

as was the world

here, now, i
wish to engrave upon us here
no less than the words: "here,
while in love we walked, beneath
and above the trees, the clouds, beside
and in the brooks, through angry fields
of hungry eyed flowers
that reached out with small bony hands
at our loving, at our breathing, which
was as ephemeral, anyway, as was the world.
as were the flowers that shaded that world"

bernell macdonald

The Undone Door of Life (a poem to Dylan Thomas)

Do not go, gentle Dylan
Away from the safety of my hand
Into that good night where rainbow chances
are the ticking stars
Do not die, innocent Dylan
Running after the revolving top
Being at the bottom where the cage world turns.
Do not cry, quiet Dylan
As the end, the weary end, draws near
For the pleasure of closing the undone door of life,
You and I my easy Dylan
Shall laughing to our angry music
Slam it shut on our way out.

Kevin R. Bruce

BY



"Let's talk about the princes," she said,

"You know I love them so."

I didn't really believe her then, for

I had never seen her thoughts.

But they spoke to me that very day

And made it very clear.

You see the mole she killed with her

Skulptured smile

Was very nearly me.

"P.J.M."

Kevin R. Bruce

if my desires are not your desires

if my desires are not your desires
to love
as swallows love to fly
then bid me bye

and if i should cry because of it
remind me then
to take you to a world
where swallows plunder and destroy
the nests of men

bernell macdonald