

# 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

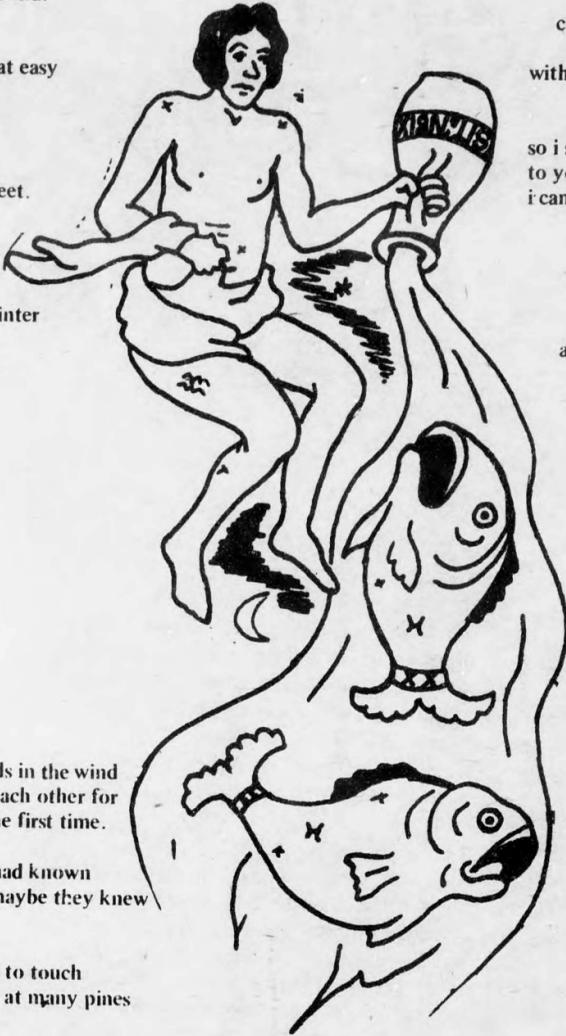
Watch the supermen play at horseshoes.  
Some wild pitches happen, but they are  
always long pitches over the giant field.  
The large silver shoes twist and swoosh  
as they carry through the sky to the upright stakes.

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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