

POETRY

I wanted to hold your hand
and watch Aquarius dawn,
but I am the son of another god —
I am perhaps Pisces Child.
i wanted to forget my birth
and claim to be an Aquarian —
but destroying images of oneself is not that easy
when the sands perpetuate a myth.
yet i am a ... friend;
walk with you along gulled beaches
or loiter on snow-cliffed streets
and wander on sunbaked Saint Catherine Street.
There we can talk
as only friends may;
of sunburned knees in
sandboxes and picnics
of wine and cheese summer winter
escapisms
of being scorned for being Pisces Child
(a pseudo one at that) and wearing
its cliché reputation upon
a supermarvedwonderboycape
because letting
a facade disappear
and committing oneself
to "love" is as fatal and
disastrous as allowing the lie to live.

anon.

Trees

Snow covered arms of pine trees shook hands in the wind
As if they had not been standing beside each other for
Tens of years but rather were meeting for the first time.

Perhaps they spoke of ferns and birds they had known
Who would not see another summer, or maybe they knew
That spring was just beyond the clouds.

It might even be that it was the way of pines to touch
And talk, I don't know, for I have looked at many pines
But never understood them.

For a while they murmured in tiny stretching voices and
presently were still.

Roy Neale

Watch the Supermen at Play

Watch the supermen play at horseshoes.
Some wild pitches happen, but they are
always long pitches over the giant field.
The large silver shoes twist and swoosh
as they carry through the sky to the upright stakes.

One pitch
carried higher than the rest.
It seemed to hang at the apex
held only by sparkles from the sun.

Then, it broke away.
The sparkles lost their grip as it speeded
downward in a long serping hook to the left:
The swoosh swoosh of the revolving shoe grew louder
as it sped away from the upright stake.

I screamed to warn her
who wasn't interested
in the game of supermen,
but it eas too late.
Her back was turned.
She couldn't see the falling silver shoe,
and she wasn't even a spectator.
Swoosh, SWOOSH, SWOOSH!
And the new mark was hit,
and she became instrumental to the game.

C.Z.



You have been haunting
my mind - drifting between
seas of dreams
and
continents of uncertainty —
your hair floating
with your smile in a wind fo
spring smells and stars

so i sit to write
to you, to discover
i cannot.

i don't know ... maybe
i'm afraid you'll call
me Potonius.

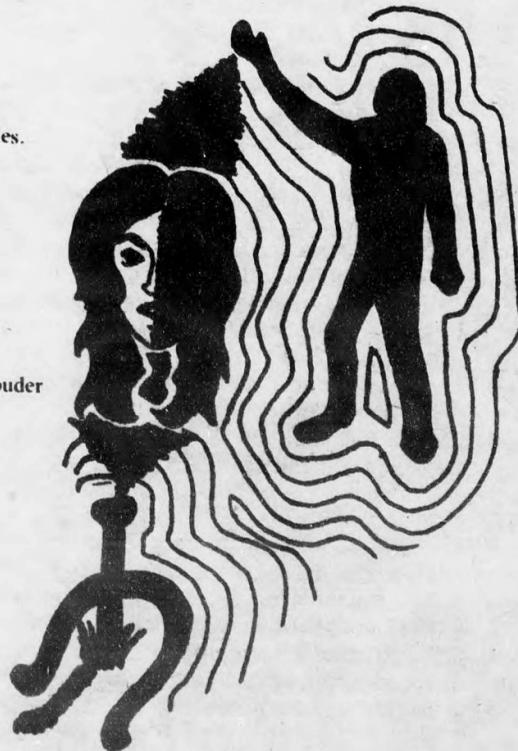
anon.

I am sorry
For what I have said
But it had to spill
The milk of hurt
And it was building up
This give and take thing
of life
Why we say
What we mean
Is left to the decision
Of the stone of knowledge
And although
Time goes on
I'll still be sorry
For what I'm not sure
For being?
No.
I can't say that
Because there's nothing much
That can be done about it
I'm sorry
To say the truth
But although
We want to reject it
It's there
You can't run away
Just please
Don't be bitter
That's life
You know.

SMT.

The day of the self-made man is over.
So pick up the pieces of the fallen mosaic
And stand them on end to build your toothpick towers.

John Campbell



Lone Wing

Up in my place in the country.
All out in a spring rose.
Midday life seemed asleep in wild
When out of nowhere came lone wing.

The sun was reflecting new rights.
From blackish grey to gold.
Alone, quiet, sometimes wings, yet motionless.
Blue high in the solitude of life.

Sail and wind, fether and beak.
Fantastic grandeur and diving diving swipe
Blight of the mass might
Flowing Freely, Flowing Flight, a claw away.

Vincent Morrall

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