

**Covenant**

"The evening is young"

She invoked the Rakasha  
The inverted cross dangling  
Between pendulous breasts,  
The wine on the table  
Blood-red before her.  
In summer she tasted of peaches,  
But not in the night

— dreams the stripping  
Of cloaks, as of skin,  
The bareness beneath  
Cleansed by wind.  
The blood is not sweet  
Nor salt  
But burns the throat

— such fires —

— with the wolves  
Howling on the edge of  
Consciousness  
And the ravens, two,  
That covet the eyes —  
They do not rest,  
Who feel of icy fingers  
From the night

"The Rakasha will warm you"

**Jan Adlington**

**The Sect of the Phoenix II**

They say It is recreated  
Every five hundred  
or five

Years  
(the numbers do not matter)  
Its scarlet plumage  
Splashing the grave  
In memorium of Its birth,  
Its cradle consumed

And they say  
Of the fire from their skies  
(their eyes burned  
sightless)  
"The angel of death is fallen.  
Look to It  
For the sign of new birth."

They do not say  
They await a creature  
Of ashes  
Bearing the dust of a thousand pyres,  
Nor see that there is  
In Its immolations  
No birth  
No death  
nor change  
For all the ages

**Jan Adlington**



Graphic by Hans Beckers

**Whistle Down a Cloud Canyon**

*whistle down a cloud canyon  
sifting it goes  
down in pockets  
then up*

*but there so high  
one bird grey  
head in the past  
draws the current  
tightly up  
and holds  
but never falls*

*this other bird  
apart but in time  
whistles down a cloud canyon  
changing with wind its form*

*two birds*

*one knows  
one follows*

**Jim Hawkins**

My insides curl remembering people I have known  
that have taken my seeming self,  
lain with it,  
and then gone, silent, away.  
My seeming still exist for them,  
while my self is still self-hidden,  
and ashamed.

**Heather Murray**