

**DAWN**

Armed with a thermos of hot coffee  
I go out to look at the dawn.

Cold cleaves my face  
The sky blazes apocalyptic with stars  
That warmth which has stayed with me from my bed  
ebbs

Climbing the hill  
I look down at the houses  
huddled into themselves like shriveled snails.  
The streetlamps bob, Japanese buoys  
Tangled in skeins of ice.  
Pale blue smoke rises from a few chimneys,  
wavering

After my third swig of coffee  
I leave one dream for another.

In the East, zodiacal  
light over the forest  
etched against the horizon like delicate feathers.  
One by one the houses  
burst into flame.  
The stars slide gently back to  
their dark kingdom.

O my ghost —  
the sky's conflagration of raw hydrogen;  
the earth opens its thighs.  
The Sun is being born!

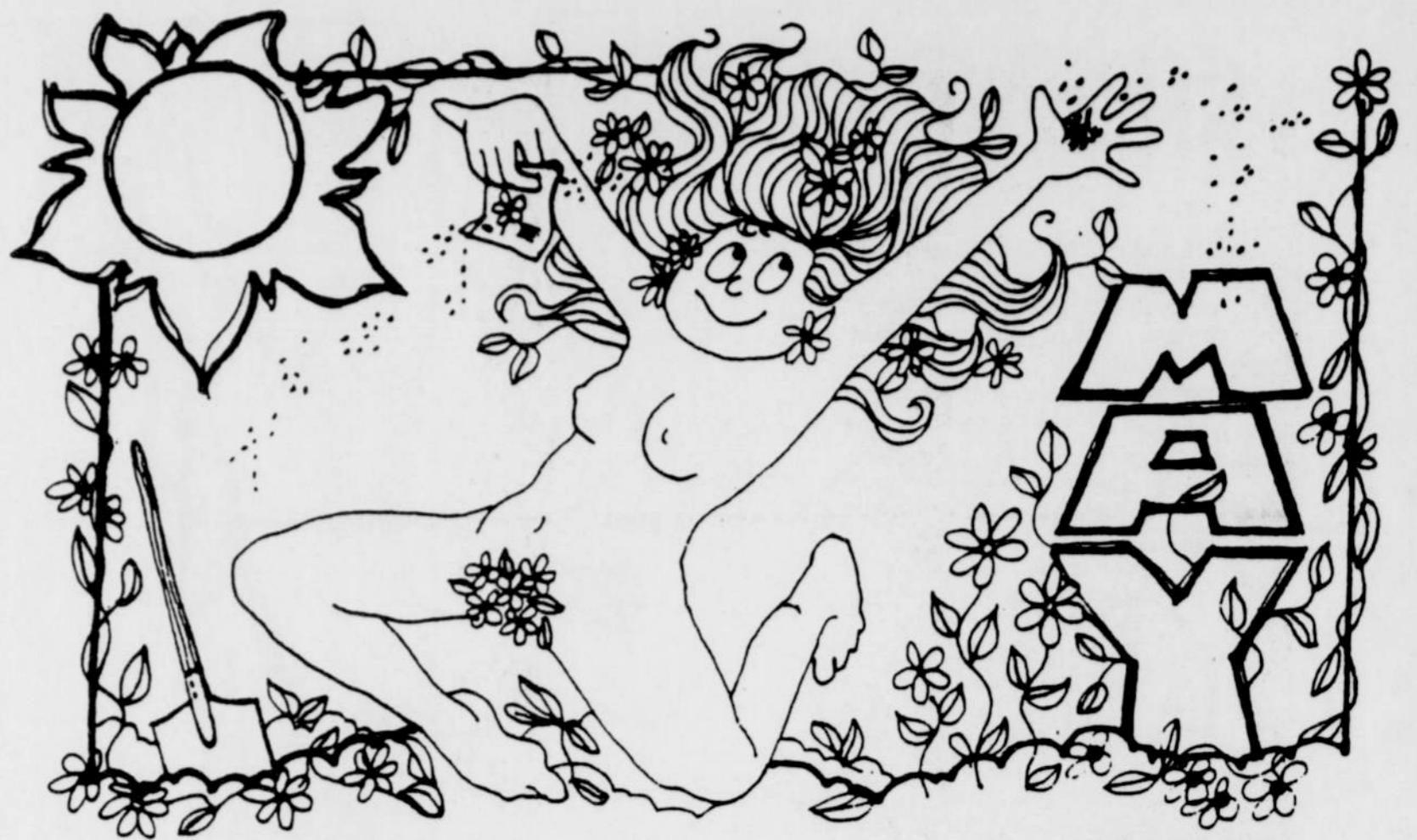
~SUNYATA MacLEAN

*Festina lente (Latin): "Hurry slowly"*

**FOR SHIRLEY**

Today, I noticed  
that bright blond  
has finally grown  
from your hair,  
leaving not brown  
but a better  
lion tawny color.  
The basic shade,  
animal in nature,  
darker inside.  
Then you stepped  
onto the porch,  
a heavy gold  
in the sunlight.

~MICHAEL MARSH  
(d. 5/1991)



BARBARA GRANT

**POETRY**

**SPRING**

Spring like an old wound  
opens anew. Pus,  
purplish bruises are flowers.  
The scab's torn off.  
Ripped, scar tissue reveals  
fresh bright blood.

~WALT CURTIS

The street I live on comes and goes.  
Up and down, back and forth it flows.  
My neighbors' houses bob about,  
As traffic rambles in and out.  
Deep loud rumble to high pitched whine,  
They travel by this house of mine.  
Wake, wave and wind does rock  
My little house at the marina dock.

~TERESA EIKER

**SEARCHING**

Looking for someone who's not there  
Peering into the night  
Wishing for their loving touch  
Stuck in this moment —  
Can't get out —  
Surrounded by the here and now.  
Looking for someone who's not there.  
Waiting for their call  
Missing their dashing smile  
In between the orange trees,  
Wanting to be alone.  
Hiding from people,  
Then making new friends,  
Still looking.  
Wanting one who's not there.  
Listening for their laugh  
Sitting in the moonlight  
Looking to the stars  
Feeling the cold.  
No control of your actions  
Looking for her.  
She's not there.  
And going home,  
Going home.  
She'll be there.

(For Britta. You are the coolest person  
in the world. I love you.)

~JESSI DUNKIN

**WEARING BLACK**

if the bride wears white  
then I shall wear black,  
not light  
like the  
indifferent color of ashes,  
but the black  
of wet dirt,  
the black  
of uncrystallized carbon  
hidden before it spins  
into diamond;  
the black  
of crow  
like a dark cavern  
scissored across sky,  
the black  
of obsidian  
shining,  
on fire,  
blade  
flake  
chisel  
flint...

she carries the drag of her dress  
already like laundry  
and the flowers look tired  
in the bright, expectant sun  
and we pass,  
I whisper:  
"pay attention to everything  
they tell you to forget..."

~JUANITA HUEBNER

**MANY COLORED FEATHERS**

We are a mixed up people  
Not as we used to be  
When alone and isolated  
Were our communities  
We are all together  
Birds can't fly  
Unless the feathers work together

Hoping in their hearts  
Something better can be found  
Like waves from the ocean  
People come to this sacred ground  
Between beauty and pollution  
They all run round and round  
As the rulers of the world  
Lead us down to zero ground

Love and beauty on one side  
Fear and hate on the other  
Some are called enemy  
Some are called brother

What's wrong with this picture  
What's wrong with us all  
Why in some ways do we rise  
Why in some ways do we fall

In far and different places  
All cultures started small  
As time went on  
Some did grow tall  
Some were lost  
New ones did come  
As many colored feathers  
We must live and love as one

For we are all together  
Many colored feathers  
Birds can't fly  
Unless the feathers work together

~DANIEL B. ELEY

**POOR FISH**

upon the slimy boat  
the ancient fisherman  
paws coldly at his privates  
as the lights flash on & off

while we lie here together  
sucking madly through our gills

the scene  
has happened now

and no one is the wiser  
not even the blond dagger  
of a lightbulb in the cold

~MARTY CHRISTENSEN



JOY KOLITSKY

*Ophelia of Hamlet: "He falls to such perusal  
of my face, as he would draw it."*

~W.S

**THE TRIUMPH OF  
CONSTANT LOSS**

We shall never be  
what we are momentarily,  
but this constant loss  
is a triumph.  
Only the silence  
of the leaf is saved;  
the body darkens  
together with the day  
until the unexpected  
glowing of black at night.  
Fragments of life  
replace colors  
in the small portrayals  
of dream;  
bruises  
replace shades of light  
on the temporary skin.  
Blind to so much black  
I sought a god  
and was given only  
a toe to rub myself with.  
I am triumphant now  
in the most secret places  
where the idea  
is conceived: here  
I learn at last  
that I shall be the first to leave

~KATERINA ANGELAKI-ROOKE

**NAMELESS**

You laugh without sound,  
You leave with no trace;  
Yet the still candle of my heart  
Flickers and moves  
.... Are you cloud?

You laugh without sound,  
You cry with no noise;  
Yet the bright moon of my spirit  
Dims and darkens  
.... Are you wind?

~CHUNG TIN WEN

*"Art is a lie that makes us see the truth."*  
~PABLO PICASSO

**KENT STATE**

*To Tiananmen Square: Our Own Memorium*

A gathering it was to be!  
A gathering for all to see  
That we who did not hate or fear  
Would not be made to hate or fear

We tumbled into the streets at noon,  
As if a parade were coming soon.  
Our widened eyes caught bayonet gleams:  
Now all that's left of the crowd is its screams.

~LARRY BARROWS