



gazette
Arts

supplement



Mike Graham

Sestina on the bank of a river

Reading is what I most treasure
not the books but the energy
of the authors who now face the worms.
I dreamt once that I went fishing
with a worm picked from the daisies
and then I conversed with a spirit.

I know it's SNAFU to talk with a spirit
but it's like reading which I treasure
more than I do the prints of daisies
on a woman's summer frock as the sun's energy
abounds on a perfect day for fishing;
more than I treasure puns about worms.

Before I reach the point where the worms
reach me, I hope that my spirit
is as fulfilled as when I went fishing
with Hemingway — a time I treasure
and shall always because his energy
is a hummingbird, sleeping on the daisies.

I wonder about all the daisies
which I'll end up pushing while the worms
spawn in my socks and my energy
becomes long forgotten. Christians say the spirit
is something that joins the big treasure
of God's gold, but I think Sunday is for fishing.

Still, it's a good thing not everyone's fishing
on Sunday; or else the daisies
would all be trampled, all the treasure
signed out of the libraries, and worms
hunted to extinction, and the spirit
world would close from lack of energy.

Blake said, "Life is an expression of Energy"
I'm sure he's dead now not fishing.
It's hard enough to have the spirit
to give a beautiful woman daisies
and not talk about the worms
instead of the things she might treasure.

Spend the energy if you ever treasure
a day spent fishing with many worms,
and do it before your spirit pushes up the daisies.

Geoff Ineson

There Is No Title

Only after sundown do they come to violate my bed
and ask, "Do you understand yet?"
I rarely reply.
I am tired of telling them to knock,

of their apologies slick with use
and of their laughter, low dark unsounds
that shackle more surely than iron.
They claim I feel the wrong kind
of ecstasy and say wilderness
is my goal but I believe
it is only my medium;

they think I am
diving from the wreck into the ruins—
sharp wracked—
the caught breath and the splintered brow,
and the random buoy;

but when they try to forcefeed me sweets,
I know it is time
to just tip a wing at them and
smile like a hyena.

Joanne Merriam

A Mother's Prayer For The Dead

As every flower returns to the earth
All returns to whence it came,
Every way leads to one end
All roads end in the same way.

Every child returns to the hearth
From whence they came at dawn,
And with the drawing of Night
May you be welcomed back to
the embrace of the mother,
and at the end of the day
Rest soundly through the night
Asleep in her arms.

After the bloom must come the fall
Ashes to Ashes and
Dust is to Dust.
Here is your place of rest
Sleep well wayfarer.
The earth returns all flowers to bloom.

James Beddington