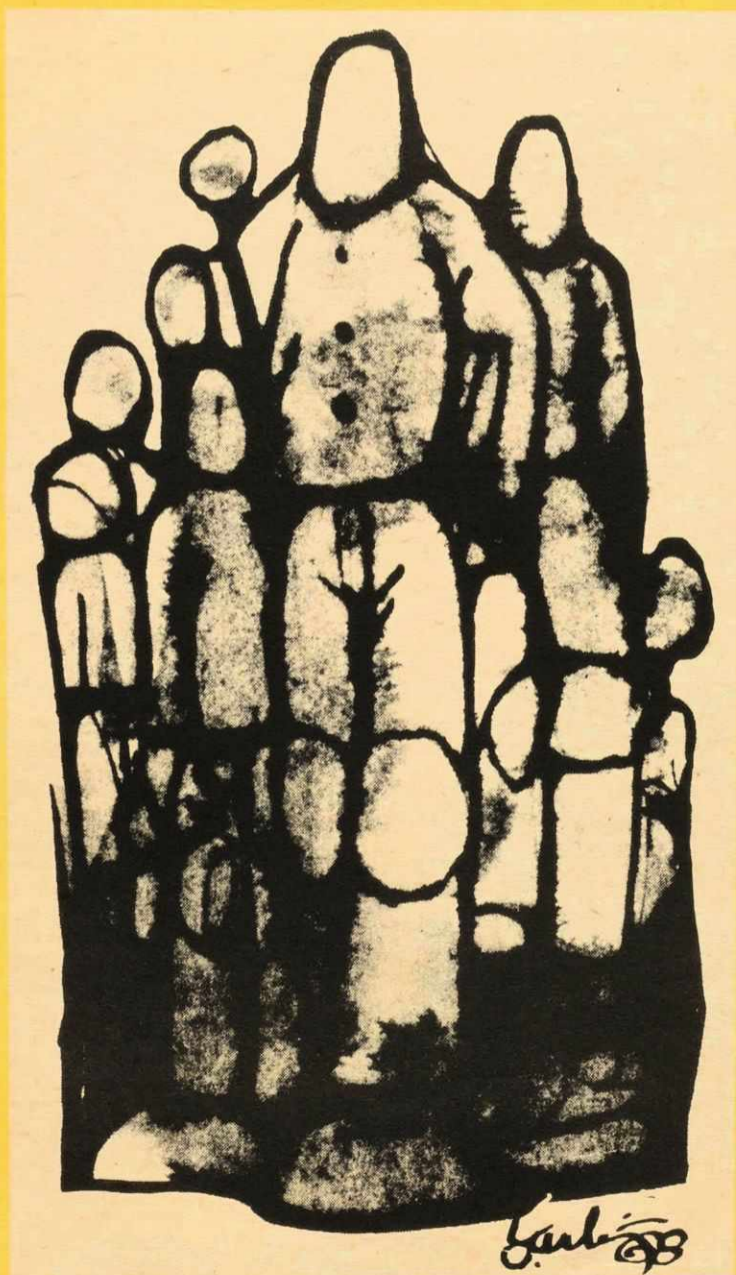


Lady

you know
there were times
of laying
on feather beds
of music
with cities
in our eyes
sunshine lady,
that i cannot remember.

all i know is
you reached for the cities
and lost them
while i reached for the music
and lost you.

j. dey



Poem for lost people

what is left when
the tears have dried up;
when the wall on your eyes
is burning,
and the best song is playing?
when your stomach turns
in its hardened pit
and your groin stretches
everywhere:
who can you be
this time?

when all tears have fallen
and your thin body quivers
with an inner pain;
when your hair hangs matted
with congealed sorrow
that rustles in your soul...

when the war is just over
and yours has begun,
and the bullets come faster
shredding your flesh...

when you don't know
what has been —
what is left?

bruce m. lantz

