

The Button Man

I'm the button man.
 I press
 plastic rings around
 metal faces,
 paper circles with
 safety pin backs.
 Some are wrong
 they go back
 through the rings
 and are perfect.

I'm the button man
 on the bleachers, high-stepping
 coats and climbing.
 A leopard.
 A fire-house dalmation
 spotted by children,
 tug to see if the spots
 come off.

I'm the button man.
 I've got the best for you
 in all my best places,
 poked through
 a fly
 a pocket
 a thigh
 unpin me
 and pay me
 a dollar.

Norm Sacuta



photo Martin Beales

Unshoveled Walk

Fat white chickens, roosting on our stoop
 huddling together, silently shivering in the cold
 And I stomp down the steps, on my way to the walk
 Scattering the fowl, without a cackle
 Without a cluck
 Walking to the bus stop
 Shaking the down from my boots

Gilbert Bouchard

Untitled

A sloop rises above the roaring phalanx of coursing waves;
 The moon is full and silver,
 Racing behind storm clouds like a coy maiden.
 Dolphins follow crests and valleys in the screaming sea.
 All the world is grey and undulating,
 Filled with the sounds of a raging tempest.
 Here, in the midst of chaos, is Venus born;
 A child of the waves

Kit Edwards

*Kettle song:
 geese in the steam*

*Can you even hear your kettle whistle
 anymore? As billows of steam
 ruffle your calico curtains,
 wings pulled back,
 beak snaps at your skirt
 gander lunges
 forward, hissing madly while
 your rocking chair loses
 momentum, and you
 fall towards sleep
 watching your kettle
 boil dry.*

Gilbert Bouchard

C.A.B. Romance

The cleaning lady played an Italian
 serenade upon her broom
 as she waltzed around our table.
 Fluorescent candlelight illuminated
 the crowded room
 yet we were alone.
 The only sound I could hear
 was your laughter
 and the only light that shone upon
 me was that of your smile.

Cindy Livingstone
 Commerce I

Black Out

The vast carnal night,
 jackals
 swarm in the festering wounds
 of a crippled city

frenzied feeding,
 unguarded carcass,
 T.V. sets & shadows
 bolt over shattered glass.

Onlookers
 like frightened bushbuck
 flicker curious behind
 garbage can fires

burning insomnia,
 shrill cries,
 whiskey brave in the hunt

until prowling cops strike
 with spark sudden fury,
 flashing their bright red eyes,
 nightsticks hunger for skull.

Soon the wild hours wane,
 nocturnal creatures
 scurrying, scattering
 herds retreat the concrete savannah
 for the dawn's jungle shelter

precincts & hospitals fill,
 silence
 the city tries to sleep,
 bleeding in cool, clammy sweat.

Mark Malinowski

Destitution

If you cannot give me temporary shelter,
 A morsel of food and a warm sweater,
 You could at least lend me a knife
 And a white lily.

Kit Edwards

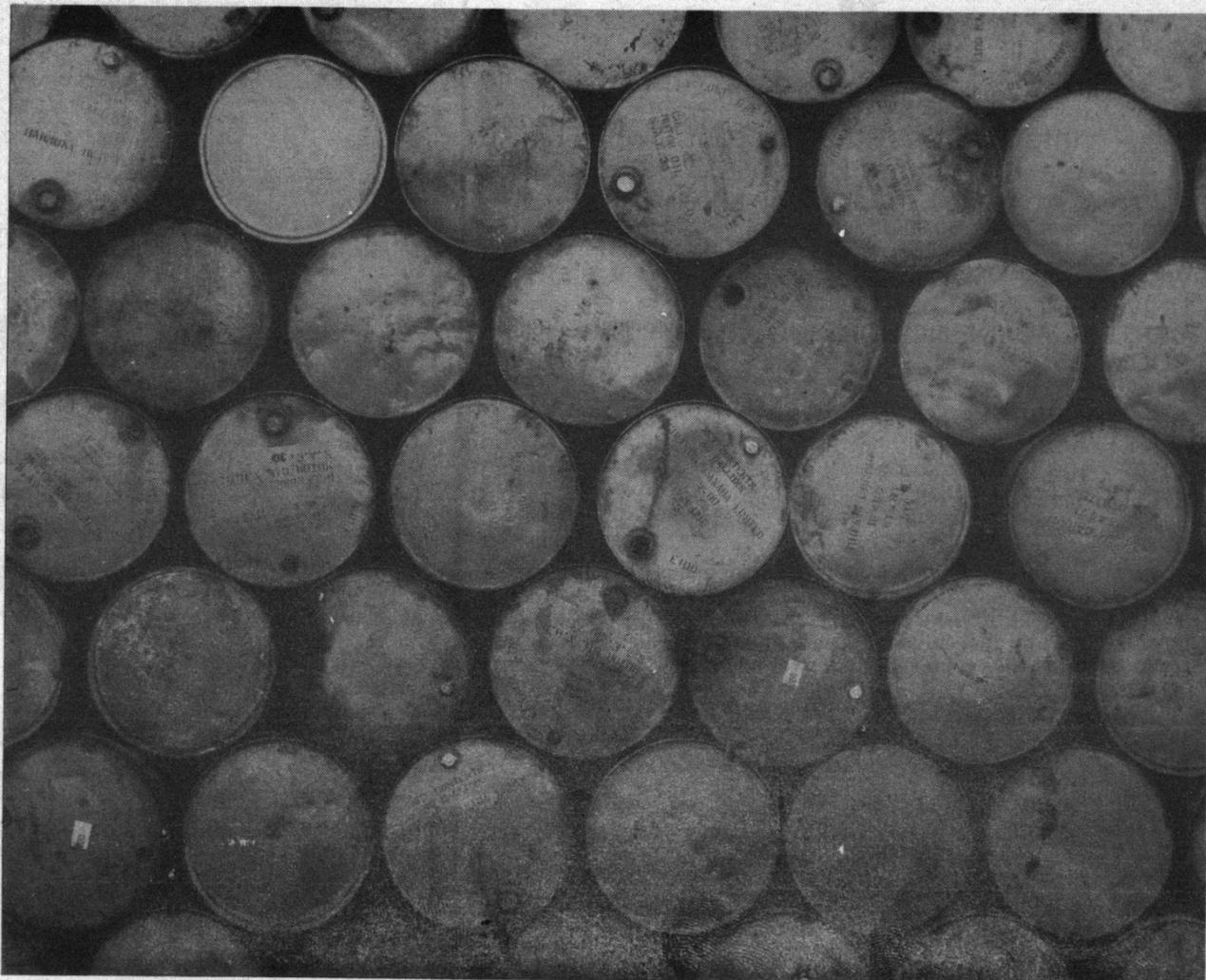


photo by Jim Miller