

mark's * five poems



Black Cats

It was
over-hearing Chicken Little that
caused the loss of hair of
the bald headed eagle. It wasn't the black cat;

it was
the prior feeling of doubtless well-being
pleasantly staring into the candles burning
before thinking that surely it should be saved
for something special. After all

it was
only burning and it
was such a nice new candle
to just watch as it burnt itself out.

Soaring upwards, the sky really did look as though it were falling.



Remembering Love's Moment

Your blue eyes reflected the sea
tinting its blue even bluer;
In double exposure I bathed in them
in the seas of your eyes
adorned you queen with sea-shell ornament
dove for oysters and
capturing the pearls of your wonderous Chinese cookie expressions
chained our hearts forever to the shores of my Euphorian Memory.

Phantoms

Fields of alfalfae and warm green grass
swept them away in their rhythmic sway.
Phantoms grown alive from fantasies dreamed,

That bathed within the mountain stream
and showered in a stupor with the drunken falls
unlocked the soul and treasures of the heart

To strip and stalk the sun-bathed paths
of any forest to climb its tallest tree.
They lay down there within a cloud

To share these things in privacy.

The Peddler

She glided to me on her
magic carpet
of female charms and tricks
paddling the fuel
for my heart's furnace.

With the seasons' change
she peddled
paisley-colored umbrellas
then glided away on her
magic broom.

The Pulpit

They uprooted and tore down the pulpit
of marble and granite
And threw it in a pile
of free smoke and fire
But
granite does not burn;
(neither does marble).

The flung in a last desperate attempt
the poetry always read from it
And watched the parchment paper
turn to ashes and blackest cinder
But
the rhymes forever embedded in
their minds were left, unburned, burning.



These poems were submitted to The Inside by a Business student in third year. Mark is serious about his poetry and devotes much spare time to it, but he does not want to have his last name divulged.

Graphics by Debbi Poind