

# Water-Choler distractions

Every day the lovers strayed  
played and waded by the river  
speaking wishes of their hearts  
clasped in an exotic shiver

always there were flowers  
waiting by the banks to greet them  
straining upwards from the split  
reaching out their hands to meet them

flower-hearts were darkened  
when the friends no longer came  
the boy had vowed to journey west  
before his lover took his name

the night before he left,  
he pressed his face against her door  
and never had her angel-voice  
terrified him more...

The maid had mourned aloud  
that she would "perish from the wait"  
but this would not retain  
her prince within the castle gate

Even as her petal-lips  
trembled in a troubled sleep  
her lover rode inside  
the sprawling forest, dark and deep.

In that moment came his voice  
as vivid as had ever been,  
"Come to me,  
comfort me,  
to death, my blessed Queen"...

and in the dark she shook and tossed  
across her powder-bed,  
and started from her stormy sleep,  
waking with a sense of dread.

the days flew by  
and though she tried  
she couldn't stop their flight  
the days without him multiplied  
from that single awful night

"The promise of your virtue  
keeps my soul serene  
Comfort me, follow me,  
To death, my bless-ed Queen..."

on and on she heard the words  
as if they had been spoken  
whilst she feared her tryst with him  
for certain to be broken

the hollyhocks lay pink with shame  
the irises were sly  
she shuddered that the evil things  
had one time comforted her eye.

the words resounded endlessly  
a voice inside her head...  
"I am here my live,"  
but hopes for his return were dead.

The madness overcame her  
and later she was found  
in the very water-grave  
where her lover once had drowned

Where the lovers shared their sleep  
Eternally entwined  
sprang a mass blossoms  
bound together by a vine

petals moving mouthed their poems  
leaves were clasped in prayer  
and never had more sacred  
a mound of flowers blossomed there.

fields alive with chirping birds  
could never drown the sound  
of the ever-whispered vow  
that left the lovers ever-bound

Join me in your sleep,  
forever in a dream...  
come to me, comfort me,  
to death, my flower-queen..."

by Sherry A. Morin

## Ending All Endings

Eventually all events end; crash,  
It is only over for an instant,  
Life lives through; you do not,  
Whole happinesses have to stop.

Beyond before, after everafter,  
All is aligned sublime; neverafter,  
This is always subdued by reason,  
But does not matter; it is unending.

Dying date destined to destroy,  
Vengeful revenge with rage,  
Growing underground; in coffin's web,  
The seas of life forever dead.

This is where we end evermore?  
After all it is only for a while,  
Free for a flittering second,  
losing; the loss of life; ended.

1994  
by Floppy

## The Anatomy of God: Part I

(The One and the Dress)

"If God has a  
vagina,  
What colour dress  
does she wear?"  
"One doesn't wear  
a dress simply  
because of long  
hair"  
I replied,  
"He wears one  
to make us equal."

She laughed  
I smiled.  
Then we shared a universe,  
and a cookie,  
with milk.

by Jason McArthur

## The Anatomy of God: Part II

(The Wars of Dog)

Between dogs and Gods  
We are born,  
Shaking our paws,  
fetching our papers  
And Scratching their fleas  
Off our skins,  
Pissing on their lands  
And defecating on paths  
Leading to their God houses.  
People Chained,  
Thrown breaded meat;  
Yet still they starve,  
Ignoring its sweet taste.  
People chained.

by Jason McArthur

## 40 on the Train

Escape into a bliss,  
give the stars a kiss  
Scattered like mist,  
you will be missed.  
Fly too high, surely  
you will surely die.  
Sorrow when you come down,  
I fear you shall drown....  
In despair.

'Little Dragon'

by Edward June Park

## Façade

My first taste of love you were  
Our love knew no boundaries  
The fury of our passion overflowed  
My heart and soul you had captured  
And a note was all you left  
Emptiness crept into my soul  
How I keen for thee  
And so I shall  
'Til my last breath is drawn

by Sherric Hudson

### QUOL SPIRIT

