

POETRY POETRY POETRY POETRY

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.

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.

Kevin R. Bruce



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

A SONG AS INFINITY

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 POEM THE REVOLU

Free at last from aged valleys of
We move toward forest hills
That cut above times we leave
Shrouding mist have ripened into
That grace the cleanse the soil

Upon these hills from the city was
We'll cultivate the earth of ric
And there we'll find of intellect
The swelling ground from paradise --
Paradise that links thoughts
And looms with the temple of th

Here, upon these let the fingers
Slip along the silent thought
And touch the our dreams that
About (like sap) the rooted trunk
Whose flowing feeds the four-
Of inner space: own universe w

Here, upon these will become the

D. Ba

UNTITLED

And not
The way
Can mol

She weav
For your
Slips thro
You've s
Beneath
She kept
For rich

Where th
You sleep

OUT OF S

'Speak, oh binoculars
of what tre you unfold be
Release the essed hands f
so I may sh distance,
and track de perfect perc
which you tely behold

'Hang me, ess human
on a nearby
and go see felf what yo
For I cannot on the fur
as they ente seen territo

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