

POETRY

We take the drug of ourselves together, smiling, sometimes hesitantly, we pop each other into our mouths.

It was when you taught me how to sleep, laid me down on your big bed and touched me

I wanted to scream my peace, violent and incredible in the night air what understanding was.

And it was I that wanted you to replace your vanity for poems replace the not knowing with knowing. substitute self love for love

No one had ever wanted you that way before.

But the body, the body, you said. We are women. The universe will not understand us. The universe cannot understand our love

But I say This is not poetry There are different pills in our mouths. There is only one understanding. -Gail Robertson

I found a bold, untended flower

I found a bold, untended flower by a sea and sound like heavy breathing washed the sand around its unmarked home

sang celebrating blues and seeds

and above the festival chained to summer-speckled black the moon sang harmony in waves like heavy seaweed weed swung in and out in tide September 2, 1971. —David Schleich



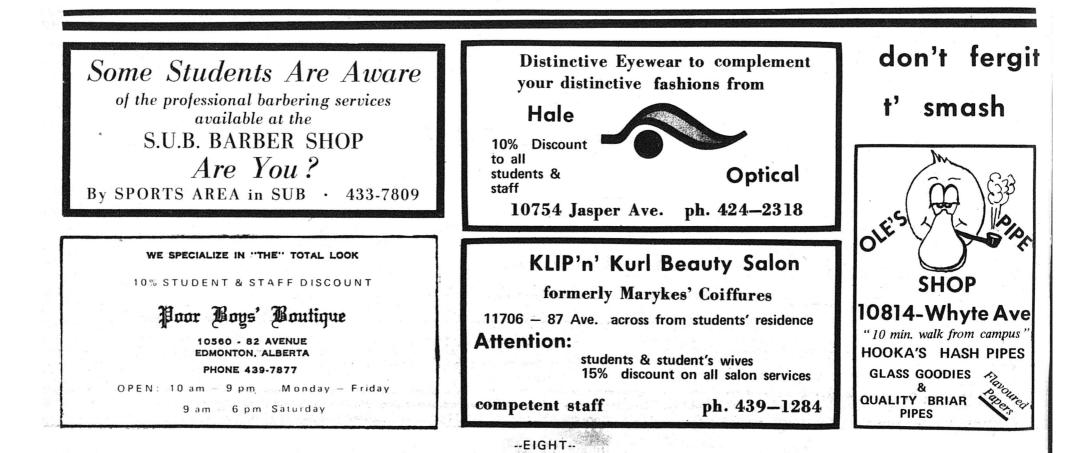


photo by Terry Malanchuk