

WHO KNOWS WHO AMONG US IS WAITING TO BE HEARD?

Lurking in the wings
may be somebody else.

Not the recognized performer
out in front
with his lines
all written for him
scene by scene, and every
inflection, gesture, stance
rehearsed to promote
(to a last nuance)
the latest
and most glitteringly
chic of hits.

But somebody else:
not listed at all

who urgently, inchoately
from where he's hid
may be trying
in a muffled voice
to cry

"But this isn't it!"
This isn't what
in the least is meant!"

If he were somehow
to get himself out:
if he were to bolt
on to the lighted stage
and blurt aloud
whatever it is —

And this
au courant
audience
so classily in the know
to what Awesome News
suddenly be exposed?

DORIS PEEL

AND WHAT IS LOVE?

And what is love? Misunderstanding, pain
Delusion or retreat? It is in truth
Like an old brandy after a long rain,
Distinguished, and familiar, and aloof.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

FOUR CHAPLAINS

Four U.S. Army Chaplains, Clark V. Poling and George Fox, Protestants; John P. Washington, Catholic; and Alexander D. Goode, Jewish, gave their lifebelts to four enlisted men when their transport ship, "Dorchester", was torpedoed and sunk by a Nazi U-boat in the North Atlantic Ocean, February 3, 1943. They were posthumously awarded Distinguished Service Crosses on December 19, 1944, and on January 18, 1961, a posthumous Special Medal for Heroism, never before given and never to be given again, was authorized by Congress and awarded by the President.

With the "Hear, O, Israel," on his lips,
The Rabbi sought no Jewish face.

Intoning, "Hail, Mary, Full of Grace,"
The priest sought no member of his church.

The Ministers with mercy for all men,
Sought no kin, for all were kin.

Jackets proffered with extended arms,
"Here, my sons, I give you life."

The seething green of the walls of waves,
And the maelstrom of the man-made hell,
And the fury and the savagery
Found four men locked in arms and heart,
Found four men praying though faiths apart,
One prayer alone poured from each one's heart.

The sea is still, and the guns are still,
No battles rage for port or hill,
Hands clasped in eternal rendezvous,
Lies the Christian and the Jew.

The calm is here, and sweet and clear,
Sweet and clear, the Lord's own plan,
LET THERE BE A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!

NATHAN HOROWITZ



DEUTSCHES LACHEN

ON TRYING TO TOKE A BAG LADY

"toke": not exactly a "tip"
but a gratuity
nevertheless
(something like "grease")

Take it, for Christ's sake.
Take the money, lady.
You're a bag lady —
I'm a cabby,
And we're both on the streets,
Aren't we?

Take it, for Christ's sake.
Take the money lady.
Make me feel warm.
Make me forget
If you climbed into my cab
For a ride to a warm place,
I'd ask you if you had the money.

NEWALL GILCHRIST

NOT EDEN, BUT GAIA NOW

:for Gallileo

They are trying to make me not exist,
make me quiet
so they don't have to remember,
they won't have to know,
they don't want to know
that I remember
so they can go on pretending.
Liars.
Fastening on my small lies,
to divert from their lying lives.
Why make a fuss, they repeat,
What does it matter if you have to exist
quietly on the sly.
What does it matter
they repeat
if we're married or not?
It doesn't matter.
And indeed, I'm afraid it doesn't.
You have built your prison already,
that you cannot see
or cannot admit exists,
and to admit that it matters
is to admit the opportunity
you have not helped build.
I'm scared and unsure,
but I cannot deny
a different future exists.
With my last breath,
that I love so much,
I hope I cannot deny it.

LYNNE EMILY PAGAN

THE EMPRESS

I Miss the Nature
of the Sea

But, most of all
the Reverence
that was (is) there
echoing of Anahata*

I hear your "Silken Drum"
of Silence

JOHN GIESS

*Hindi: unstuck sound

WINTER SHIVERS

that winter i wore three coats from the goodwill
tired shoes
fishing tackle for jewelry.

that winter i ate rice with pepper i stole from denneys.
i had crystal balls frozen in my brain
a friend Mags
who sang songs of russian boatmen.
there was no tampax for me that winter
i crouched in the bathroom for a week
bleeding on newspapers
i hung the most artistic splatters on the wall.

in bed at night the railroad tracks screamed to me
"it's cold" they said "we're tight".
when it was light i visited them
bringing painted rocks to edge their ties.

that winter i wore three coats from the goodwill
my hair was a ratted cap and always in my mouth.
flies drank cool fountains from my eyelids.

that winter i bedded with a screaming man for a lump of coal
that winter shivers.

MONICA KOSKEY