

## Déjà Vu

by stephen r. mills

Had he not known it all along?  
Belmont woke from a delicious dream. He had been walking through a bright meadow and the Girl had walked beside him. All was quiet; they never talked, they only walked together, hand in hand, each feeling, each knowing the reality of the other's presence. It was a good dream but was fast falling from his memory even as he slid the sheets from his body; he rose and dressed.

Ring the tiny bell beside the bed, he seated himself at the table by the window and waited for breakfast which came almost immediately. It was Anne who brought it, as was fitting, for the day was overcast and Anne, with her long, blond hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, and slim, fair body was sunshine. She beamed a smile, set the tray before him, bowed, and waited. Contemplating those azure eyes, he felt a slight desire to have her, but suppressed it, nodded, and she left.

Finishing his meal, he meditated on what he should do this day. Meditation became unnecessary, however, when he saw April coming to fetch the breakfast dishes — her grey eyes, short dusky hair, and form told him the clouds no longer ruled the day. She almost smiled as she took the dishes away.

Donning his cape, Belmont left the room and soon reached the meadow. The Girl was waiting. Joining hands, they strolled in silence through the wood. He knew they never talked but today he felt like saying something. They stopped and sat down on the grass. The Girl waited.

"Do you know of déjà vu?" he asked her gently.  
"I've heard of it," she replied. "But I've never experienced it. It must be sad."

"It is very sad. I experience it often. It's the feeling that you done all this before and will probably do it again. Nothing to remember, nothing to anticipate. Nothing to . . ." Silence. The words had been spoken. He knew. The Girl smiled but it was fascination, not comprehension, that warmed her face. She, because of what she was, could never know.

Belmont tied. From the meadow. Past Anne. Past April. The room. The switch. With a sob, he threw it. All vanished but him. He was left, standing on an infinite plain. The meadow. The Girl. The room. April and Anne. The world he had created. The hundredth, the thousandth such world. Déjà vu. He lay down in the midst of infinity to dream his deliciously real dream.

Had he not known it all along?

There is a perverse justice  
to love.  
It shadows  
from the corner of your eye  
in cafeterias and corridors,  
waits  
until you're home  
safely in a dream . . . . .  
slips  
thru the window  
and takes you by the hand.

i. dey

## Bluestone

Oh! I must be getting old  
for my face is beginning to wrinkle  
the memories are making me cry  
while the heart begins to half.

Gee! It was only yesterday  
me and George went to Bluestone  
for we had our reasons  
to sit on the big rock there.

Oh Yes. We had our reasons  
to roll up our sleeves.

A. E.

## The poem that applies to you if you're alive

## But doesn't apply to you if you're dead

Speak out against my crimes, that

Blood, Now, on My Very Driveway.

Assassin, that i am. Assassin

stepping on ants

mowing toads

that i couldn't avoid the pain

Altamont

Gualtier Maldé

Face it.

Face it.

has cracked the spine

Perhaps we suppose

That life has a point merely

Because its sharp.

Face the matter  
of humanity

No blood, just

..... ZAK! and the mouth, and the eyes

Our generation  
is no different from

stare. Not enough

Hitler's.

that he tromps on ants when

The narc is a

he crosses the field. With lawnmowers

very nice fellow.

he paralyzes toads.

(alittlethickmaybebut . . .)

ready to laugh

at the twist of a knife

I've heard you man,

and you've changed your tunes.

Just as you, happy lover,

I kill

your lover, you. Paralyze

each other in bed.

you do that.

I heard you, man,

and you've changed your tunes,

but you've done that before.

That pain is unavoidable  
you and i may hear from

the Buddha  
you&i kill Buddhas.

Don't ignore it.

Don't ignore it.

Don't ignore it.

Just as you, sweet lover,

i knifed a thousand times  
and three times each week,

i kill.

Don't ignore it.

Anon-

## Death

The night feels cold  
for that lonely Stranger  
it seems to follow him  
like the shadow of a cloud.  
he sits down to rest a while  
upon the frozen ground.  
he thought he saw it  
creeping right behind him.  
he got up and started to walk  
and thought about it all the time.

A. E.