

TWO MONTHS AFTER . . .

I remember, still, a light,
Green and warm, in that timelessness;
A mortal's dream that gave us birth;
A space where words had no sound,
Laughters kissed tears in a song,
And shapes grew in red,
Encircling wild imaginings.

Perhaps you and I were one, as they say,
Your spirit my sanctuary,
My shame your delight;
But I remember not the wanting,
Not the sweet agonies of the flesh;
I remember not, the concealed,
For the cries have abandoned my nights.

We are forgotten to his darkest hour;
And he dreams now, only of serpents and thorns.
I am there and so are you,
Both blind to the other;
Listening to faceless forms,
Their laughters forgotten by tears,
And songs muted and afraid.

Emotions move in faded blues and browns,
Breeding social decay where there is no sin.
The mortal has awakened, I know,
Remembering, still, that light,
Two months after the flight.
But you and I - his visions in the night;
We have forgotten how to pray.

Idil Ozerdem



FOR SUSIE LOWE

So endith a perfect day
spent in the sun.
Tears of frustration
and bitterness of an up,
(after four days of down)
ruined by one word,
NEXT!
and one song,
Bye-Bye Love.
To see you cry so
made tears come to my eyes,
Knowing that you
my new but very dear friend,
were hurting inside.
I'm glad for you
that I was there,
with my friend,
to hold your hand
while your tears flowed.
I know that we helped,
but I wish we could have done more,
made you see that
it's not worth while.
Life's too short
for tears.

Debbie Brine
August 14, 1977

PRAYER

Hurry, Time,
make hours fly
and let me be in a moment
with my precious little girl.
But after we have spoken
Look elsewhere, Time,
and leave untouched
her honeyed youth.

Maurice Spiro

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

And, now, we must part,
The eagle and the dove;
Fly, each to our own land,
Let the clouds darken the sky.

So, we close this chapter,
Wrap it in rose petals,
Drown the smiles in our songs,
Fight demons in the night.

Go - fly over horizons unknown;
Fly - seek a new love.
The sky is yours; the dust
Mine - for wings, no longer have I.

Fly - and remember not the dove.
Feel - unashamed and bold.
The sun will rise for you.
The nights will belong to me.

Idil Ozerdem

ADVICE TO NOONY

To hell with your friends!
It's your life,
so live it
as you so choose.
Love
who you so choose,
and live with
the consequences
of this love.
But don't blame me,
for this advice
you sought from me,
if all goes wrong.
Live with the fact
that you had
a choice,
and you blew it!
But if all works
out with your
new love,
I won't refuse
the credit.

Love Deb.

Debbie Brine
Sept 29, 1977

MACDONALDS

push wait unending tense
order slow served
everything money clang cents
grumble gobble unnerved

Kathryn Popovich

i don't know why
i like you,
you intrigue me
could i ever get to know you?
would you let me in?

i'm scared to be turned away
left behind:
and forgotten

like all the others.

i'd like to know you
to understand you
to comprehend you
as you.

would you like to know me?
come and be my friend.

Kathryn Popovich

WO

Everybody
ians and bar
than their sha
problems. And
new mental
North Dako
problems to
won't curl her
The Cass Co
Association re
special works
and beautician
Set and Symp
to turn barten
ers into good
identify also
troubled cli
professional
workshops, th
beauticians p
playing exerci
a list of ment
where their
private and
(Newscrip)

Anita Bryan
too happy abo
Comfort, auth
Sex," has a ne
publication on
only this or
adolescents. A
lacking in the
title. The auth
if he wants to
or "One on O

Everyone k
mean by a Can
But how abou
London educat
Well, in case
maybe this v
British have
commuter cou
train from Can
During the 75
train passenge
take courses i
architecture a
nomics, French
The commute
ses have been
well, with on
reported. The
has limited cl
than half-a-do
(News)

Li
w
SAV
On
Stero
As Gr
Othe
The
* LIM