if all of life was but a war?  
Then mark my heart as one whose scorned  
\*And understand, the presence of, the Lord.  
If we were meant to think as one  
Then why did Freud and Faulkner come?  
There is a view we are the same  
And most spring water meets the drain.  
Now let us understand the boat  
The final one will drift us out.  
And let us understand the view  
That God made one but man made two.

S. J. Vasseur



### DRIFTV 'OOD

Dead shells of life  
With no purpose but  
To bob like lonely souls  
Cast upon a sea of souls  
That tosses them here and there  
At its command.

Barbara Baird

### "A WORD"

Stardust wings of sand too gentle  
For the touch to seal, whisper forth  
That silent knowledge of a life  
Too thick for fog to settle round.  
Nestle in such shade of lighter  
Woven air to fly thy spirit's sound.  
Secure and gentle beach that binds  
Us to its lair as if a word  
Could change the parrot's being.  
Happy moments hold this world  
But why the sick, sick to sea.  
Short mellow, aging hope to have  
Such need for carrying care on  
Half broke strength of stringent  
Love. Unbound but leashed in  
Its own fury to perceive where  
Not, where is, there be the word.  
Slightly folded cloud pours forth  
On yonder fields golden clear life  
And in relief reveals blushing green.  
Soft shoots, here word, unheard but  
Always felt. Closed eye treads  
Imprinting on her smile a ripe  
New scar of deaf defence in doubt  
That she will bear the pain in time.  
Sharp sweeping sickle cuts her ripeness  
Into cups of life to drink or pulp  
In half judged need but he dripped  
Blood for me and now the word  
Has safely harboured ships of  
Simple journey to their end.  
A word is not that nimble flaunt -  
It causes fear and often haunts,  
Then doubt and speculation rise  
Creating lids on half closed eyes.  
The only thing we often fear  
Is no more dope and no more beer.  
But oft when conscious starts to ooze  
The glass defies which half holds booze.  
The "far out man" and all its glory,  
Leaves us the word, an untold story.  
I've said "a word" and climbed a tower,  
This world is built on might and power.  
The word intended for this poem  
Has surely made my fingers rome.  
The word I seek is not called God  
Or Children's rhymes on Freddy Frog.  
The word again, is not called Satan,  
Christians think that He's there waiting.  
The word I seek to tell to thee  
Begins in A and ends with Z.

Infinites' variety  
Varieties' infinity.

Stephen J. Vasseur

### TOURISTS...AND OT

They come in droves  
These strange befudd  
herdlike kind of men  
in outlandish clothes,  
often bizarre, but var  
than in their thought  
which seem remarkab  
and sheeplike;  
driven as tourists are  
throughout the world

Their forbears came;  
Men of position  
of intellect  
of ordered calm and  
They knew a good th  
Their lives were filled  
dignity.  
They reared majestic  
sometimes beautiful  
but always grand;  
and started dynasties.

And now they come  
These latter-day adve  
lethargic, or just relax  
mill about, make like  
take self-same photog  
Uncomprehending  
And vaguely staring,  
they do not ken  
that here their forbea  
[Sometimes their very

For when the old blo  
became too thin  
too intermixed with v  
results were grim,  
and dynastys, so well  
foundered on the roc

The grandsons, even,  
of the proud aristocr  
were often  
wont to go their way  
be it whoring, betting  
anybody's guess  
what changed them.  
Soon,  
their sires forgotten;  
all that preceded them  
that generates respect  
cast out...cast down,  
forgotten, all.

Their offspring,  
Scattered  
as petals in a gale,  
remember nothing  
Imagination-less,  
shorn of their family  
traditions,  
roots, and ordered ho  
they come to gape  
at ordered beauty  
of another age.

Their trip is often of  
They gape...and medi  
and on they go,  
insatiable for all the v  
digesting nothing,  
on they go.  
They do not build.