

THE ARTIST

—In grateful recollection of Evangeline, Raun McKinnon, & Diane Wakoski—

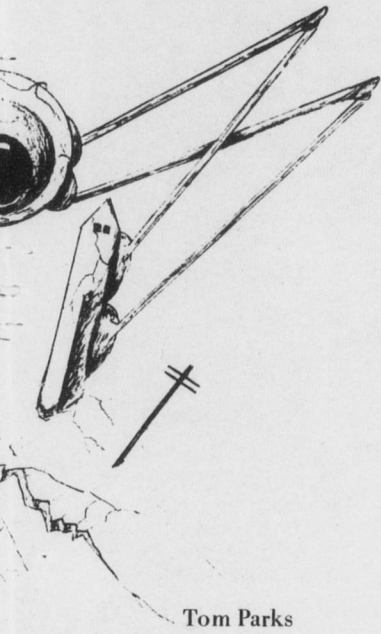
Long hair that trembles with the rythmn
of a soul reaching out;
Sharing what we both know
in new images of understanding.

Through music, through words,
through music and words
The artist's spirit and the spirits of the world,
past and present,
Caress, surround, fill my soul
And leave it a little brighter and fuller.

Karen Marshall



Tom Parks



Tom Parks

SPRING SONG

Today is no day of social protest—
The sun is dripping honey on the world.
Save dissent for the beat of rain,
Flowers are the banners to be unfurled.

I'm on vacation as a malcontent—
I'll generate some cynicism tomorrow.
Now I'm generatin' sundrenched bones,
And I've turned my mind off to sorrow.

I'm lazy today, and quite sentimental.
Haven't read between the lines today.
I don't think respite will be detrimental,
I'm taking off the blinders and going my way.

Clare Glore

CAMPAIGN DOLDRUMS

The consecration of a conservative,
The litany of the liberal,
Cries out; ASSIMILATES
Across the land.

The camera candor—isn't.
But fear not, my children,
The "off" button is in the upper right-hand corner.
And I'll tell you this,
From the bottom of my heart.
It's a farce.

Clare Glore

PRAYER

and all in quiet in the minds of the dying sun.
clear and bursting with stars
artered with its tips pointing towards Mars.
is pierced by the quivering lips of a
on bended knees
d together and her reddened eyes staring
avens reflect a plea.
o every wordly ear.
hen it ascends to the heavens clear,
mitted from Jesus Christ the Son
loving, yes, the Omnipotent One.
and lovingly.
sinner it may be
understood there, it is what God would
ayer.
ks for strength to live this day and tomorrow,
toward "him" and bear her sorrow.
e world will not take note
d and tossed from the once unsinkable

he one she loves there will be given that
sent only from God Above.
ghts so that in his confused world
and happiness and a decision untwired
trends of this earth today.
his heart must lay
glow as the morning sun
nsinking till life is done.
of the prayer,
e happy past years and for the future

r giving "him" to me
lded and made me very happy
re my image cannot be seen
ve him and will never look on him as

n as a gift from above,
tanding and his love
en, the young woman ends her pleas
d rises from her Knees
d pulls the covering apart
ove rather than pain has filled her heart.
oil Winston

