

# p o e t r y

Walking  
Woodlands  
Hills  
Walking  
Woodlands  
Hills  
Valleys  
Stumbling  
Falling  
Roots  
Branches  
Scratching  
Face  
Blank  
Wondering  
Seeing  
Not  
Questioning  
Why  
Such - nothingness  
Wandering  
Aimlessly  
Finding  
Not  
Searching  
What  
Walking  
Woodlands  
Wondering  
Why  
Wandering  
What.

Paul Roper

Black  
Grey  
Death  
Coming  
Taking  
Claiming the  
Living  
Leaving the  
Lifeless  
the Heaven  
Hell  
of Earth  
Better than  
Black  
Grey  
Death  
Running  
Frantic  
Death  
Coming  
Soon  
Death  
Birth  
Life  
Living  
Death  
Killing  
Life  
Death.

Paul Roper

## Lesson Two

And as we lay  
On our three inch  
Persian rug  
The nakedness of our bodies  
Covered  
By a grey white blanket  
Of smoke  
Not because we were ashamed  
But to hide  
Our private souls  
For our minds  
Were a single  
Perfect being  
And as our bodies  
Touched  
There was an instant  
Repulsion  
Then a violent action  
Controlled  
Yet, uncontrolled  
And excitement  
So drawing  
It withdrew our presence  
Of being  
We've reached an end  
And yet our minds  
Are undestroyed  
As we lay  
On our three inch  
Persian rug.

Paul Roper



## THE COCK CANNOT HOLD AT BEY THE DAWN

The wind howls  
and it is fall outside my country house  
with the rain blowing through the slats  
of the palms  
and the sun  
gently illuminating the toilet  
at that time  
when the cock is poised  
restfully  
atop the spire  
and holds at bey in his throat  
the power to make it dawn  
or hold the land in forever  
golden shimmers

Jeffery Lubin

## FUTILITY

In anger  
I slash through  
the small talk  
and reach long sharp fingers  
into aged minds,  
desperately trying  
to grasp their meanings  
But my fingers find  
nothing  
to enfold about  
only echoes of past longings  
that fade upon invasion.

Terri Craig

## I Could Cry

I can cry for Tarzan  
who saves little lost ape boys  
Swinging from his vines,  
could you  
I also go  
for the simple split between  
the white horse and  
the black horse  
in the great western movies,  
do you  
The hero  
Wyat Earp or Bat Masterson  
sends tingles  
down my spine  
when he without fright  
rescues pretty saloon girls  
or puts tin-badged gutless sheriffs  
in their place  
or takes no brook  
from dapper gamblers  
used to eons  
of town monopoly  
I could cry for that too,  
could you

Jeffery Lubin

## While Sitting

Her mind  
Belongs to  
Moods of  
Thought  
And dream  
She looks  
To eyes  
To listen  
And smiles  
With reservation  
Her cynicisms  
Mild  
Can't quite match  
The laugh  
Of the eye  
Seriousness  
Causes  
No wrinkles  
Nor giddiness  
No tears  
Her mind  
The heart  
Gives regulation  
To the thought  
Of the mood.

Paul Roper