



## Perhaps

there is a better delerium  
to be in  
rebecca,  
or  
do you enjoy  
talking to yourself  
through typewriter keys.

perhaps  
you have a mystic enemy  
who fights with his mind  
and says  
he cleans people.

perhaps you have  
a lover  
who loses his mind  
and thinks  
with his body  
whenever you ask.

perhaps you have  
no one  
who gives his soul  
for little favors  
and asks  
for nothing.

perhaps  
there is a better delerium  
to be in  
rebecca

j. dey

## Under the Volcano

the thousand ghosts  
of lives and loves that  
are gone by but  
have not passed;  
these wraiths  
grey shadows  
curl like smoke rings  
from darker corners  
and settle roughly  
round your neck:  
they grasp your shoulders  
much too hard for sleep  
to show escape.

you turn your head  
to the present one  
not yet a ghost  
and she is changed;  
face and hair grow long,  
like a frosted cloud  
and  
eyes expand with knowledge  
of your fear, your shame  
of things you couldn't do.

she is another —  
she has returned  
to chill your safe warm bed,  
to prod you to the edge  
and push  
to ravage what you thought  
was real  
and then —  
as you remember —  
slowly waft away.

bruce m. lantz

