

# Surreal Dimensions

Oh ghastly bore of discussion  
 When reality subdues imagination!  
 It all becomes a vacuum of words  
 Words enclosed in ache  
 Like the atoms squeezed together in wood.

I need the pulsation of thought,  
 Life beating against the walls of heart;  
 Pumping like the frantic outside the window,  
 Pounding on the rainy sidewalk  
 Jogging briskly in the immortal cold!  
 I need the pulsation of thought!

I need the moment when  
 The rhythm bounces off my ear  
 Even as I fall to the ground;  
 Colours receding and colliding in vigorous dares!  
 It is then that I am not alone  
 Breaking the siege of Physics' forces;  
 Propelling spirits to the end of the elements  
 Crossing waves, lines and merges  
 Of sound, water and air!

It is then that I am not afraid of the mind  
 Being earth human and child of the sky.  
 I meld and fall, reach out to the abyss  
 And touch the faces of those who have died.  
 I can feel the air like a phantom hiss  
 Coming again and again and again.  
 I know that it is not a trick, then  
 When I raise my arms and say "Amen!"  
 As I listen once more for the churning of the waves!

It is then that I have help from the sound of turbines  
 To blow the cover off the mind.  
 I reach into its wondrous flow with my soul;  
 It dances like the Gods on vacation.  
 Equinox itself is reversed while I explore!  
 Oh, it is so intoxicating to delve into the unknown,  
 The little corners of the mind where it is joy!  
 It is so wonderful, I sometimes wonder  
 Where in the universe am I?

by Mark Ireland

# Put On Your Amber Lenses

A dark and dreary day,  
 With smog and sut and hail,  
 Hangs over you like a shroud,  
 Suppressing your very existence.

Why let it be so?  
 You don't have to give in!  
 Take charge of your life,  
 By wearing you Amber Lenses!

They filter out the gloomy darkness,  
 Make your vision clearer through the fog,  
 Brighten up your entire world,  
 With beautiful colors of nature.  
 How you perceive-is what you believe,  
 What's real is not important.  
 How you see it makes all the difference,  
 Between night and day.

by Darren Elliot

# Reborn

The rich, transient silence  
 that lies softly and floats  
 'round or fetal  
 peace of mind  
 Is soon to be broken.  
 So prepare yourself  
 for those first warning murmurs  
 and take a deep breath of fluid  
 and clench you helpless fists  
 prepare your delicate eyes  
 to be slung  
 by the harsh light  
 of truth

by Sherry A. Morin

# What to Believe

I saw a hole in the base of a hill  
 I saw the whole of the half-eaten kill

I saw a face in the waves of a cloud  
 I saw grace in the folds of a shroud

I saw life in the dark of my mind  
 I saw a knife in the shreds of rind

I saw the roof of a wall left to tear  
 I saw the proof of what wasn't there. Sherry A. Morin

# Sous-Rire

JX  
(youth)

Happiness closer,  
 My tears  
 Try to outrun it.

Feet sink  
 Into the white oil,  
 Splattered,  
 forming,  
 The pattern of my humanity.

A noise climbed  
 Out of the air  
 And into the bones,  
 The streets,  
 The strips of cancer  
 Alive once more with cries  
 Of adulterated innocence.

I left my boots,  
 Lying,  
 Stuck between a dare  
 And the quickest way  
 To catch a frog;  
 I limped home,  
 Content,  
 Mostly  
 Drier than my birth.

by Jason Meldrum

# L'Embrace

To Katherine, with love.

Lips trembled.  
 The stars stared  
 in a hush,  
 The moon bit his lip  
 and Venus quieted the Twins,  
 The Goat stood up  
 and lept the fence,  
 Then the universe twitched,  
 and she kissed him.  
 Everything ambered,  
 Everything smiled,  
 Then went on with the night.

Jason (Meldrum)

