



MARGARET SCOTT

THE DAYS SINK THROUGH ME

The days sink through me as if I were a kind of huge filter first I receive them through my eyes through my ears and maybe through my mouth then they sink farther through me and stop some place far down where they settle above the preceding days they are very thin now like paper napkins When they have deposited their colorplay in me their light and shadows and their load of distinct or indistinct pictures they disintegrate and disappear.

~UFFE HARDER

"In a small town, in a society whose supreme interest is people, the past exists physically — empty chairs expect the dead, and not in vain."

~ELIZABETH SPENCER (1956)

TULIPS

come let us put our two lips
you and i
to the natural cups of life
you and i
wonderful bulbous flowering tulips
you and i
tickling the cilia in our nostrils
you and i
with its sexy pistils and stamens
you and i
drinking and sniffing their nectar
you and i
for spring is coming for us
you and i
wonderful bulbous flowering tulips
you and i
come let us put our two lips
you and i
to the natural cups of life
you and i

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

PRAYER

he came
from the west
his lips said
a prayer:

all the buffalo
shall return
and those of
our people
who have gone
before us
shall be returned
to us,
and all the bloody
spots on our mother
earth shall be
washed away
forever;

all the tribes
shall gather together
around one big fire,
we shall sing
one song,
and we shall
become as
one person
dancing.

~ED EDMO

THE EROTIC FLYING MACHINE

There was once an erotic flying machine,
it flew like a pterodactyl,
flitted like a bat.
The fuselage was shaped like a man and a woman
back to back in love.
The wings were tufts of pubic hair,
and heart-shaped was the propeller.
Wherever its valor and velour went
birds followed it mating
and strafing the clouds with love-calls and bird-shot.
Once it flew to China, once it flew to Rome,
when it landed in New York
great clouds gathered around in disbelief.
It was only after Valentine's Day came early that year
and couples, complete strangers,
fell down swooning and pawing at each other's privates,
that there was some sign of general acceptance
among sophisticates.
Next week
a rock group rose like a rocket on the charts,
sure enough, you named it, 'The Erotic Flying Machine'.
Their first album was a smash hit:
Fly In My Eye.
The next, *Soar Between My Legs*,
caused quite a ruckus.
So
driven out of style
the part-bird part-human part-machine
packed up its belongings
and took off for the planet Venus.
Astronomers, love-sick, follow it to this day,
like a crippled comet,
masturbating and mooning
glued to a great eye-piece opening on the paradise of the universe
and a flapping undulating speck,
its groovy motion somewhat mocking
a couple rocking in bed,
bumping butts
goes out of sight.

~WALT CURTIS

WHAT IS GOING BY IS EVERYTHING

At the edge of a clear stream
generations of alder and fir
from the beginning of stones.
A fair breeze moves west with the current.
Trout the size of my forearm
lie in deep pools facing upstream.
This morning I awoke
clear-headed
as the tops of pines,
spring rain fell.
A thread sewing shut
the needle's eye.

It is such a simple thing.

As if for the first time last night
I saw the stars
spread across the heavens and I thought,
how much better it would be
to admit the spirit starves
than this holding on
as if the stars were not where they are
but strapped upon my back.
From high in a tree at the stream's edge
an owl calls, dividing the world.
I kneel to rinse my mouth,
to beg the rising constellations.

~JOHN BUCKLEY (d.1999)

TOGETHER

*Because we do
All things together
All things improve,
Even weather.*

*Our daily meat
And bread taste better,
Trees greener,
Rain is wetter.*

~PAUL ENGLE

FOULS

People can help it
sometimes fouls are ripped out to one another
but it can come to a laugh instead of a fight
temper aggression with candor and steep the dance of attack with peace

Human tanks are clumsy as they charge at one another
pissing off the most heavenly spirits as they strive towards Mars
smashing devils break on each other but who really likes it
I am tottering up the crows nest looking at pollywogs with sharp sticks

Ravenspie someone squeaks from the balcony
he leaps up into the cosmic wind believing himself to be free
while a black stallion is shadowing his every thought and move
everyone is connecting blackouts...riding down terror

I am stealthlocked and marched but mind and body are godfree
all of internalized hateful knotted struggling and striving for goodness sake
lifting towards the little glowing bundle of fairy light that blesses my soul
not yet weary of living I try to please when I can but who am I but magical dirt

The heights of Gollum, the ivory of Odin, breath of Jesus
my vanity ebbs and flows with the sun and stars playing about the moon of earth
but suffering and self pity of madness and confusion are my companions also
fouls and bogs...unto the speeding machine of my youth

But when I am sat to my guitar the heavens help this soul with the force of stars
empowering divine and potent...fatherly and fallow...green and strong like lightning
Peace Train gaining momentum, picking up passengers host to host
times my head aches like Zeus, laughing Zeus who passes me like a locomotive

Funny foul chaos from dischord's little nip...old spider folk, skinny and fat wishing they were cats
sit down step up, speed along life's path...create your own little foxes but take care
for they are blessed where they are hidden your senses dulled unbidden
Oh gendarmes please don't foul me again for you've woke me from my nap
all along the watch tower I run a'hollerin' for a lamp

Bright eyes with molten pupils, waxen flaxen hair
searching for the raven girl to hear what she has dared
she says the old Saint Paul has melted down, his altar's blood forsaken
for thrice and seven times sent back the Jack of Knaves sits complaining

~CHRISTOPHER KRAEMER

INTIMATE KISS

Lips
Sweetly searching, tenderly tasting
Gently igniting passion's fire
Lips touching
Firm and fast or softly lingering
Eager to satisfy trembling desire
Lips savoring
The lusty aroma of love
And joy
And bliss
Ah, sweet intimate kiss

~JANET KEIM



OWL

The owl knows.
So does badger.

What?

Don't ask.
I'm neither.

~GERRY FOOTE

ROSE'S LAMENT

If I were a sun,
I would just be me
and have some fun.
But I'm a daughter
(With which nothing rhymes
except otter),
so I guess I must
learn to slide down banks.
Bread must have crust.

~M. CLARK WILDE

RAVEN

Me in my mountain coat
it is snug and denim plastered
and I sway on the city walks
like a blue raven.
I, Raven, do not marry the whale.
Ha, ha ha.
No, we would never marry
our mouths are not the same size.

~SUSAN ANDERSON