DETRY POETRY POETRY PORY

A STRANGE UNDERSTANDING

Always happiness is soft, And warmer than the sun in the sky, And harder to touch for a day Than arms around a walk in the wind, And all of this and more.

We are as will-o-the-wisps,
Who exist in the lyrics of night
And live touching only the song,
For to touch is the whisper of nothing,
And love is a strange understanding.

We are the moment the moment we are one, And in between the moments of tears and shooting stars, We drift, and listen to the sound of trains and rivers running, And lie in the straw sunlight Grasping for the longest moments lips can kiss.

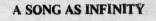
Kevin R. Bruce

To this blossom of chance petals
And field of broken flowers
We have each come gathering,
And you become for me and I for you,
The flower that is still unbroken -And there is no more than all of this.

Blue Orient

Bold black letters in a string fencing one dimensional elephants, clothed the would be preacher. Fishes in a blue haze swam in the cloth that wrapped her. Tangled hair, greased as ravens ran down her shoulders. Having had no soap box, she stood on her morales. They were fibre-thin like her shift. She babbled and raved. All she left was a stain on my sheet, even that was too loud for nothing.

Donald Emberton



infinity

has zipped me up inside a universe

the universe:

a solar system.

in a forest

breasts are waiting for the taking

a bird sings, his beak is vague like the forest like the girl

his song is yellow

like the sun

the bird is singing but he cannot be heard

because always

the un-meaning of any thing is that much greater than the meaning of it all could ever be

Bernell Macdonald

SECOND POR THE REVOLU

Free at last from the last fro

We'll cultivated sist earth of rich And there we'll so fintellect orn paradise - thoughts And looms with the city was me the c

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