

PLEAD THE NIGHT

Plead the night its voices to share
or to shed
or to find faces you can answer

The oak is amber is ample in the evening
fills its shadow twice
A moonful of summer light spills from its hands
but its eyes are moonshot
and see only its own shade

The field is aside is away in the nightfall
calls from across fence
A nightwall of shiftless shades leans on its back
but its breath is nightcool
and breathes only its own wind

The forest is tall is talking in windwords
hums an animal chorus
A predator darkness is homeful in its fist
but its ears are nightfilled
and hear only its own song

Plead the night its faces to show
or to share
or to find voices you can answer

The fluorescent streetvoice is too human
its small circles denying the night
plead no answer

The darkhouse voices are too silent
telling quiets you nod your head to determine
cannot be answered

The star voices
mingle down from the unroofed sky
freefalling first
then wind caught and the shuffled harmonies
dealt like gypsy fortunes before the unweathered dawn
No answer is known

Plead the night its voices to call
faithfully waiting the slow answer

Loneliness haunts you
You grow tired and desolate
Wondering where it will end -
Should you end it yourself?
You are on the brink
But something holds you back
It is the faint hope
That someone cares.

When you're feeling sad and lonely
And you don't know what to do
Get dressed up and hit the town
And you'll stop being blue
There's nothing beats a pub or dance
To lift your spirits high
So go on out and have some fun
Tomorrows left to cry

Shelley Beck



There was a man from Squallet
Who one day lost his wallet
When he asked why
And they said because
He didn't know who he was

Alexander

For Anne

I held you close last night,
I told you of my love
and kissed your pretty cheek;
a thousand years from now
I'll kiss your breath,
I'll tell you of my love
and hold you even closer.

Maurice Spiro

Act of Worship

Standing in line, before the great god Zerokks.
It's flashing maw opening wide, gorging on an endless metal feast,
My food devoured before it touches my lips,
Parched, as the bone dry glass rings hollow and loud.
"Time, gentlemen, please."
Not now! Not now! Look how much I still have to do!
I dreamt of that place, a hundred dollar bill in my pocket,
It was Hell, I couldn't get change.
"Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

John Newland

SOME DAY

Some day, I shall smile
That sunny smile
You could not see,
For, only the rain
Dared touch you, then.
Some day, I shall laugh
The laughter you strangled
With cold insensitivity
Some day, I shall weep
In security, for
Someone will console me, so
I can not have the time to
Recall your mockery.
Some day, I shall speak
Without having every word
Return, broken-up against
Your listless eyes.
Some day, I shall be loved
As deeply as I
Have loved you,
Difficult as it may be
For you to imagine.
And, some day,
Should I cease to wonder why,
Having loved you as
Dearly as I have,
No tears
Can I shed
Now faced
With this meaningless parting,
And your careless smile,
No longer shall I keep
Telling myself
These lies.

Idil Ozerdem