It's raining out. I want to go out Walking In the rain Scared to.

With water comes moods, emotions, cares I wanted to forget With wind comes wildness, joy, hair blowing. With pitter patter comes calmness. Urgency, wanting.

When the wildness comes, I crash out the door And walk for miles Taking my heart with me.

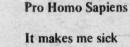
Down every street
I walk
With arms outstretched
Past all the houses wom I love best.
My heart screeching
Let me come in
I'm looking for someone
I love,
to talk to.

All you have to do
is
See me and say
Come on in
And give me a warm cup of coffee
And let me feel your love
Then I'll be satisfied.

Funny though, it's never happened.

I'll walk past all my houses
And slowly realize
That's nobody's going to see me
And if they did
They'd probably think that if I wanted to see them
I'd ring their doorbell.

But I won't
I'll keep on looking,
reaching,
Crying my heart out,
Because I want them to want me.



To realize That all of us Will multiply The existing superfluous supply . . . Thick and fast We come at last And more, and more, and more! Scrambling and squeezing together We only supplement the score . . . Individual value Topples prostrate As we struggle to get Our piece of the cake; Dominated by others Forced to conform 6 Afraid for our lives To deviate from the norm . . . Take me away, far away, Where deer and antelope play!

(or is it deer and antelope

-Cathy Baker

season today?)

Her seated form became more distinct, but not entirely clear as 2 moves through the morning fog toward the shack. The old woman's unkept hair hung lazily upon her bosoms, and the only places visible on the face were two black holes, which 2 suppose were her eyes. In her arms was clutched a violin, played rather haphazardly but intensly, each note being ground out of the depths of hell. The strings were named "always," "eventually", "distantly", and "contradictory". Breaking them one by one, she retired into the dwelling to cook some hamburg for breakfast.

-Barbara Baird

Memories

Damp air and cigarette butts, Dusty bottles and dirty walls, Old books and ragged clothes, Faded posters and cobweb strands, Cracked hearth and empty glasses, Moth-eaten blankets and battered couch, Memories.

-Knot Walspake

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In Flight

If I were a bird
I'd fly away . . . no,
I'd soar away . . .
from where I got my wings.
I'd fly in circles
and dive in spirals,
and other crazy things.
My wings would take me . . .
no, they'd race me . . .
in daring blindness
across the skies at night,
when the only sensation
is the wind
on my wings
while in flight.

-Thomas Mitchell

I suppose some people can still Remember the good old days When pop cost a dime And a buck would do you all day At the fair. Now a buck is the fare.

