

Leslie Shufer



### SOCIOLOGY

Again, a siren's acid-metal scream;  
again, a dome whirling the blue  
of someone else's disaster —  
so jarring in the morning-mild wet,  
in the quiet of a street  
too narrow for the roaring force  
of tax paid mercies —  
these closer and more frequent wails  
belong in downtown grids of slum,  
not in this passageway  
for children's carts and collared cats,  
where Death is trained to wait  
his three score ten and more  
to earn such heralding.

ELIZABETH HOBBS

### DREAM POEM AND THE CUP OF CATS

I tossed in dreams last night  
(this morning the cats let me sip my tea,  
they add mystery, I look them  
in the eye and take long swallowings  
They guard their own dreams and  
tolerate mine)  
Going from room to room  
and scanning faces  
I looked for you  
and still can't be sure that  
you weren't there  
(the dripping of the cold  
water tap seldom stops  
I think it must enter  
these night wanderings  
of mine)  
Colors and scenes  
fragmented themselves  
it was the wrong way I  
had to open my eyes to morning  
as if a sudden hand  
became impatient and  
stilled the dripping  
It took all day  
to dry the colors out and.  
I never again could find  
the order in which they'd fallen  
— If only I could take some dreams  
out of the cats' eyes  
and make them mine,  
a captured intensity of inner eye  
that could never be dispelled;  
certain lives must guard intact  
their mystery.

A. E. TRACY



Donald Osborne

### HAIKU



All alone tonight  
When I light the same candle  
That we made love by.

HELEN PATTI

### AT BILL'S TAVERN

A tavern window shines  
with sliding raindrops  
through warm smoke  
one man turns  
his head  
eyes  
a laughing woman  
in red

amber beer  
drips  
slowly  
over  
down  
the pitcher's lips

while their lips  
fatten  
anticipation



ANNIE COOK

### SAND

You love me  
and I love thee  
but why are we loving  
in the sand by the sea

Sand is so nice  
for making a castle  
for making love  
somewhat a hassle

LYNN MYERS



### THE COMMON MURRE

Even the books tell it. How  
the bird will die a public death.  
We saw it run sick toward  
the lips of ocean and trip  
on a gray glide of water  
to fall headfirst. It arose,  
wings still sound to dry themselves  
and beat out enough strength  
to advance where the next wave  
rolled the bird up, erased it,  
and tide further flooding caught  
the bird's last prints in the sand.

We walked to where the ocean  
was smoothing itself. Sadly  
we threw a stick the dog saved  
again and again from the surf:  
"The Common Person, the witness,  
lives in the town and migrates  
restively to the coast  
where he feeds on an image  
of death that could have been worse —  
and where for some reason  
the dusk will conjeal itself  
into a red hallowed light!"

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN



### HOW IT HAPPENS

1. The gulls peel and swoop skimming the water like Israeli jets.
2. The fish leap for what they think is cover.
3. The gulls grapple and drag; legs, beak, complete the strike
4. The fish splinter into light, are extinguished.
5. The gulls peel and climb back to their familiar stable currents.
6. The water betrays nothing.

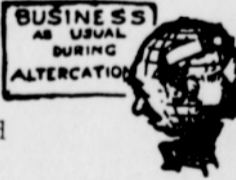
DAVID SOLWAY



### THE MOURNING NEWS

There are those who would hate to admit it  
but a change has to happen soon  
for we let our own people suffer in poverty  
while justifying flights to the moon  
Then Congress goes and votes themselves raises  
as oil companies steal from our pockets  
and the SALT talks are just a political game  
to see who can hide the most rockets  
When will all this madness end  
and what will that end be  
a change has gotta happen soon  
now that's quite clear to me  
The evening news keeps us informed  
on the slow death of our planet  
and the writing on the wall is clear to all  
if they try to understand it  
The fact that we're digging our own grave  
is too real to be ignored  
but those who try to stop this death  
get theirs' for a reward  
The devil laughs as the grim reaper rides  
his horse across the range  
for they'll be the winners in our selfish war  
if we don't soon make a change  
Innocent people are shot in the streets  
victims of some paranoid  
and people's faith in their fellow man  
is slowly being destroyed  
But the worst part is there's no escape  
wherever you turn there's a mirror  
reflecting it back and burning your eyes  
with its ugly, nightmarish horror  
You'll wake up in the middle of the night  
sweat pouring down your face  
and wonder how much longer we can wait  
before a change comes to this place

DENNIS CURRAN



### YOU, ME AND A THREE

You, Me and the sea,  
in love with each other  
happy and free

You, Me and a Three by the sea  
our love has sprouted and grown into beauty  
The beauty of three  
shows the whole world the beauty of the love called You and Me.

KIMBERLY O'KELLEY



Michael DeWaide

### THE TIGER IS DRUNK TONIGHT

— two fragments for Arthur Honeyman,  
poet, spastic, etc.

Spittle and carnage,  
Red death in your beard.  
The confined, coughing laughter  
and always unnatural movement.  
The jagged arm, clawing hand  
pointing at all-in random.

Note, in guilt, their eyes seek  
even mirrors for relief.  
The world is not safe  
from the moon-bitten fool.

MICHAEL MARSH