

A mere poem

A poem of no substance
Is a rhyme without mean. . .
A lyrical form
In the style of the norm;
A banal rendition
Of the silly school-boy's yarn

Mark Ireland

Broken Heart

When we first met,
I thought my dreams
Had been fulfilled yet.
But no! you thought other wise.
You dived into the bottomless pit,
Casting a lot of doubt over your intent.
How I wish I could tell you
How much I loved you.
How I wish you could be in my arms,
For me to feel that touch again
To eliminate this unbearable pain.

Don't tell me our meeting was a coincidence
'Cos I had the feeling I will be seeing you again.
To hold you in confidence
And never let you go again.
I know what the feeling is like,
'Cos I love you so much.
But I am a helpless bike.
Roving in a wilderness as such.
I remember the kiss,
That mesmerised my very being.
I can only say this,
That my heart is broken.

George Ato Eguakun

On the beach at Waikiki

Scant cladding: sun
scalding body parts unseen
in natural light since baby days

Here in hedonist heaven
they pull and tweak at crisp bikinis
hiding all that is left
or erotica central

Poising posing
she smiles straight to the rear
of a stranger's camera
while wrapping from her artfully unwrapped submarine
goes burling away on the breeze

Cousin walrus more blubber
tucked into maxiflex suits
than out
flump slowly over on grass mats groaning
Made in China 99 cents a piece
and a shining black
runs jauntingly along the damp hard sand
knees high oiled
to an ebony gloss
holding his beautiful face to the sky

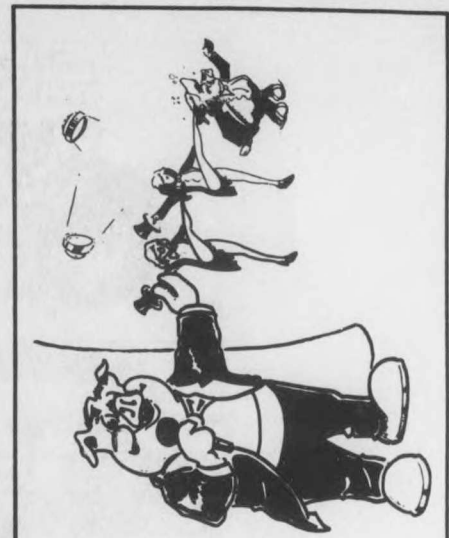
A one eighty scan reveals
all western women shapeless
white to over-ripe betrayed
be glamour ads
their fat male counterparts hunched
in friendly knots roasting rounded bodies:
luminous caps protecting them
from fiery radiation

Young lean singles dying of heat
lie still and supine on dark towels
in the glare head to head turning
to joke in fake foreign voices (the Gypsy photographer)
oogling surrounding flesh out loud
while moon-bleached new-comers
tentatively enter tropical waters
hand in hand

Those rare shapely figures
the real stunners orientals
cover more of their beauty
than beach average
seemingly heedless of their dazzling effect:
adding buffers to smooth bronze skin
by extra dots or florals
against reflection from a shimmering turquoise sea

(and me-
slumped in a hollow scooped down to cool morning sand
in the scattering palm-frond shade
fresh from a cold country
and conscious
of breathing a wind wafting warm from the sea
that cradles a perfume of coconut
sweet and encircling
watching for Hannah to rise from the crash and swirl of the waves
as each one breaks over her -
scribbling this).

Pamela J. Fulton



Mohave

Heat and stir sugar and water in sauce pan until
sugar is dissolved. Coll to luke warm. Stir in
lemon juice and lime juices and pour into large
pitcher. Mix in gingerale and pour into toll glasses
filled with ice. Garnish with sprig of min and
lemon.

1.5 cups sugar
4 cups water
0.5 cup bottled lemon juice
0.5 cup bottled lime juice
2 bottles ginger ale
mint sprigs
lime slices

Political

Goddamn your
indifference

That Rips and
Tears
driving me to my
knees,
knocking me askew,
wishing
for a blade

to drive it
into
you.

things grind
and grate,
rip,
tear,
causing bloodshed,
tears,
heartache.

Yet
you are blind.
And these things
happen.

They Do.

Lisa Sheppard

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