

Joe Blades

**Night Falls
In The Basement**

the basement wolves
are waiting for me

their moon shadows slink in
and out of the garden watching
window glass is no barrier
against fear yellow eyes menace
darkness my child mind

each grey step down my last
they have hidden again
the light switch from me

Robyn Gladwin

Hollow Cost 11:59:59

the fire overwhelms us.

that which we
coveted
prayed to
dreamt about

becomes our worst nightmare
our vaguest vision
(because time is nearsighted).

the hollow cost
of our free dumb.

A/fri/ca

My heart breaks
-I see not the reds and blues and yellows
of your lands, O Africa.
I cannot yield to your grassy
arms in sleep
without dreaming of brothers
laid to rest beneath
their blood coursing through
your veins.
I dare not watch your sunset fade, for
how many lives have faded
under angry skies
all too silent in passing?

O Africa,
your treasures of diamonds and gold
are dust to me.
How can they matter
when your people are dying
in a bitter struggle
to walk freely together
in your cities
in the townships
on the earth of your fields?
Why can you look at my skin and judge
me,
yet torn away from my eyes
My eyes are my soul
and my soul cannot be broken by you.

No, but you don't look me in the eye,
for then you would be frightened
by the strength you see within.

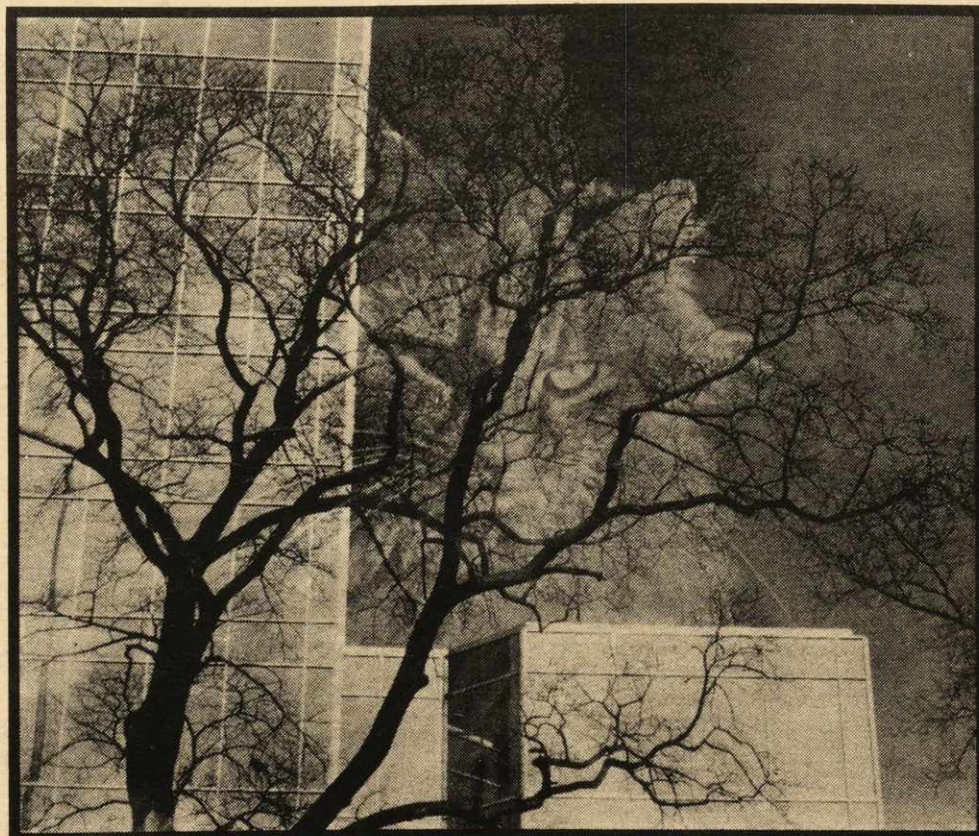
We of your land were tired
You have seen our weakness,
you have heard our screams
but listen,
Africa—
we are breathing down your collar
we will sing freedom into your ears
and ours
is an almighty Choir
whose moment is here.

Have you made ready?

(for Usha D., Pietermaritburg, Natal,
South Africa, 1982)



Ronald I. Carr



Patricia Fillmore

Philip R. Doucette

Promise

I stand within the gateway of the night,
timid of the vision of your face within
the light
of the hearth; full of passion for the
chance
to call your name across the shore, lead
you in a dance
through a carnival of starlight. You lie
prone,
by the surface of the water, quiet and
alone.

Staccatto Time, stand out of my eyes!
Return me to the weeping maid of
Avalon.

The cold and weary, at the closing of the
day,
move towards the healing, shuffling
away to a river
that fills their souls with a fierce and
cleansing light;
we travel, as the memory, back to
human sight.