

WALLABY, WORKBOOT, SLINGBACK, LEATHER

The eyes, pierced through the glasses  
of the Blue Room, while  
The good understandings  
Wallaby, Workboot, Slingback, Leather  
Stand on comfort of carpet  
Blue eyes, blood-shot wroughtworn with 3-month years, gaze  
In search of it's seagull, Where  
Wallaby, Workboot, Slingback, Leather, Walk  
Out there, where  
The Blue eyes follow the  
Cement maze, where  
Talk is too brief  
Hurry too great.  
The student northern lights of this vast day, go  
To seek their northern light in  
The brickest of brick buildings  
The brick of brick buildings  
Only the shuffle of feet  
Wallaby, Workboot, Slingback, Leather  
The northern light fades the day into  
The vast night.  
The mixmaster burrs, vibrates the  
hollow hand that holds, but  
Not so the student's foot, who  
Tramps the concrete maze, between  
The brickest of brick buildings, between  
The brick of bricks.  
These students, with good understandings  
Wallaby, Workboot, Slingback, Leather  
Thing not well of their daytime drudge, for  
It is only Nov. 13th; time is a month yet  
exams are a month yet  
Their northern light shimmers yellow now  
That northern light of this vast day, is  
murmuring grey, while  
The good understandings  
Wallaby, Slingback, Leather, Workboot,  
Scuffle, Click, March, Crawl.  
The light pierces their sky, erases their seeming time  
The Blue blood-shot eyes now pierce close  
Through the glasses of that room Blue.  
The light has lost its glow, for  
It is Dec. 14th.  
Along flush is in the sky.  
The good understandings  
Workboot, Leather, Wallaby, Slingback  
Stomp, Stomp, March, Click,  
Stomp, Stamp, March, Click,  
Step their journey to the gym.  
It is done.  
They are done.  
The Blue eyes, the brick, the understandings  
move away.  
Lilting laughter lingers through this northern light, yet  
The night light has gone, yet  
It's blush will linger as  
The good understandings will remember.  
Wallaby, Workboot, Slingback, Leather.

I. Marilyn Johnson

AFTER THE MORNING AFTER ATWOOD

And where were you sitting, my dear,  
When the kind one answered our first grub "Guess!"  
Gave her victimised smile and then [couldn't you hear?]  
Said DON'T CALL ME A POETESS!

Simon Leigh

AND YET SHALL YE RISE

Brisk outdoors and chilly floors indoors  
The blankets of the night must soon give up  
The freedom of a world all our warm as toast own  
As we must rise to face the breaking day  
How can we not, when sunny skies beckon.  
The frozen dew is melting  
And soggy leaves no longer rustle  
Cracked mirrors in roadside puddles  
Slowly disappear, as though not wanting  
To reveal the vision they reflect  
Of bleak and barren landscape  
Not too long now  
When we find that Mother Nature  
Blesses us with her version of  
A blanket white and light  
Maybe then the trees will want to sleep in too.

Sheila Thompson

The Morning after the morning after...

or

"Poor Margaret."

Ascerbic eyes gazed over the herd.  
A task... A chore...  
You know there'll be

so,

many more...  
...such a bore...

Shall she spit acid into their face?  
You know they..

such

a pitiful disgrace

That motley race

of vacant eyes,

She does

so despise, them in their ignorance

But,  
then again....  
sun...or rain,  
Life is, just a pain.  
May as well?

Go to hell.

By Edward McMahon