



TOLINOIS POESIS POETRY

Haiku

The exploring mind
Following the winds of fancy
A fluttering kite.

O dark horse running
Do not stumble by rivers
Of a boy's dream.

—LeRoy Johnson

FOR A MILLION OR MORE MORTICIANS

Fling wide the door
That I may hear
The thunder roar,
There is no tear
Like a door closed
There is no tury
Like that I rage against
Those who would bury
A man, oak casket and all
Deep in solidity the pit
Beating beating in fury
Against the creeping velvet
And the worms that hurry.

LeRoy Johnson

YOU BLEED MY LOVE

Dark siren
nascent cry in my midnight
Words cannot howl you into darkness drowning

Silver sphere
acid globule in my brain
Seas shall not swirl without your skyward ascent

Sweet heart
flowering pulse in my life
Roses cannot prick you in metaphers of love

The wind keens down, the moon sings fly
You bleed my love and so I die

—Allan Annand

From: Under the North Star

Proverbs:

Unhappiness is built upon the
imagined happiness of others.

Language, like the hand, is a
groping extension of the self.

The good life is that which you
would.

LeRoy Johnson

Epitaphs:

Politician

Here I lie
As on earth
For ever and ever.

Wit

Your sadness suits this place
We're all grave fellows here.

—LeRoy Johnson

SPIDER

My mind wandering,
hands dipping, retrieving
in the scummy water —
there barely eight inches from my nose,
playing dead, aware of my eyes
— a dark knot of spider.

Her round perfect
yellow spotted body wiggles to life.
Somewhere on the blonde wood
beyond my eyes
she is finishing her web.

Spider spins
Woman washes
We are friends.

Spiders are lucky.
Shall I keep her
like a Greek housewife
with her milkfed housesnake?
Spiders unfortunately drink blood.
Or does she come down at night and
sip drops by the sink?

I know where a fly
thinks himself the lazy winter resident
of a window

and I must remember
not to wipe the wall
where her web lies
invisible.

Jo Beckett

From the classifieds:

Fifty Dollar Fantasy

Fantasmical finitude geometrical O
Feminine, sessional, fessional pro-

—John Blaikie

SEASONAL

music of thrushes nesting
in rotten rafters...
tears of a blind man

cat tired of hunting
yawns and stretches itself in
barred shadows

october, the sound
of twirling leaves broken
by screams from a window

first snowfall—
old men huddle in doorways
cursing birds' feathers.

—Marty Singleton

