

Suicide Slowly for Lack of Another Weapon

He's a painter of dreams
 a dancer of thoughts
 The truth is near
 Like a snake in a zoo.
 So close it should bite...
 Still enclosed.

He's searching-
 Too easily, too conveniently condemning.
 Like a parent with the world as a child
 Seeing what harm the child
 does to himself.
 Suicide slowly for lack of another weapon.

He's different-
 Like white in a rainbow
 yet white is the rainbow of light.
 Through his painting and dancing
 He glimpses the snake.

Carolyn Blount

TO GRADUATES

Waiting before the mirror of the universe
 A serpentine line of youth
 Flowing with ribbons
 Each of which by its color
 Denotes a family of the mind.

Standing before a high oracle
 Who invested by themselves,
 Each is offered a parchment cylinder
 Then bid recline upon
 A shining stone couch.

"In the name of Zeus," the oracle cries,
 As the ceremonial ax dissects
 The human cavity to bear
 The entrails to the inspection
 Of a religious prophetic eye.

Unlike those ancient Hellenic youths,
 Whose bones now the dust imbibes
 These sacrifices rise
 As Phoenix from the ashes
 Out of books past read, and
 Micro-chips worn to obsolescence.

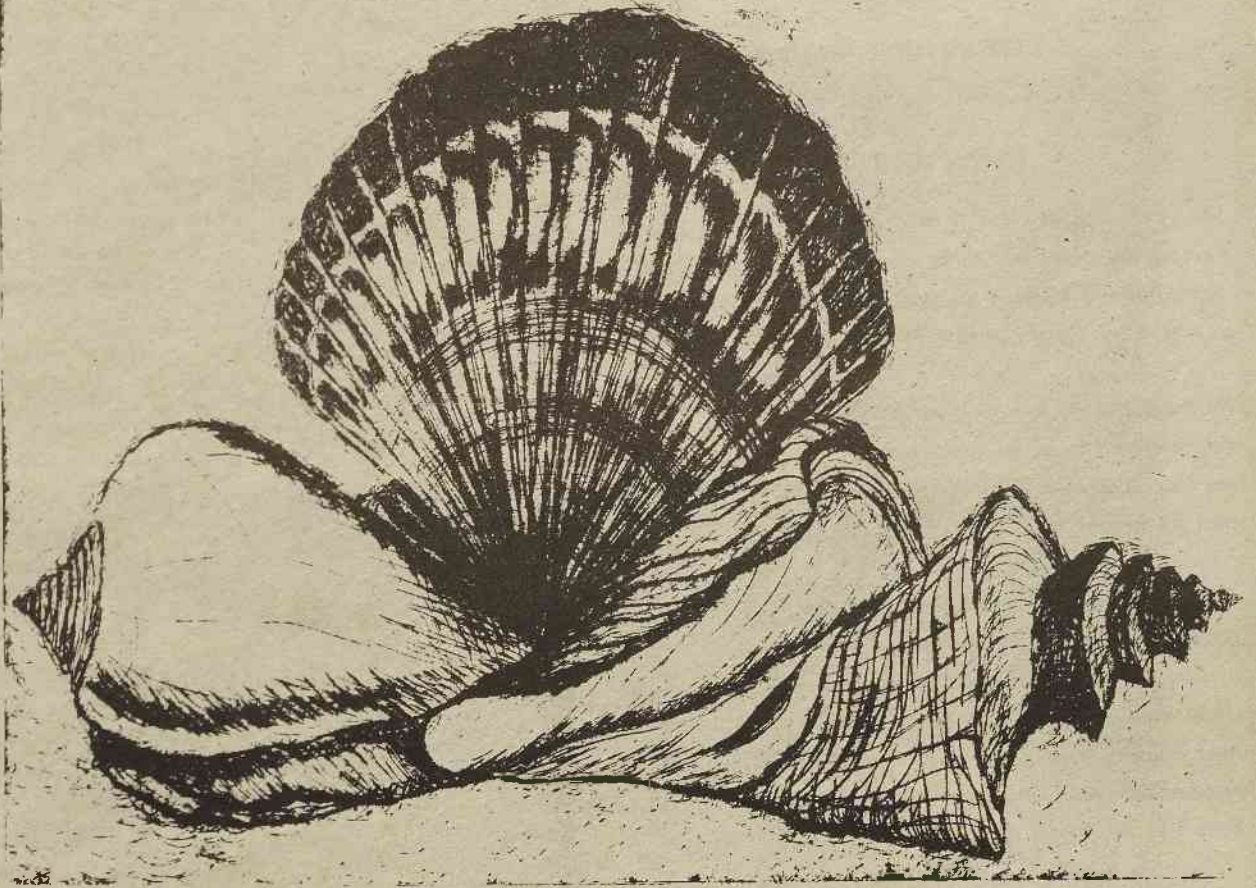
To stellar heights, and
 Cybernetical enclaves,
 Dusty dungeons from the past
 Refurbished into electric symmetry,
 Kitchens void of warmth
 But charged with microwaves.
 Why build asylums for the mind,
 Hospitals without beds,
 Life without living.

These dangers are not new,
 But rather old ones
 Who masquerade themselves
 As phantoms born as clones
 Afresh with each generation.

Survival becomes a motto
 Mandated not by genetics,
 But by a pubescent naivete
 A knight born out of time,
 A romantic
 Whose impetus is beauty
 Whose only virtue is love.

Survival is not for the fittest
 But, rather the thoughtful.

Charlie Gibbons



Seashells

Etching by Brenda Jones

The Kitten and the Power Mower: a Parable

He's a prophet in the purest sense
 of present, past, and future tense:
 the absolutely crowned master —
 captain of complete disaster.

Flung like furry flower petals
 from a whirlwind of base metals;
 made to paint the mad green earth:
 the spray of sudden sacred mirth.

His feathered lusts, rat appetites—
 all fish-bewildered, ball delighted;
 his fur he musk the scent and form,
 upon the lap purr, cuddle warm.

Betrayed again, the bold green eyes:
 the ancient cowled blade arise;
 a fatalist, he face the facts
 and bloodymindedly reacts.

Cruelty
 is the cutting edge
 of the sculpting tool
 of the Gods.

David Drury

INSPIRATION

In the now of long ago
 you came to me;
 In the scarce-live coals
 I find traces of your warmth
 That surges through my veins
 until I struggle to gain
 another plateau,
 Knowing your smile will
 greet me again there
 in that captured future
 of long ago.

Moselle Vickers

WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH

Early September
 the water so clear
 I see my toes
 through shoulder depth.

Gentle the waves this morning.

Yesterday the surf
 would pull and strain
 until my every fiber
 awakened to defy it.

This morning the gentle waves
 embrace me;
 a cradle rocking
 a body renewed.

Tonight from my balcony
 the wind and the sea
 call their mysteries;
 white wave caps
 wrestling in the light
 of the fishing boat,
 losing life on the shore;

only to pull away again
 to reunite with itself
 and find new life
 in its mysterious depths
 an awesome, respected sea.

Moselle Vickers