

REALITY CHECK

If you only knew the coldness
that grips my life,
you wouldn't be so quick to judge me.

If you only knew the bitterness
that swallows my soul,
you wouldn't so easily critique me.

If you only knew the madness
that controls my mind,
you wouldn't so dare cross me.

If you only knew the cries that
bleed from my lips,
You wouldn't think twice
about lending me your hand.

If you only could understand
the drama I call life,
you would see your reflection in that
smoke-filled mirror,
you would see it,
the truth,
and run.

❖ KEVIN WEAVER



AUTUMN WIND

Autumn wind
Combs the trees' hair
Roughly
Pulling at loose leaves
Littering the landscape
With the season's castoffs
As I reach to retrieve
Strands of hair from the floor
Of the bathroom
I feel the cold wind of autumn
Combing the castoffs
Of my life and scattering
Them to the four corners
Of the world
Making me bare, empty
Prepared
Waiting

Rosemary Jane

★ I WANT TINY PEACHES TO SHADOW
THE MILKY WINTER MOON ★

WHILE DRUNK WITH ELABORATE LANGUAGE
MY MOMENTS BECOME DELICATE AND LAZY

★ WILL YOU MANIPULATE OUR GARDENING
LOVE BY SMEARING
RAIN, AND CRUSHING WHITE ACHING WIND ★

★ WILL YOU WHISPER LATHERING VISIONS
IN THE STORM OF OUR LUSTFUL DREAMS

■ Lora Wahrgren



PARANOIA ISN'T AS MUCH
FUN AS IT USED TO BE

Oh Too Tight Pants

My Coffee Break Fantasy

As I sit in the sun with a good book,
I look at my watch 9:45.
He jogs by, body firm, his pants so tight that the inseams seem to be
screaming at me.
I'm in awe! My eyes bug out. My mouth opens and a slight drool comes down
the right corner of my mouth.
I wipe it off and as I do a slight blush comes to my face. I can't wipe that away! I turn
and watch as he jogs out of sight.
It's been like this every day for a month now.
Am I crazy?
Why can't I risk talking to him?
I've been in therapy for 5 years, and I'm a woman's libber in theory anyway.
If Stephie were here she would have asked him out by now. Been in and out and on
to another man if you know what I mean.
Stephie's got everything going for her.
Legs that go on forever, Breasts full and firm,
Money, Car and a great Job.
Blond hair blue eyes you know the all-American Dream Girl.
Don't misunderstand me I'm no dog.
My jet black hair goes on forever.
My eyes are deep earth brown and I can stand out in a crowd when I try.
But, Stephie doesn't have to try and that's why I hate her. No not really. Well
you know what I mean.
The only thing is she can't seem to hold a man.
I can't either, but I don't even try.
Stephie seems shallow unable to get close.
Look who is talking I've got a whole park between me and the man of my
dreams tight pants the jogging fiend.
Oh hell my fantasies are acting up again.
Dancing around in my head. What am I going to do?
Maybe I should phone Stephie and get pointers. Or better yet see if she is free to
meet me in the park tomorrow say 9:45 for a jog on our a.m. coffee break.

Virginia [?]