Poetry, photography reflect moods

Unicycling

dreamsportation is odd, it's true. As i peddled this unicycle grew. A buckerooer on parade cattily i leaned and swayed changing direction as i played.

then i began to see my destination was to be where traffic tangle, lights and wire in vain to trip my mount conspired.

by Rexall's slick tan bricks i roll to clutch the rubbery flagpole's ball too light-height or heat of Fright? i realize i must Fall.

no way out of town just one way down, no option right in front of City hall backwards, i fall.

--- Dian Coleman

Drunken in what country?

My tongue can lull and shout, may the people want me out. I don't pout, what's a pout? Whimpering, crying, bawling my body's slow and sprawling and the ground is solid ground;

I hit it with such force! I do want to know the place I'm felt.
So I'm being spun.

To pull apart at weak lines but to solidify. Where?

Pipi

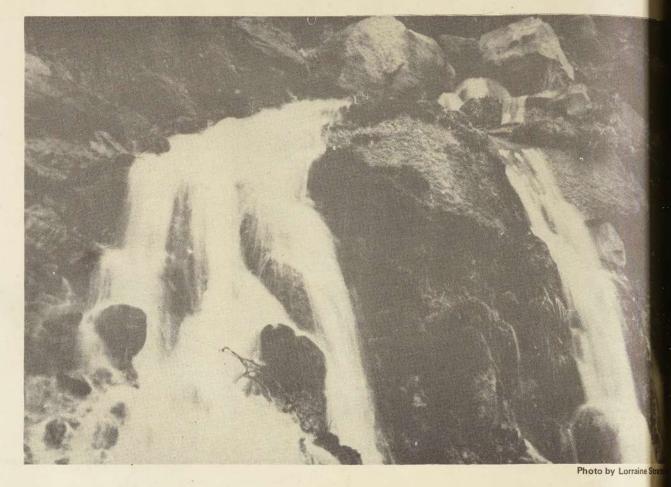
At A Loss in Time

I sailed across the river styx,
With Charon by my side.
A Putrid breeze in our face,
As we carried those in disgrace;
Who sang of the eel,
Who drank the wine;
I was handed a bottle,
Like the eel
I also became electrified!

In my debauchery
She appeared before me-or I before her--on the shore.
She was like a godess,
So white and pure.
Before any words.
I took a deep breath.
My body went numb,
I fell to the shore;
For powdery white sand
went to my head.

I walked alone, Along the shore; Escaped from reality, I realized it was no more.

--- Alan Cohen



In the Lower State

Falling dead upon the floor, leaves sprinkle my face, I dream of dark and mysterious things: I try to keep my place. spinning webs, (weaving traps) crying hard;

I try to rouse my brain but it lies sleeping also. My silk is dry, so too, my eyes, I hang in limbs, hungry. I grasp at things in space.

--- Cathy Griffin

Robert Krieger's "Creative Writing" course.

Editor's Note: The following

poems were created by Clack-

amas Community College stu-

enrolled in

dents currently





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