

# P O E T R Y

Snap! Crackle! and Pop! Large bowl of toasted rice,  
 I'll brave your sweeten'd seas of milk no matter what the price.  
 You'll stand no chance with me around I'll eat you up Crunch! Crunch!  
 And then for spite again at noon I'll have you for my lunch.  
 Oh yes; for breakfast every morning with strawberrys and cream  
 I'll sit down and devour the American Dream.

Jerry Breau

Memories and memories  
 laced with dreams and opium  
 crystal stoned laughter  
 and fucked-up conversations  
 i hold onto my sanity  
 with long white threads  
 dancing slowly through mirror images  
 of days and nights and  
 people coming and going  
 leaving traces like doodles  
 on a re-cycled life  
 wishing i could put  
 everything in neat mindless categories  
 while the simplest images  
 defy me with their complexity  
 afraid i am not understanding  
 i wait and lie and hope  
 in the prison of my reality.

Adrienne

## BALANCE

I can't get  
 my ceiling fixed;  
 I don't have time  
 to do my laundry;  
 and I can't  
 find a way  
 to be introduced  
 to the girl  
 I keep seeing  
 in the library,  
 but last night  
 a friend of mine  
 was depressed  
 and wanted to talk,  
 and when she found me  
 she smiled and said,  
 "I've been looking for you."

Forrest Orser

## LOOKING EAST NO. 2

Eye presses velvet eye  
 Lovers, alone in all the world  
 Stars exchange winking confidences: Sun!

Glenn Murray

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The peacock,  
 who other breeds disdains,  
 struts in all his splendor  
 and owner's chains;  
 while the eagle,  
 with naught to show but scars,  
 flies in drab attire  
 to the burning stars.

Maurice Spiro

Black tires press  
 On the black hot car  
 It pulls to the curb  
 With asphalt oozing  
 Under bare black feet  
 Press towards the store  
 Press towards the liquor store  
 Black hot fist  
 On a white smooth face  
 Pounded Pounded  
 Pounded on the race  
 Black hot barrel  
 In a black hot hand  
 Spits black hot balls  
 Retching grey smoke  
 Spitting hot hate  
 Spitting races' fate

Allan Bonner

## SUN

Curious sunrise -- sleepy, speculating  
 Drifting into your unplanned day  
 Just a lazy eastern glowing of pink  
 Sometimes misted by clouds.

Sunsets are definite  
 Cloud-punctuated statements on the day.

Shirley Mellish