



MIDDLEMAN

I have a close friend
 who walks with me
 into the night.
 Brought into being
 by the night
 the street light and me,
 he is my ambassador
 to the darkness.
 He walks in step
 in perfect time
 yet
 lingers behind
 as if protecting me.
 Then
 into the light
 directly below the bulb
 he disappears
 not presuming upon my need.
 But then
 as I leave the light
 back in step
 in perfect time
 he stretches forward
 to ease my coming
 to the night,
 because
 he is the darkness
 that falls from me
 and is thus,
 the middleman between me and
 darker things
 on a lonely walk
 in the night.

C.Z.

COMMENTS ON A THEME BY F.P. GROVE

Ideals are the playthings of immature winds.

Nobody wanted the job.
 I took it.
 And I think I deserve
 Some remuneration.

There are six thousand
 Students out there
 just looking after themselves.
 They don't appreciate
 anything I do for them.
 They're completely apathetic
 Well,
 I'm looking after myself.

Ideas are the playthings
 of intellectuals.
 I've worked hard,
 my marks have suffered
 but I'm going to be a success.
 I am a success.

R.G.A.

VIETNAM HAM

Rhymes of better times we remember
 Melancholy wavers through our grins
 And Charlie stalks amidst giant greens
 To fill a plastic bag for home.

Ron tripped over a nylon thread
 Blew himself to scarlet death.
 He died fast and missed the pain
 In a jungle waiting for its rain.

Relicts we are, barren with our mates.
 Insecurity shrouds that lemon sun as
 Typewriter clatter of distant small arms
 Haunts our daylight dreams of home.

ROY NEALE

GREEN MONSTER

Paling minds,
 and sunshine,
 and lemon rinds
 were there.

I touched my face...
 my foamy head
 was there.
 My body sank -
 And could not be.

THOMAS



STORM

I turn to watch the storm - laid sky
 And see the greying clouds vie
 For powers unattained.
 A darkened shadow raced - all that remained
 Of sunshine - filled - hollows
 Was the cold, cold wind that follows
 An angry cloud in pursuit
 Of something cold and mute.
 A gust of air twists the trees
 In grotesque shapes and flees
 To find some dead of greater means.
 Cloud on cloud leans
 To urge the frenzied wind
 As it weered and pinned
 The frantic leaves against the trunks
 Of sturdy trees. And like old drunks
 Foundations fall
 To heap the trusty ground and sprawl
 Their shame-faced failures in piles
 Chaos reigns - Each mile on more miles
 A path of ruined trail -
 And only earth declined to fail.

P.D.H.

Windblown Entities Sucked Into A Black World
 Of Dead Leaves And Cold Earth;
 Why?
 Primate Evolution Clouded In Mists of Disbelief,
 Befuddled Anthropologists, And Theories;
 Why?

All Men Are Saints In The Eyes Of Man,
 Seeking Eternal Life,
 Where There Is No Birth Nor Death
 But Of Which Man Can't Avoid.
 '...Lazerus, ... Waiting For Life,
 All Bound Up In A Black Dimension
 Of Dead Leaves And Cold Earth...'

JOHN CAMPBELL