

pegasus:

A PERSONAL GRUDGE

Another millennium came and went; and
they did not call me.

I would have at least smiled and waved
my hands, and blown my whistle
Perhaps I might even have hopped upon
the wagon and swelled the crowd.
But they did not call me.

They sang forth love and brotherhood
and offered hands of welcome
To the faceless and disinherited in the
quagmire of uncertainty
There was godliness in their boundless love.

To have been fed on deceit, cradled by
the visionless poverty of comfortable minds
And built-in souls, of shameless greed,
and selective utopia;
And to have still emerged from the
production line
Bright-eyed and discerning words from
actions, motives from ideals
Speaks well of the resilience of youth
and the innocence of humanity
But they did not call me.

I waited at the crossroads, hunched
to the wind,
But the parade passed me by.
Their music resounded, strong and shimmering
But to me, feeling its slight as cold
steel upon the flesh
The rhythm had left though the
beat remained

I sensed the ogres of mystics and
astrologers,
They have answered lies with facility
hate with hate, conformity with conformit
I saw the moth spiralling to its doom,
a final incandescence showered visions
Of faded tapestries, afternoon teas,
flamboyant anarchists;
Crinolines, flowing dresses; and bile
and pity welled within me.
The music faded; it had come and
they did not call me.

Poh Lin Lee



REFLECTIONS

Gifts of innocence, laden with the morning mist
the lilac she fondles, a lily stem she twists
as we walk beside the river her locks long-live
the visit of a breeze..
over her shoulder the river only seems
still and quiet
like the lips of her smile.

She talked of her childhood and how it has gone
age was a number, birthdays were fun
a woman on the stairs across the street
resting on her mop in stocking feet, simply staring..
but she carries on
with the whisper of her shoes as they pass over the lawn
talking of her childhood and how it has gone.

Duncan A. Harper

FIRST POEM - AFTER THE REVOLUTION

We are the wandering men
Who dress our passions in coloured cloaks
That hide our raging souls
That swim beneath our gaunted, haunting faces.
We are the wandering men
Who have scorched your ground
And burnt the cracking towers
You built to fondle the etereal sky.

Masters of your own illusions!
"The sky," you spoke in blind rejoice
"Is a pure white cup of honeyed bliss.
Man, in strength, must have his iron towers
Tip the philosophic cup of deep rich splendor
And down will pour the drippings of the grapes of God-
Mellow wines to bathe us all in happiness."
Creators of your own delusions!
Who saw the skies as white-
Who with your engines' huffing groans
That built your sacred temples to attain delight,
You painted all in smoke and sour grime
And the sky you thought you saw as white
You turned into a poisoned, blackened slime.

We are the wandering men
You caste aside as empty bottles
Thrown in the furied drunkard's craze.
We are the wandering men, naked now,
Our haunting fired faces soothed by the mists
Of smoke that mingle with the floating ash of ruined towers.

D. Bailey

THE STORM

Alone in this cold white room
I sense your flowing presence
your burning warmth
enfolds my body
captures my mind.

Piercing longings
flash white fire
through the empty caverns
of my being.

I am alive in my illusions.

Below me a tormented sea
Thrashes rigid rocks
with green-black waters,
Mystic darknesses enshroud my sight
Through the throbbing distances
your meaning is obscure
as my own,
My reality
threatened
by strangling misconceptions I cannot undo.

In an opiate mist
I wander through my inner world
feel my Self
spiralling downward
into your anguished madness
your frenzied search for meanings.

I cannot resist
but surrender to your body's vibrant giving
Though an illusion - still real.

Black churning heavens
alive with chaotic tremblings
Draw me into their being
and I am one with this universe.

Terri Craig

"JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE"

She was dying half naked on the beach
But conscious enough to feel the surrounding peak
Of curiosity.

They walked passed and casually glanced at her
From her head their thoughts were registered in a blur
"She's just another one of those."

Her life was spilling out so fast and cold
But the sightseers weren't big enough or bold
Enough, to help her.

"She was just another one of those."

Linda Poirier