



graphic
by
ted
pritchard (WII)

the
poets
are
anonymous

Walk out into the nights softness
circle round the store front windows
smile at all the people laughing
with your freedom and your messages
to the world full of watchers.
All your times are laughing times
surging times and friendly times
and beauty rests a gentle hand on you.

Do you remember the circle game we played
four laughing faces
in the street lights and the store lights
and the lights that shone from night time
faces
lighting up the darker streets
we walked upon with pleasures pace?

So light that dandelion fluff
would turn to lead before your bluff
"I can fly with someone flying
lightly on my arm"
and the bluff was no lie
For you carried me, an elbows burden
easier than a soft kiss on a child's forehead.

I will not call your name again
or ask you to be here to sing with me
accompanied by all the string that move
with fluttering dancing fingers
You gave us freedom's calling card
presented without disregard to childish
hearts
who cherish without masquerade your
laughing time.

Ode to an addicted drummer

For three months you stood aside
and listened to rhythms pass you by
no sound of sizzle snare or sock
You collected many hours of dust on top of many hours plea-
sure

You were sure of leaving sounds behind you
fear of too many tomorrows lead you away
from rhythm's love of mind and heart and flying writs
out of the market place of time and sound and fill.

I watched you fill the empty hours
rapping bruises on your knee
talking and trying to teach me what you know
though my fingers are for pens and strings not for sticks.

You let the truth leak out of too many smiles
of pleasure at the sound of a good cut
and you banged too many fingerprints
on too many car dashboards
to have really taken the cure.

Some day when I return from wasted hours
of scratching at a deadwood desk and flattened deadwood
oaper
a base drum tripped me on my way across the room
and i saw its friends standing waiting with it for you
and that well known pattern for your touch.

Soon hours after you scoffed again
at noisy barroom laughing crows
who didn't understand your love
while i sat in a corner behind you
watching with a fraction of the satisfaction
of alive once more with rhythm in your veins...

A.P.