

Major Party

The night is ripe with tension,
 as a thousand teenybopper hormones
 scream in anticipation.
 The crowd at Sadlack's sandwich shop is hopping with adrenalin.
 They all know Susie the Mod's parents are out of town.
 I become a deity for the span of 15 minutes as i pull out my I.D.
 and my thirsty clique of underage friends abase themselves in fron
 and my thirsty clique of underage friends abase themselves in front of it.
 Throwing the wrinkled, chlorophylled faces of the fathers of our country
 at it.
 (Remember dear listener, this was the great draught of September of '86)

From the beer store, we ride like a conquering horde of bloodthirsty Viet
 Cong.
 Belting back slugs of the sacred Black Label
 as we shout the latest lyrics from the latest punk demagogue,
 Do the Willie Lomans and the Stepford Wives wonder about the lust ridden
 yells
 as they sit wrapped in the mist of mediocrity and prime time television?
 Do they wince at the throaty obscenities bellowed
 out of the passing pink '57 Fairlane?
 Do we care?
 No.

The party is progressing at its full height.
 The frustration of the five day week is sweated out of our pores.
 No more parents.
 No more cops.
 No more school.
 No more authority figures of any kind.
 We are the children of the baby boomers, demented in a Dionysian way.
 We are the last rockers of the suburban Wasteland.
 And we rule the night.

Five hours later, the last beer can make its pathetic clink
 and the parent's Valium bottles and liquor cabinets echo with a desolate
 and the parent's Valium bottles and liquor cabinets echo with a desolate
 sigh
 sigh,
 I kiss my girlfriend
 as I surf the passion of her musky ocean
 She smiles and kisses me back because she knows as well as I
 that tomorrow we are mortal but tonight
 We live forever.

--Andy Roberts

FIREBIRD

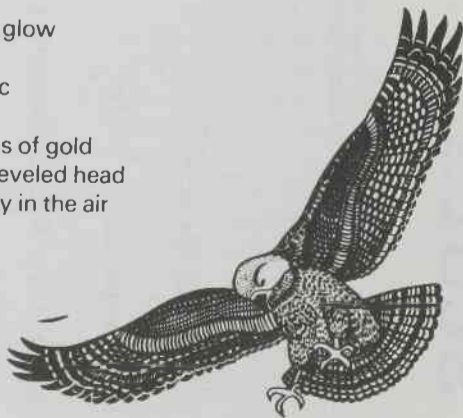
I see your wing's crimson glow
 You light the shadows
 Your wings are so majestic
 Yet, there is more
 Eyes sparkle, with twitches of gold
 Beak setting proud upon leveled head
 Tripod feet soaring sweetly in the air
 Firebird stay
 never

E-V-E-R

S O A R

A W
 A

Y
 J. F. Bradsher



To Gertrude Stein

The hand of the Buddah receives
 as all eyes are transfixed.
 No sound but;
 "A rose is a rose is a rose."
 Dumbfounded in the face of suchness
 as such seemed to be...
 I know the air was crackling,
 electri
 Electric,
 alive.

--Mark Young



A.M.

sunrise Sunday
 sky-grey
 i look out my window
 like i always do
 and rain keeps falling
 likes ashes from the end
 of a cigarette
 that burns
 cloud-high frustrations
 burning the moments apart

--Mel Allen, Jr.



She sang to him
 he knows it
 her dancing eyes cried tears
 notes of
 shattering crystal
 and the rain fell

and the rain fell
 and she sang to him
 and he knows it
 yet

his eyes were closed
 and he didn't see
 the cascading trickle
 of sound
 sparkle down her cheek
 still the rain fell
 and the rain fell
 and his eyes were closed
 while she sang to him
 and he knows it
 for he heard the rain
 fall

--Jon Pargas