

## MEMORY

i was walking today,  
and i think i saw  
a flower

growing

solitary  
by a large oak tree  
it was small

yellow

with just a touch  
of red  
on the soft, fragrant petals:  
the life's blood  
drawn by all  
who walked by  
unnoticing.  
the bloom of color  
reminded me  
of your cheek;  
the way it would blush  
when i laughed at your ways,  
the blood seeping,  
streaking over  
your face

and off

into the sad blue sky.  
but that was years ago.  
strange that i should see  
that tiny flower  
and not  
the grand old oak.

bruce m. lantz

## MOMENT

breathing  
the dampness  
of our skin,  
we see  
all the crooked paths  
of our ideals  
just lead us  
to these shadowed rooms.

Jim Dey

## TO TILA

Before they say it  
before the vulgar masses  
blurt it out —  
Let one who knows speak out  
and say, in truth, "He Knew"  
And turned his graces into  
moments everlasting  
as only he could do.  
Life did not pass him by as tinsel  
banners  
But in a symphony of colour  
that lives.

Don Twomey

## UNTITLED

Today I saw:  
feathered clouds turning to  
embers  
as the sun died.

Far out.  
jesus freaks  
with hair as long as their ideals  
trying, but not reaching,  
the freak he had.

Far out.  
a memory of liquid loving  
when a gypsy dancer froze  
me with her passion  
and melted me  
with her breath.

Not far out.

Just far.

Jim Dey

## LOVE

love  
is written in small letters  
in the middle of a paragraph  
and is quietly obscured  
by the surrounding confusion  
of multiple blacks on white.

Alison Manzer

## POEM FOR ANN

child arise  
for the world  
has touched  
your shoulder  
and is waiting

\* \* \*

without your life  
we are all dead.

bruce m. lantz

## ON A STREET

passing on a street  
of darkened corners  
and white haired elms  
reeling in a mind  
that casts itself again  
into the whirlpool world.  
imagination gliding bird-like,  
glance about to see  
my unknown self,  
and be caught up in a web;  
spider-light from a tiny window,  
sight-shielded armour,  
flitting specks of powder  
clustering on my lids,  
but see a woman a face  
peering through pane glass  
seeing no more than I  
i stand unseen and small  
at the bottom of the world  
but she is mine:  
through gaze and mind  
that draw her out,  
lock the door behind.  
a piece of a lifetime  
passes  
more quickly than it should.

Bruce M. Lantz

## TO PAT

Patricia needed something more  
Than an eel on the end of her  
line,  
Than a horse-faced bicycle  
rolling over  
A deck of cards she knew weren't  
real —  
She needed a friend to buy her  
hippie hats  
And popsicles you use to catch  
the bus;  
We gave her salmon-salad  
sandwiches  
And left the map in her sink.

Stephen R. Mills