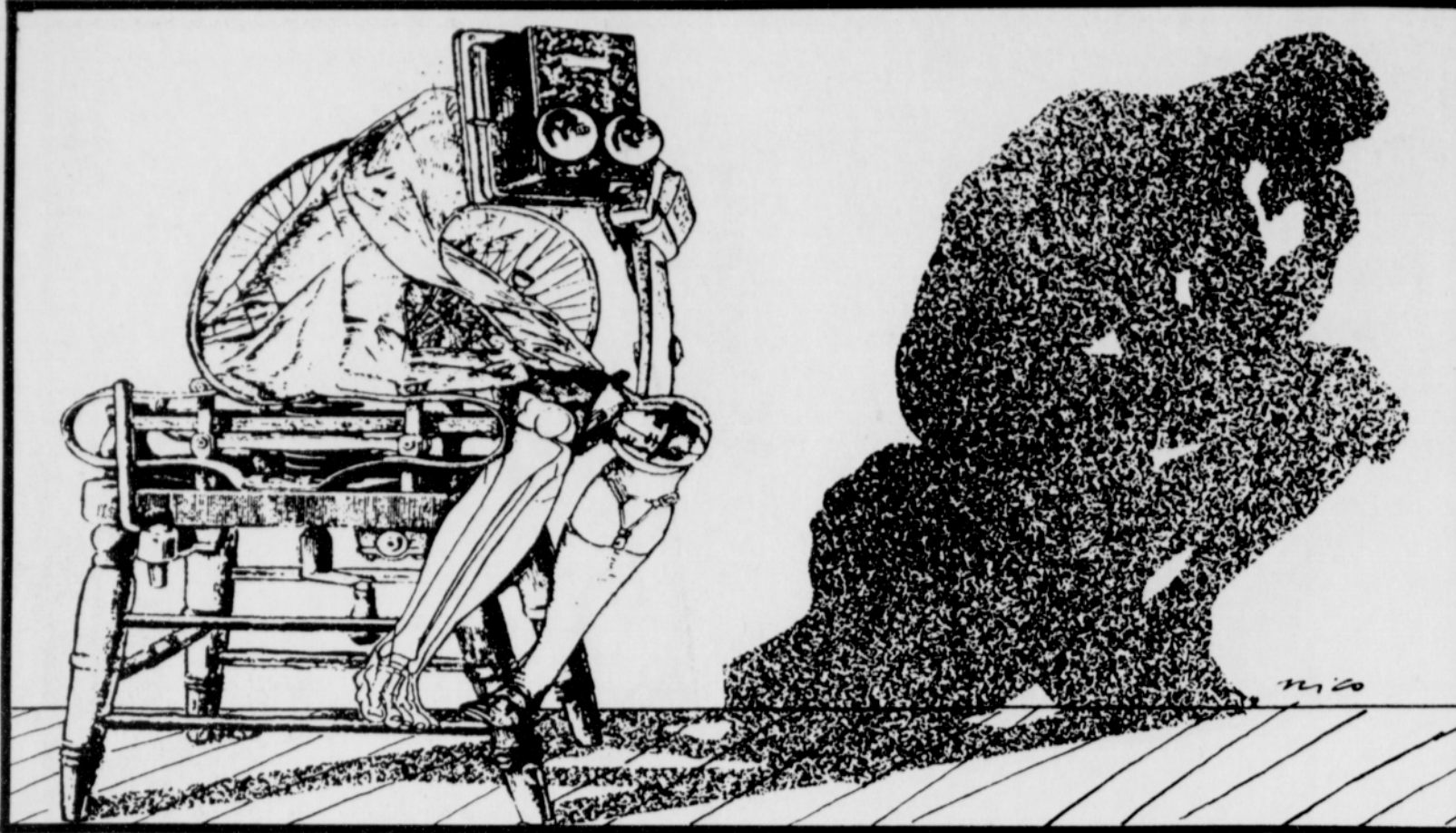




RICO LINS

POETRY

GLASS

At 8 p.m., each office window
Is a propped-up laboratory slide from the Mad Scientist's files.

Slide A reveals a janitor who studies the dark in a doorway,
Slide B a clutter of memos folded into hats, and there

An executive hopeful nearly lost in fluorescent smudge,
Who plods late into the evening, alone, for little pay —

It's Mr. X of the Department for Redundancy Department,
Another pheasant under glass for the gods.

Gray angels nibble on his window ledge — ornithology knocking
On the door of evolution — and as he reaches to pet them

His hand flattens instead on that first page of the intangible,
That portrait of physics buried in the transparent.

VICKIE KARP

LIGHT THE DARKNESS

Winter's dark now clings close; cold has forced us in.
At dusk, in a clear sky, bright Venus begins to burn.
Upon the hills and fields frost's silent crystals now begin.
Geese make one last honking flight, two owls hoo-hoot in turn.

Indoors, we gather toward the warmth and lights are lit.
Old stories get told once more, sweet memories revive.
Songs are lifted, our voices join in joyful spirit,
As we praise the great thing it is to be alive.

Yet some among us on these nights have only lonely cold.
They make their homes huddled on the streets, crammed in cars.
They may have no memories to cherish when they're old.
Hunger burns in bellies, souls are bound in scars.

Take a moment, then, to reach within and offer out your hand.
It can be, that we may each, alone and together, stand.

JIM DOTT

ALLEGIANCES

It is time for all the heroes to go home
if they have any, time for all of us common ones
to locate ourselves by the real things
we live by.

Far to the north, or indeed in any direction,
strange mountains and creatures have always lurked —
elves, goblins, trolls, and spiders: — we
encounter them in dread and wonder,

But once we have tasted far streams, touched the gold,
found some limit beyond the waterfall,
a season changes, and we come back, changed
but safe, quiet, grateful.

Suppose an insane wind holds all the hills
while strange beliefs whine at the traveler's ears,
we ordinary beings can cling to the earth and love
where we are, sturdy for common things.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

5D I

The searching cumulates;
uncovering the self
Effortlessly within:
this moment...

5D II

Past truths
are present
future is Also...

JOHN GIESS

MOONIES

Better to shoot the moon
Than build condos at Half Moon —
Bay at the moon, NASA,
As Paul Ehrlich* moons
The statesmen who
Croon at the crescents
Of curvy tract streets
While currency crinkles
In the presence of princes,
The nations of whom could populate
Not only the moon, but Mars.
Mercury, too, could sustain
Part of our bioweight,
And had better — unless
We somehow freeze-populate.

The Man-in-the-Moon
Bade us straighten up and
Stiffen our O-rings.
Oh, Mighty Moon Man
Walks again, with moon
Dogs and moon cats and
All our many moon brats;
It's up, up and away in
Our beautiful, our beautiful
Be... moan the fact that we
Don't have the food or the land
To expand the tracts of curvy streets
That meet the no-host bar
Of our future's party.

Undemocratic campaign platforms
Where moon divers launch
into their Olympic plunges
Send monkeyshine messages
To the poor public, pining for
Privileges of faith, ho-ho-ho-hope, and
Charity-for-the-love-of-God.
Don't let the star-struck moonie
Diplomats and turnstyle evangelists
Deter you from your tide table.
Bear your teeth and your
"No-bones-about-it" to Pampers
For discount coupons redeemable
Only at Un-Planned Parent Hoods.
Scalp them! Scalp them! Scalp them
On the curb of the curvy avenues
Leading OUT of the tract homes of the blind-wise!

GENE SCOTT BURNETT

*author of "The Population Bomb"

WHAT IS IT?

Is it a bird or is
it a cat? Is it a house
or is it the green of a golf course?
I don't know what it is,
so will you tell me?

Is it a person or is
it an animal? Is it a barn?
I know — It is a number.
What! What! Did you say it
is not a number? Then
tell me, what is it?

Is it red? Is it green?
Is it gray or is
it black? Is it white? Yes, it
is white. Now I know —
Winter has come.

You are finally right!

JAIME LINTON (AGE 9)

I heard the commentators
say
We're at war in Panama
today.
The next concern that he
reflected
Was how the world market
would be affected.
The first blood spilled is
barely cold.
Up soars the market stocks
in gold.
Bereaved tears fall for
war's high price
Profits are calculated, cold
as ice.
But what measure do you
reason war?
What treasure do you trade
life for?
A burning belief in
freedom's need?
Or camouflaged guilt that
covers greed,
And makes of it an
honorable thing,
That maimed and bloody
patriots sing?

MARY McKENNEY