

POST

Editors Note:

What we have is sadness. It grows in everyone and breaks out in verse. We have sadness in love—sadness in growing—sadness in loss of season—sadness in seasons coming. Everyone is feeling something—each in his own way. The scene has been set, let everyone say what he feels...

Le Sure

She is Autumn—
Colors surround her
And cling to her arms—
Drip softly
From her eyes
To lie,
Silently,
At her feet.

I went for a walk once,
Alone—
You weren't around—
And watched a squirrel.
Not very important—
But, I thought you'd
Like to know.

Jack Le Sure

Dreaming Utopia

Bathed by oriental rainfall
In the midst of sweet jasmine.
Stepping in the nude
On morn fresh dew,
Brushing against triplet colored blades
Of autumn's tall children,
Smelling sweet fruit and clover,
Breathing the life of Elysium,
Lying naked on rainbow tails
Sprayed with fresh warm rain.
Tickled by wisps of virgin white clouds
Soft as your fingertips,
When loving me,
In a dream.

Ronald Halem

In Silent Adoration

Tonight I contrived
A fantasy for us.
We were together again
On some secluded beach.
We laughed and played
Like small children,
Your beauty surpassed
The majesty of an orange sunset
On that most gentle of nights.
Your hair thrashing in the wind
And I watching
In silent adoration.
Suddenly you dashed
For that turquoise sea.
I watched you submerged
In that warm blue liquid
And then I followed
We tumbled and splashed
In that sparkling sea.
With your face in my hands
I said I love you.
Kissed you, touched all of you,
And said I love you.
And then awoke crying.

Ronald Halem

*Love; Buffalo's Red? Red?
Find the Editor in Bed, Bed?
Spires of petals
Song song no no no sing
Sneakers shaft the moon
And squash Zuchini
This a poem,
For Morini*

Written at the Cape

The echos of impatient waters
Brushing against the rocks.
Perspectives change the land
Into an oblong arm of onyx.
Day brings the green,
The plush vitality of life.
Life emerges from night abodes,
While plants sprout silently,
With each scanty ray of sunlight.

Ronald Halem

to Lois:

*love
fading into the dying
morning mist
to find in the light that
it was never there.
i struggle in the isolation that would
never come.
no more to touch
her soft lips and enter into my mind
deep happiness.
love is lost
she fades into the dying
morning mist
to find in the light that
she was never there.*

On the Window

*the spray is wet and cold with winter
blowing came the rush of wind
sitting near a sunny window
summer's warmth fast flowing inward*

*winter's windy blowing inflow
reaches only to the window
racing toward the other bay
comes the crash of rushing spray*

*catching drops of mingling wetness
smashing wind comes crashing inward
out where winter quick could render
hoping that my face would wander*

*smiling back i saw the river
pushing at the waves of spray
i saw how quick the wind could send her
scurrying back the other way*

*stronger than the moving water
lighter than the floating spray
the forceful current cannot render
warm and snug i watch the spray*
—George Frick

The winds of change

The winds of change sweep our land;
Relentlessly fanning our cities, our ghettos, our shame.
We talk of togetherness, brotherhood, soul brother,
Bullshit!
Who is your brother? What color is your brother?
The world is divided into us and them;
Its struggle, primordial: the creation of a new mankind.
Who will win? "Us!" you say. "We shall overcome!"
"Right and justice are on our side!"
Trite cliches. Meaningless garbage spewed without forethought.
Who determines rights and justice?
The Supreme Court? Black Panthers? The Lone Ranger?
God perhaps.
They say God moves in strange ways.
He sure is a slow mother.

PAX

What a Laugh

*i sit and contemplate my future
But i don't know what i like.
i don't know what i want
Except of course, to be rich.
What a laugh.
What a gas.
It's really sad.*

*i want to find a real goal in life,
But not a pseudo one that most people have
To please their loved ones.
i don't know where to look for a goal.
Books and teachers have proven to be useless.
i am lost
i don't know where to go to find my direction.
What a laugh.
What a gas.
It's really sad.*

*i am lost in an establishment of so-called knowledge,
Which injects into my body abstract forms of information,
That ends up in the form of excretion.
This establishment is filled with false hopes and dreams
For it disregards the fact that each
Individual is trying to find his own God within himself*

*i have not found my own God
And i won't find it here
i will leave as confused and lost as i entered
What a laugh
What a gas
It's really sad.*

S.F.M.

THE DAISY

The iron days pass into a yellow eye.
All that had shone had such sharp
successions for a flower.
What drove them there?
Why so soon ironically grown
That was sown under so good a sun?
We try to count its razor petals
and only pray,
"The promise was already its own bloom."
Keith Brown

a gift of silver mountains

come with me, lie with me
naught but my friend,
take of my treasures
of mind and of soul.
laugh with me, cry with me
share of my life,
and when you must leave me
look not behind.

for love is worth hurting
when love has been free,
and each tear was silver
and laughter was gold.
do not look behind you
for then you will see
a wide trail of silver
is marking your way.

sara owen

Looking—Glass Image

Through a glass, darkly
An ancient face peers.
A baby face looks back at him
And laughs to see his tears.

One tear shed for the wrinkles,
Another for gray hair
The baby cannot understand
And so sits laughing there.

A tear shed for reflections
Of lost life passing by,
The baby looks again and then
Himself begins to cry.

Sara Owen