

Quill & Ink

FRAGMENT
 mountains gently guarded by the fog
 gracefully reveal their ancient secrets and
 below show their city shame
 LEAH COOK

WHAT DOES IT MATTER

what does it matter,
 how many times my
 tongue slides in
 and out of my mouth,
 if i speak or if i
 slobber, if i even
 make a sound,
 who cares if i feast
 or if i fetter, sit
 beside me at the
 table, close enough
 for your hands to
 eat, i'm an animal
 and you're a vege
 table, but i want
 the taste of iron
 in my teeth, i
 swallowed the dry
 heat of the sun
 until even my eyes
 were hidden in
 their holes, dig ging
 deeper in the
 skull, i could hear
 the bones crunching,
 i painted paradise,
 but paradise was
 dull, my finger tips
 turned their heads
 toward female breasts
 in search of spiritual
 inspiration,
 PAUL E. DINKINS

SUBTITLED

your words
 are a foreign film to me
 the words I don't
 want to hear
 so under the picture
 I place my own
 and read them
 knowing they will never
 match the movement of your
 lips

PHIL STILE

NO MERCI

i gave my love
 i gave my love
 i gave my love
 my love
 she looked at me
 and her dark eyes
 said softly
 thank you
 no

JON PARGAS



1

Reminding me the moonlight reflected
 from the sand of you
 I thrice think
 One of love a second of sorrow
 and then say goodbye
 to the summer of angels

six hours southbound 95
 and static radio silence
 and a cool confidence
 hope for the future

2

arriving the friends I had missed
 and a feeling that we had
 parted only yesterday
 beer-run
 bourbon shots and pool
 the girls next door smiling and tan
 a blues mix on the box
 Zeppelin Joplin Hendrix
 the night wears on to Billie Holiday
 and I pass out in a pickup
 raindrops and a cop tapping
 me into slow consciousness

3

my hair still grows curls O/C
 tangle around my shoulders sun-dried
 thick beneath a hat with saltwater
 as we enter the pizza shop
 with a round of beers a pie and subs
 we celebrate a recent coming-of-age
 and a toast to the best year yet

4

the good times roll revolve
 around a keg at the last hurrah
 on a saturday night
 a dollar donation 'til the well
 runs dry and a quick walk to
 Fast-Fare for a quart o' Bud
 nightcap
 in the morning there is no Matilda Bay
 yet the sun still rises over
 shimmering surf and
 the sand stretches for miles at low tide

5

staring long enough at the horizon
 sea and sky will meet, melt into
 one another in liquid swirls
 and the grasses will sing in the wind
 at home on top of the school the
 grasses will form glyphs which I am
 unable to decipher in the sunrise
 overhead a mourning dove circles
 and I will not be afraid
 but that was years ago
 and hundreds of miles away

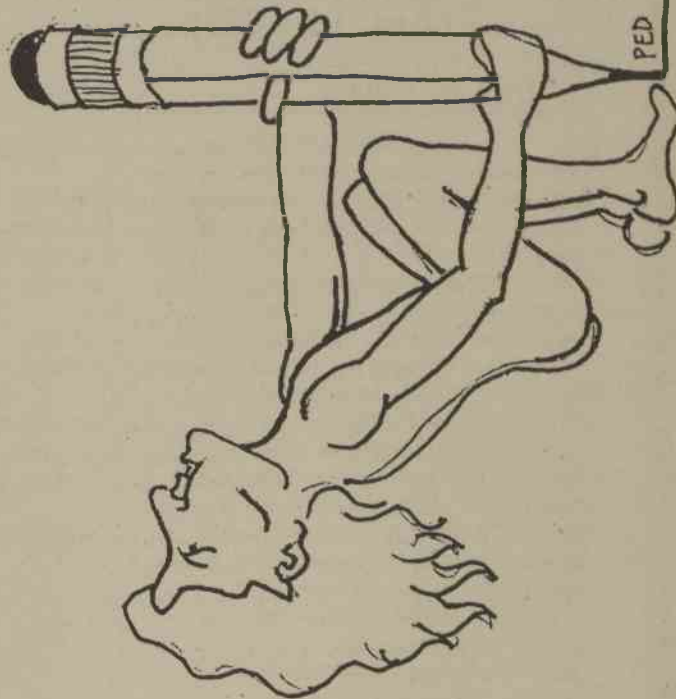
6

by nightfall we will have journeyed
 back to the land of the free and
 the wise once again to mak
 our beds on the banks of the strange
 Carolina pond and I am not afraid

JON PARGAS

TOXIC WASTE

Stillness of the lake
 Contrasts with the waves in us
 Memories change things:
 No drinking games, no drunken binges
 Just fun Fun from being together or thoughts
 of Us together:
 Along the lake a Heron breaks
 The stillness of the water.
 ROB McLEAN



I ALWAYS LIKED YOUR SHOES

Will you always be the three-
 armed dervish, dancing for the
 delight of others?

Must every single action provoke
 the proper response, will you come
 swim with me again, lift your lid,
 let me peek behind your eyebrows
 where your storehouse of wisdom
 lies unguarded

When can I bring you back
 to the dark of the room with the
 teapot boiling, the proper books
 laid out, for still I must impress
 you, the red light of the radio steady

Then will we be old friends again
 and why can't I tell before then,
 the moment you look at me as if
 I'm mad when before you would have
 laughed with the joke - you know
 they will follow you're lead and I
 must wander again when will be
 the day when we can speak softly
 of the important things while sitting
 on the floor lightly touching shoes,
 those damned shoes you always knew
 impressed me, is this the reason you
 still wear them? When will I be
 able to throw mine out, the identical
 pair to yours, the pair I bought for
 I believed it could bind us like blood

Perhaps if we both went barefoot
 I could have that which was the real
 you, has to be the real you, for shoes
 or not, surely I could not like you
 otherwise

Let us wish then you and I that
 someday in our slightly daft future
 you will explain, but if you don't —
 I'll throw these shoes away mister
 It may make my heartbleed like
 a stigmata on Palm Sunday
 Let me promise you I can do it
 while smiling and i would be glad to
 let you watch

TANYA OLSON