

IF IT WERE TO BE NOT SO, THEN WOULD IT BE

They envied "mother Nature" and became Gods with her elements,
Her inhabitants were loved but never understood by them.
Kneeling down on knees of Mother Earth,
I gave her praise and felt my birth.
Kingdom of the ant so small, I laid
On chin to call, their Queen, so close.
The servants, upon answering, told me to wait
And on small grain composed her gate.
Presence took some time to be but this
New world did interest me, absolutely.
An ant went by and I called to him,
How can you work and bear an grin?
The answer came as no surprise, the
Truth poured out from his eyes.
My hand I laid upon the ground,
The ant crawled up, then off we bound.
Some call this dream and others fancy,
Subject life or is it chance.
He stood upon my finger trip and
Asked if we should make the trip.
I asked where that we should go.
The Land of Skulls and Death with woe.
A grain moved back and out she came
But red wasn't black and I was sane.
My friend and I whose coloured black,
Had come to watch the ground attack.
Now I laid me down to see and
Thus the show began to be, insanity!
Black on red with red on black and
Blood did flow on down their backs.
The object was to get the head, with
Bodies black and heads of red.
Battle raged and violence flew,
The red was fierce and nearly through.
I caught a glance, my little friend,
Had gone below and met his end.
Would I be sure that he was gone?
Would we be friends in this new song?
The ground was full of two-way pain,
Black had lost and red had gained.
All lost their heads and some a body,
A flag now flew and it was "Gaudy!"
Confusion rattled in my brain and
Life, of all, became insane.
Was this the truth of things above,
Is this the Earth of God's sweet love?
Squeamish came my vision's heart,
My ant had gone and I would start.

I cried aloud:
If life and death are such, called one,
Then black and red could least be brown.
Behold! To my eyes now weighed in lead,
A head of black with a body of red.
I reached to touch and sought to seal
If this vision's mine or it were real.
Yes, it's me, my friends replied
I gave my hand, and three we cried.
Upon repose from joy so great,
Down we sat and thus we spake.
Where had you been and what have you seen?
The answer was a time machine.
The answer was a time?
The answer was a?
The answer was?
The answer:
THEE!

Stephen J. Vasseur

So she and the Pope eloped
Drank beer, smoked dope
And then the Pope couldn't cope
So she hung him with a rope,
Washed him with soap
And he died without a hope.

Petulia Peabuckle
Art Farkle
[composed jointly in a moment of inspiration]

'MY CATHOLIC YOUTH'

into the world
born
sprinkled in the waters
of a religion
full of history and number
the baptismal rite
soon to bleed
the sweat and guilt
and fear of fire,
after twenty centuries
God transformed
into Love
an atom bomb
hung round his neck
like a rosary.

OUR LIFE OUR VIRTUE

The tone was harmony:
A swift sliding of water on smooth stones...
Blending easier than Light:
Within the promised pattern of subtle shadows.

The shape was softer than master music,
Curved by a genius-mind:
Unresting,
Unbarred.

The touch was too tender;
Seen as some split-second sense;
for:
How long can tears trickle dew-like on a cheek,
without
falling...
Like precious pendant pearls?

[For is the pain which graces human sorrow with timely tears,
Greater than the inner strife and later death of the oyster
killed for pearls?]

The real Virtue lies between these lines...
In always hoping to hear when deaf,
In somehow seeming to see when blind,
In suddenly, joyfully singing when dumb;
...Such Life is Virtue:
A heroic venture to Love that which you
can never have.

By Becky Mowat

'THE WADING POOL'

children
laughing splashing crowding
in the hot afternoon sun
a little society
of joy and indignation.
two lovers
lie on the grass
holding hands
watching
and then i saw her:
behind the children
in the pool
behind the grass
i saw her
sitting on a lawn chair
fat and sweating
nearing old age
Reader's Digest in her hand
no sunglasses
little shade.
of this
i know only
that something in her
made me feel
a

very
deep
pity.

RHETORIC, THE

And is that w
Onto ourselve
Does the obje
You seek the
Is the giver u
Hold one side
Mountain be
If free will th
Where lies its
Are called bu
And to what
Part of death
Which gives a
Who so bold
Were created
When he was
Earth cooled
But who give
Love, for we
Need no will
Gave us a tes
Explain or ma
We call this
Endless and
Of fear to be
And is the to
Vipers swallow
Good to be a
To be insane
See the mean
Being to be
Is the Bible
Intellect, ev
And its need
But feels the

RHETORIC, THE

1
Soft swan w
Have been h
The butterfly
Crawling to
Gifted grass
To speak an
Compliment
You real, no
Itself as bei
It, but what
Eternities ha

2

Looking in
Sailing on a
It will not s
Tears, for w
The drowning
Whose life
With her w
You we've r
Forgot. Cry
Mad self w
Forgotten lo

3

Come soft
Come now
Your duty,
Must hold
The duty o
Good streng
See its end
Blinds our
Create that
To see you
Nothing fur

Stephen