

Refugees

They are born, day by day,
the children of
the West of the World,
and they burn for blind prophets
they live in mindless fire,
they grow and they wait
for immaculate dawn
and never know want
of artificial light,
but for some is only a knowledge
of darkness
and, Lord, the night
is so long and bitter

James Boyd

Elise de Sainte Anne de Beaupre

Just look at them —
the crutches
and old wooden wheelchairs
stacked, forced together
against the pillars.
A thousand faulty bones and muscles
their God has healed.

Outside
the faithful gather round their earth-angel,
ants flocking
as close together
as their
extra limbs
will allow.

I know
that as I walk away,
they will be crawling and creeping along
behind me.

Astrid Blodgett

Save The Best 'Til The Last

When I was a kid
I used to save all the
purple Smarties
in the box
until the end.
I'd wrecklessly consume
all the rest
just to get to my
favorite color.
Then I'd savor each
purple button
as if it were the last one
I'd ever taste.

I must still be a kid
because I still play games
but the Smarties have
turned to hearts
and I'm far too careless with them.

I hope that
when I finally grow up
and there's no more
silly games to play
I'll look inside the box
and find you:
my very last
purple one.

Cindy Livingstone



Graphic by Lisa Brouse

memos

remember death
as blonde-speaking girlfriends at 40
(below)
moving

miasmally through stark fronds of winter weeds
memento

of things past recognition shadows
near a suicide noises at my still
birth
and a playmate's last party
wish memento
mori

death as
a striped omnivorous fop
drinking
mori sucking the pearl blue host
from rococo hearts

memento mori
mori
mocking juliet's
tomb
memento mori

memento
mori
mori
mori memento

athelstan ra