

**Darkness**

And we walked there —  
To the edge of a dark swamp  
Together in silence  
Mist rising we stared into the stillness  
And saw nothing  
Because we had no eyes

Then the glowing silver ring  
Suspended strong by chains  
Sent reflections into the mind of the darkness  
As the sigh of dawn  
Laid branches before the path of sunrise  
The explosion of colors  
Murdered the spirit of absence  
Placed poison in the mouth of the night

And the land started to bleed  
At first the high areas  
Until the powerful wash of light  
Replaced all except the shadows  
We did not fear or rejoice  
Monuments motionless and emotionless  
For us the shadows were ours  
But light nor dark gave shape to time  
And we watched

Light filled the darkness  
And even in the swamp  
Colors ran together  
Like the interior of a shell  
And still dark with mystery it called  
Yet we turned in blindness and silence  
Travelling alone in separate ways  
That made not sense or safety

(1:39 am., Dec. 23, 1989)

John Rosborough

**Why i like being a frog**

yuppies laugh at  
organic bean sprouts  
why doesn't anyone want to save the world anymore?

salt and slush and grey  
grime of rotting winter  
lying dying  
sobbing in the gutter  
doomed to karmic cycle  
winter's wheel is turning  
fate blocks its salvation

the phone is ringing  
i suppose i should answer it  
it doesn't matter  
nothing matters much  
why doesn't anyone want to save me?

save salvation  
to be saved one must sin  
the ignominious disgrace of the need to be rescued  
by a being outside yourself

i sit amid a crowd in solitude  
loneliness eating at my skull  
too late for my salvation  
the final desecration  
it would be

once upon a life  
i woke to joy  
in a pond  
salvation is alien  
to a frog

alaine

