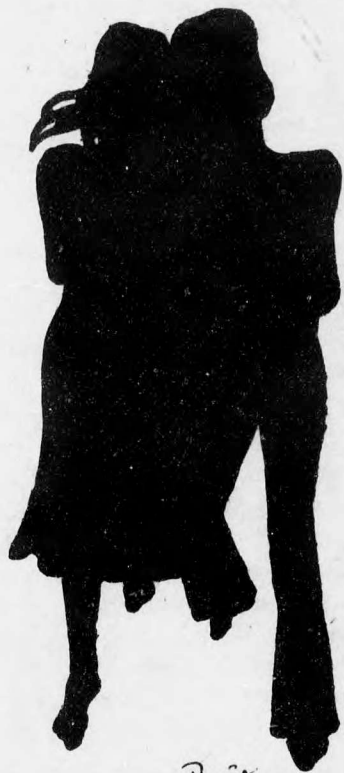


Needle Knowledge

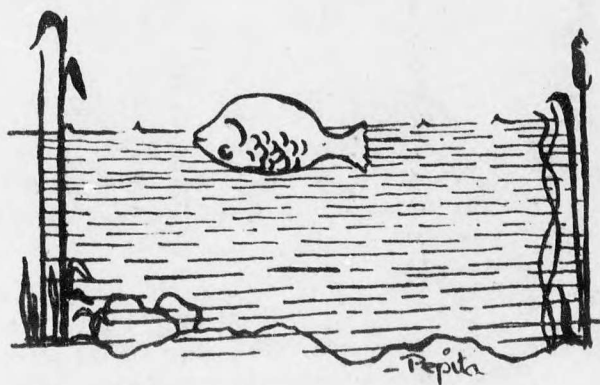
From now till ever
Sits my heart
pulsing
like a needle
as it winds its way over
the grooves in my life record.
Up, down, skip, scratch, up, down and
on and on.
You are the duster that proceeds
ahead of the needle
smoothing the way of my life.
Thank you, love you.

Donald Emberton



"I am only one but I am one.
I can't do everything but I can do something.
What I can do I ought to do,
And by the grace of God, what I ought to do I will do.
'Let me do it while I can.
No delay, for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.'"

Anon.



HAIL POLLUTION!

Dead rivers lap their slimey shores
and scum gathers about my
toes sticking together.
Meat and drink abound
on a table floating with laughter
in the middle of the river;
a lunatic chicken leg pops itself,
bone and all,
into a delirious throat.

The sky accepts all this
at a secret signal
from hands
drifting
like dead fish
to a bewildered ocean.

Louis Cormier

I thought of dropping university
the other day but
since I could never swallow it
I think I'll stay around and get a
taste of it, at least.

Leni Masspon

A Strider and His Morgue

I watch a stranger
Silently
Staggering
into the funeral games
to bite his way
through the fish-belly white
of the singing dead.
Once again
he finds
the parlour of hollow eyes
decaying grins
and cavorting cadavers.

But drowned in the stench
of rotting flesh
he is always returned
in a silver coffin.

I only watch
and pray
someday
the stranger will learn
the singing dead
don't want a silent corpse.

Elizabeth Kaminska

I've Tried

Walls?
Christ; we feeling people must have
Walls! - Don't

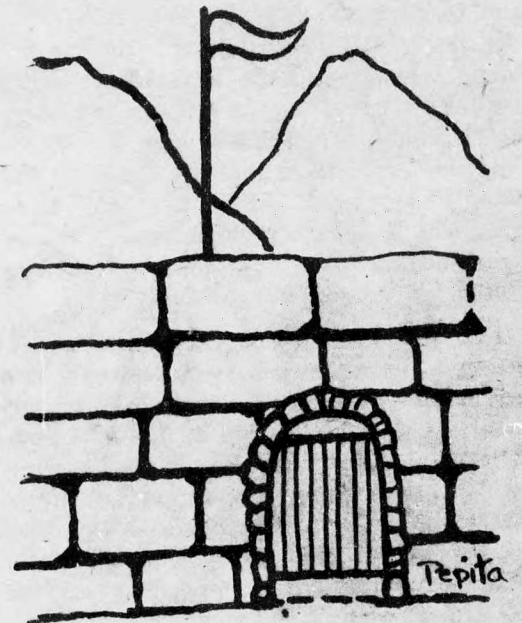
Speak to me of
taking down
Walls - I've

tried! I've
gone wall-less in-
to your walled city and

was raped! (and
you just looked at me,
naked,

and laughed!)

Mark LeBlanc



Four

They sat round a table
Squares all
Laughing
And smiling
At - Nothing
Their intellect
and dialogue
Was incomprehensible
To a mere
Scholar
They are beauties
So renown
That only
Don Juan
Himself
Would dare
To ask their hand
Alas - he's dead
A hundred year
And the round beauties
Are destined to their
Square chairs
And intellectual dialogues

Paul Roper

In The Back Of Your Mind

I will come for you-
Someday you will just be sitting there
Staring out the window into the rain
Trying to remember that year and me,
And I will come into the room behind you
And recognize your pretty face sitting there
Watching the wind and rain just as before.
Then I'll walk quietly up behind you and say,
"I've come for you."
And you will turn your eyes to me
And we will be young in
And suddenly we will be running in the rain again,
And we will be young in the rain once more,
And I will come to you as softly as the
wind comes to the rain
And the rain comes to this window
Where I sit remembering you
As the soft wind blows the raindrops.

Kevin R. Bruce

Graphics by Pepita Ferrari