



Marin Acker

The Back Kitchen

The cool back kitchen
believes
the warmth of the heated heart
and the simmered imagination.

There memories are sifted,
new urekas added.
Some blend,
are blended
to the music of the masters.

Others sour.

Thoughts, like citrus juice
acidify
baser elements of recollection,
erode
the erasable,
reconstitute
concentrated inklings
into notions for poems.

Percolation, transformation
the process repeats itself
in endless "kitchens"
in the light of morning sun
and premorn darkness.

The coolness of the back kitchen
interned
devours/bastes the broiling brain,
enables the hot/cold creativity of
impious/pious poetry.

Andy Knight

Kim Tufts

KierKegaard

(sic: in hoc signo vinces)

I am Søren Kierkegaard
though it appears I'm a sluggard
It is your sloth which belies my charade
I stay up late in working very hard
given to glories of Truth spared all
restriction
writing my most sacred inner convictions
caught in raptures of God, transfixed in
the night
when all night becomes day all black
becomes white
in this, the passion of the infinite
I give my soul to eternal delight

Yet, you label me an existentialist
Christian
And then ask, "how can this be so"?
Why can't you see the sin
not to be at once both?
Lo! Better to dread life
than to die from within!

Bill Power

Bigger Than Life

Heroes of a forgotten era
dazzle modern thinking.
The hopes are slowly sinking
of a hero for today.

Left behind ongoing legends
surpassing their achievements,
starting the berievements
of an age with debts to pay.

When the past shadows the present,
the future fades into darkness,
showing us the starkness
of images bigger than life.

Heroes of the modern living
stand by, all frustrated
so long they have waited
for their chance to have their say.

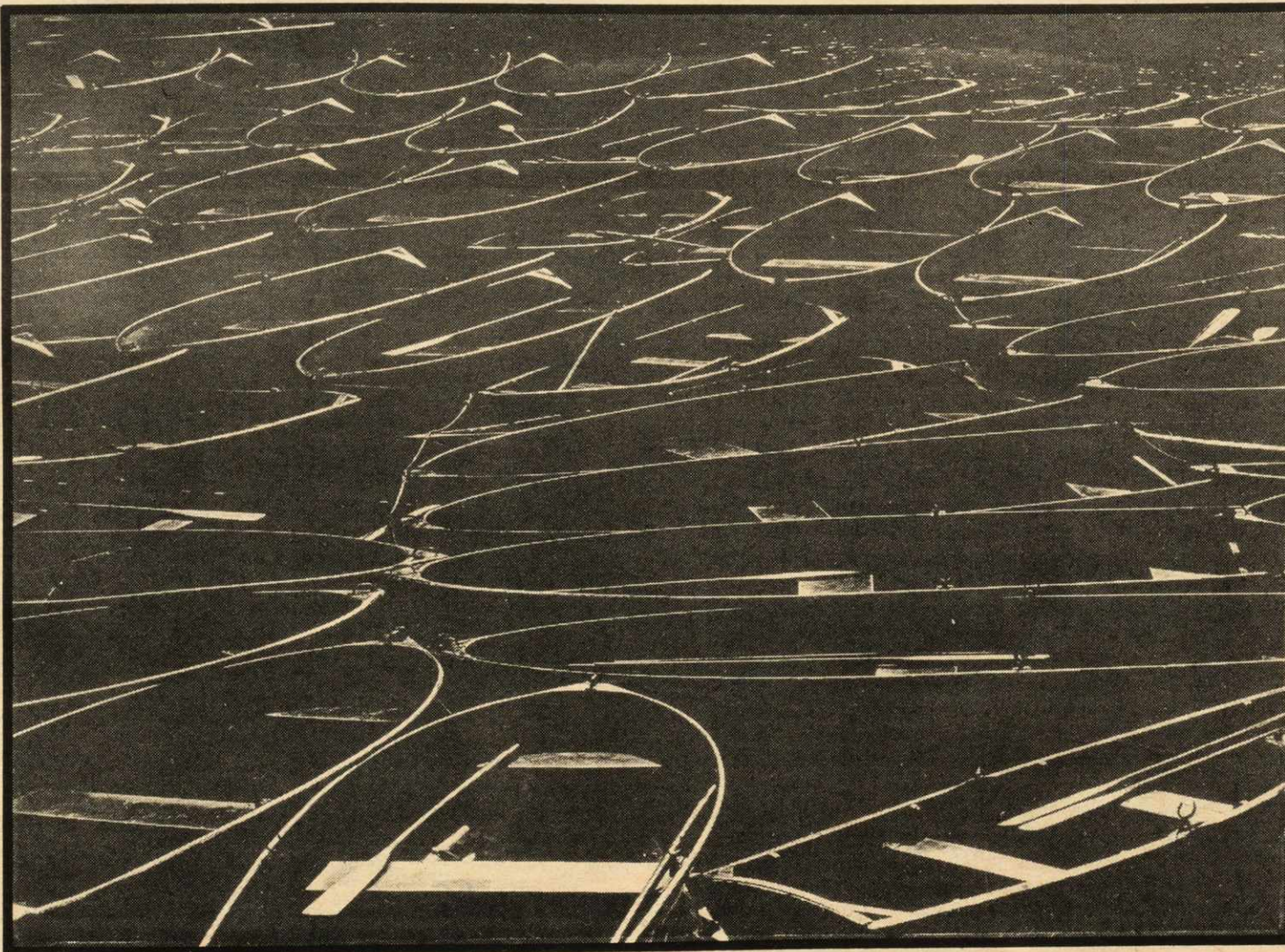
If the only ones to endeavor
to enlighten our existence
have all gone their distance,
then who will lead the way?

What we need is not those before us
who've left their mark already
we need to travel steady
till we are all bigger than life.

Jack Keefe

The point Kant reaches, I can't reach.
I try to reach that point but can't.
Really Kant, I really can't contend,
with something I can't reach.
But Kant, can't, can't be,
a viable personal philosophy,
Because the world just can't,
spend it's time,
saying can't. Kant, can it?

Yes I'm a very busy man.
I have to wake up every morning.
I have to open my curtains.
I have to sit in my chair and conduct the
business of tomorrows street corner.
I have to close my curtains.
I have to go to sleep every evening.
Yes I'm a very busy man.



Ronald I. Carr