

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)

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



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

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