

I  
 What is that breath he, shaking, senses  
 On his sweating shoulder blade,  
 Where the fear-dew trickles gently  
 From the promise he's been made?  
 Is it she whom gods have promised  
 To relinquish for a time,  
 To the lyrist, all delaying,  
 Braver of this stench-clime  
 Who's split the laws of death's lead throne  
 With notes too pure for such a place,  
 Who's teared the death god's dim-seen face -  
 The cheeks as weary as his own.

II

Or do his raw nerves grasp a feather  
 Lost in frantic search for light?

Or fall-dugged insect's unseen creeping  
 In the shades of such a night  
 As this, with nothing living near  
 Except the pulsing of his fear?  
 - As this, where moans of crusted pain  
 Are devil-chants, without refrain,  
 Yet still unturning, forward still,  
 Despite the narrow-freezing chill  
 Of doubt: "Has it been all for naught?  
 Am I leading she I've sought?  
 When he faints in upper air,  
 A second life will greet him there?  
 Why, surely, if he stills his mind  
 By assurance of her care,  
 When earth winds again despoil his hair,  
 The sweet dead girl shall tread behind."

III

And distant far the mounting, Maenad cries,  
 Their orgasmic, quaking frames, and wine-wild eyes.  
 John Timmins

## LIKE COHEN

All my life I've tried to be  
 A writer of bad poetry;  
 Reader-loved and scholar-hated,  
 Decadent and dissipated,  
 Since more recognition goes  
 To bad verse than to good prose.

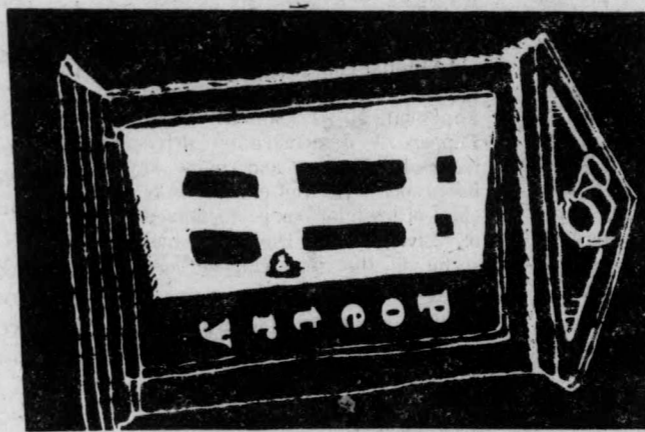
L.A. Pitcher

## FOR A FRIEND

I'll build you a mountain  
 Its peak-solitary, alone  
 Only the clouds will enter  
 Peace, trust - Your domain.  
 A hand reaches, there is no death  
 A touch soft and kind, for  
 There is no fear  
 Just the mountain and me.

When fear - loneliness - disillusionment  
 try to enter close the doors to your  
 mountain. Open them when you can  
 feel only trust for what the world  
 has made us.

M.



THE ACHILLIAD  
 [with apologies to Homer]

I shot an arrow into his heel  
 For the Trojan common weal.

John Timmins

## An Excursion into the Deeper Recesses of the Human Mind and Soul

I was comfortably seated in a vintage 1972 Louis XIV chair, munching on a handful of gooselivers, pitted and stuffed with imported red peppers naturally. My mind rested in the far corner of the room, squatted in a lotus position, methodically chanting its mantra, engrossed in divine menstruation of the Holy Virgin. Across the broad expanse of the room, the music undulated, swell after swell lapping against those shadowy substances called bodies, until mind and music became emerged in an orgasmic consciousness of oneness, not the oneness of Zen, of Buddah, of Chui Chaing Cain, but that harmony which exists between two glistening bodies in the night when moonbeams play a gentle cantata of light on their rumps. It seemed as if Coltrane's spirit filled the room, refilling our souls. It was then that Stan the Man entered the room, a dry stone hurled into the warm wet sea.

So this was the infamous Stan the Man, of whom I had heard so many things, not all of which were complimentary. He stood in the doorway, light from the hall streaming in about him, seemingly giving him a body aura that fell upon we lesser creations as both the golden rays fall upon the scavaging vulture turning black

into a glorious blue. It was if he was accompanied by a multitude of celestial daemons, so bright was that illumination. His jet black hair caressed those oft-kissed shoulders which stretched into a seemingly infinite length, despite their mere foot and a half breadth. His smooth face wore the habitual expression of the confirmed narcotics user, dazed and lifeless, yet suggesting something immortal, extra-human. A mid-length duffle coat, as black as Caucasian caviar, hung open, revealing a printed T-shirt that summed up the entirety of Stan's existence: "Return to Forever". Like the shirt, my mind became imprinted with these transcendental words, and in times of acute depression, these same words fill my soul, bathing with a refreshing fullness of life. He wore the identification symbol of the youth counter culture movement, torn and ragged denims, for identification he said. On his feet were a pair of Wallabees, the only meagre luxury he allowed himself, presumed for the unnatural satisfaction of his fetish-the violation of virgin Limburger cheese formed into the delicate sculpture of his shoed foot. Every pore of his body seemed to shout, to acclaim, his status, and I could

only agree with the exhortation: Stan the Man was a ... heavy.

Stan started across the room, yet denying us a spoken word, a few of such which could only have surpassed those of Christ, of Ghandi, of John Lennon. His movements were a symphony of motion and grace. His stumble over the coffee-table onto the record player, followed by a crash into the punch bowl, face first, could only have been choreographed by the Met. He rose up, the incarnation of the Ascension, hair dripping, a lemon-slice sticking in one ear, and from his mouth music emerged, stunning all of us into worship: "Oh man, what a trip".

Stan stood there for a brief minute that seemed like an eternity, a tragic Odysseus caught in a schism between space, time, and surreality. Casting a glance askew over his left shoulder, back into the future, Stan, picking his nose, sat down and began to rap with the D.A. My ears pricked up as I strained to hear what the two heavies had to say. The utter urgency of the situation made me realize that I was really here, or at least that I had been there before. The D.A. was mumbling as usual, and Stan the Man was talking so fast that his mouth could not keep up with the

wonderous verbiage. A though found its way through the maze of haze and struck me like a wet kiss at the end of a hot fist: "Stan the man is Jackson Armstrong in drag!"

In my I dismissed this as irrelevant and got back to the business at hand. I arried back just in time to realize the presence of a third party attempting to penetrate the proximity of the D.A. and Stan. Overcome by emotion, I blurted out those all too familiar words - the Sleaze!! By then Stan had taken immediate control; "Hey babe," he remarked, "would you like to see my pornographic sketching?" The Sleaze was indecisive; "Sure" she said, inserting her slender index finger into her mouth and sucking the succulent vaginal juices that had launched a thousand orgasms. The corners of Stan's mouth curled up, no doubt due to the increased saliva flow, as she took the bait. "Sit on my face", he returned, as I crept into the bathroom to jerk off in seclusion, and lick the lotion of life from my finger tips, as I had just seen the Sleaze do.

signed

X, for which I have a passion as it reminds me of crossed legs