

26th Floor

Day after day  
writing poems  
facing windy mornings  
from a concrete balcony  
on the 26th floor

You came along  
washed out bones  
a hand full of dust  
sniffing nights away  
from behind watery eyes

You came along  
pale butterfly  
with pages of questions  
on where the sun lives  
where the seasons go at night

Day after day  
lying on pink cushions  
breathing deep by the balcony  
waiting for dazzling judgements  
on virgin poems never written

You were younger then  
I was too  
in the indigo night  
waiting for the ceiling to collapse  
on our dried out brains.

by Silvano Zamaro

The Drawing

Face tracing itself  
from my pencil  
gathering itself  
begins to squint

Scrawled awry  
more accurately  
than intended,  
lightly writing an  
awareness yet blind, it


Unexpectedly  
looks up  
-returns  
a paper mirror's  
recognition

by Laurel Braid

Memories I See

Fields before me loom  
like crazy messed up days  
of wild flower visions  
and girls with ribbons in long hair  
I had none  
and my hair was cropped short.

by Theresa Lavoie



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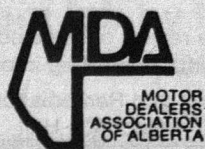
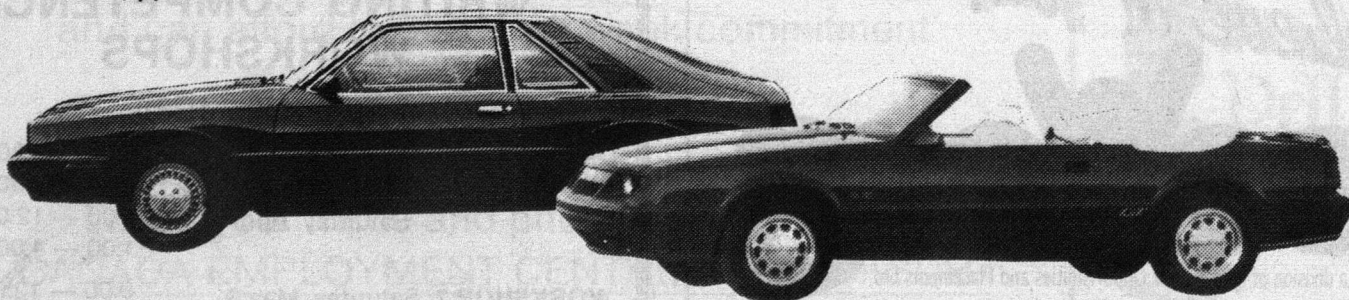
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Regate a Deauville

sails pregnant  
with the wind  
rock  
savagely  
on a pontillist  
sea  
teal green  
and  
unnavigable  
the  
frenzied foam  
dancing  
before timid  
bows  
and sailors  
as waves choppy  
fractured  
by rain or sea  
birds  
pommel them  
capsizing  
favorites

in the club  
house  
women (thin as  
kittens) watch  
droopy eyed  
between  
sips of Pernod  
and Salammbos  
bodies  
amorphous in  
robes of  
black  
silk with salmon  
pink  
scarves  
and hair  
grey as the  
sky  
no music somnambulists  
in a  
dream

she stepped  
outside  
paraplued  
down the  
pier  
ravished by the  
maritime  
gale  
and waited  
the boats  
struggling  
back to  
harbour.

by M.