

'EARLY SPRING MORNING'

bare spring branches
against the morning blue
a modest prelude
to summer's ripening
the stars have all but faded
into a secret beauty
and then are no more.

FLASH

Flash!
Flash!
An' another flash!
Can you see them?
Oh, they're so kind
Composing pictures
Sharp on my mind.
Flash!
Memories hidden
Lost long with time
They reappear now
As chains to bind.
Flash!
My eyes now clear.
No longer blind.
I see the truth
Within my mind!
Flash!
Peace at long last!
Fear an outcast!
Peace to my heart,
But of what kind?
Flash!
That's for me to know
And you just never mind!
Flash!
Flash!
An' another flash!

'AFTER ALL THE LOVE-ME-NOTS'

Knowledge of each other
Should be given
as delicately
as the child
pulls the petal
from the daisy
until
after all the love-me-nots are gone
we are left only
the sweet center
of ourselves.

"Come with us, please.
Live the raptures of youth,
Share the birth of joy,
While learning about truth."

With forgotten fragrances
Of summer's early green
The mind shifts images
Of just another dream.

Gentle beaches caressing
Babes beneath the sun.
Touched by the moon's glow
As lovers they would run.

How soft were those meadows?
Oh, how soft are they yet
On the slopes of the mind,
Can they really forget?

Waking to the stroke
Of warmly smooth skin
You see another's eyes
And you know you've been.

By Lynette Wilson

'BEACH'

BROWN BODIES
BUBBLING GIRLS
WITH BOUNCING BREASTS
TANNED GODDESSES
DRESSED FOR THE SUN:

the white skinned pagans
tip-toe
cross the sands
in homage.

'WALK BREAK ON THE PRINCESS MARGARET'

Sun
making love

she
rippling happily
under warm caresses

unborn child
of aesthetic conception
crushed
beneath the roar
of mechanical abortion.