

Robert A. Hibberd
Into the Mirror of Doubt

Somewhere, I'll happen
to meet someone
again along the way
that I've known,
somewhere before.

In that moment of regret;
That instant of despair,
a false will be admitted;
a sin uncovered,
revealed; a faked smile
will signify
a new era of thought, and.
With this instance
comes a larger moment
so that this moment
becomes a greater
distance between
the mirror of doubt
and an inability
to differentiate
between the two,
so I'll say I knew,
swallow another brew

Because I know
that exploitation
is the name
of the power game
when you want Black and Blue
clouds to shower down fame
to the ground
so clouds once again
become unpicked
white coated cotton.

And how a dollar dies
compares with the cries
of a child
lost in the flood
of a rain,
so does the blood
from my heart
clog with each drag
of a cigarette
lit with the thought
of a timely sanction
taken against myself,
for you.

So that a cloud
of smoke fills
the bar
as a jar
holds fallen coins
of homage
to the sorrowful server
of brains going numb
during the sad
practice of someone
searching
for someone
somewhere.

This I know
true because
While a fat-man
who substitutes food
for sex
stands near
his white picket fence
staring at
the charred chicken
he has disposed
into a silver trash-can,
A stomach does
somewhere hurt
in the heat of hot
deserted jungle sun.
And sweat rolls
down his fat cheek
as watching
the new black neighbors
across the street
moving in and upward.
so is the hurt
that the meek
must feel
while being teased
with a meal
of unkept promises
that lead
to a loss
of trust
in all we seek.

like a paper clip
will itself
become a magnet
if clung to a magnet
for a duration,
I to am exhibiting
the sort of need
for a
consensual agreement
of a clinging
and a grasping
for you
and from you;
for you
and for me.

And this beer tastes
of residues tin
and essence watered down,
and this cigarette
stains and entrenches
my shirt,
hair and skin
and out through
my nose
making you
appear foggy
in the mist
of it all.

Still, though,
my conscience struggles
through fiendish plots
to turn dreams
against me
and remains
just a
friend of a friend.
and somewhere
near the end
the gap
will be filled
to start again
and that becomes
my birth
entirely over again.

And so
I gaze
at your structured image
gazing back at me,
in the mirror behind
the drinks
of whiskey and scotch
and I watch
with both eyes
as you
randomly tailor
your disguise
because
we will meet
again
somewhere
and again
we will
have to begin.

Jean Marshall
Death in the Afternoon

Boys with puny tools
excited to violate virgin empires
produce sing-song rhythms
with their saws
humming old tunes to new meters

Towering trees dwarf mere man
voracious appetites devour
endless greens and burp
ships, wagons, houses,
courduroy roads

Morning mingles with afternoon
steel rips through tender trunks
rich brocade bleeds white
yellow chips float o insect-laden air
an ax rings the death knell

Heads thrown back
men ponder death's direction
wedges lay the body out
winds whisper a eulogy
boys hum the hymn-tune

Heavy dark
the too-large body lies
with limp boughs outstretched
The coffin moist
pine-scented air

Adam Wagner
Jumping From The Roof Of A House To The Roof Of A Shed
(for Ken)

Climbing the ladder of a tree
into the air,
Up on top of things
wind blows harder
words fall shorter
branches thin until
our weight is a gamble
and the leaves at the top tell us
we are on our own.

Having practiced and conquered
launching off swings and branches
jumping from fences
Always
back to the ground.

I pictured smooth
the air above
the yard
from the point
of that roof where
we finally stood, together.

Down there my friend is a Catholic.
Down there I am Episcopalian.
Up here we hope God will not
consider such distinctions,
but carry us equally
from the roof of one
to the roof of another.
If we land safely
I will tell my friend about
the body of Christ -
it tastes like paper, but
the blood better than liquor.

When his sister calls him for dinner
the ground looks away - an uneasy catcher
I burst down that shingled runway,
pick up my weight in my arms and
plant that last ditch foot, leaving everything
I never wanted
behind on that roof with the last shadow of my foot,
liffing, spilling through distance.

That is my confession
That may be my absolution,
all in one jump.
Cleansed by dangerous air,
forgiven for my sins -
For stealing your sister.

I smuggled the wafers into my pockets
the body of Christ in my clothes
I met her down at the empty
playground.
I gave her communion
At the merry-go-round alter,
she tasted her savior,
In the trees by the field
with our lips and our fingers
we answered each other's hovering prayers.



poetry



Greg Benner
Sally

**Sold out to the big dream,
A picture on a T.V. screen,
Sally paints a picture
of her pretty face.**

**She always gets approval
for conforming to the rules.
A little mascara, a little rouge,
Sally creates a happy face.**

**All the boys do drool,
She's the school jewel
Sally's an all American gal,
Victim of a personal foul.**

**Sally dwells in a plastic palace,
A queen who's lost her balance
Sally is a dream created
After all things have faded.**