

Quill & Ink

Best of 1986-88

NO DESSERT

No sugar tonight in my coffee
No sugar tonight in my tea
No sugar to stand beside me
No sugar to run with me

-THE GUESS WHO

She only asked me one question,
but that one question was enough to blow
my quiet little world into smithereens. My
first urge when she asked me this alleged
question was to puke. Yes indeed, just to
puke my rotten, putrid guts out.

"Why", she asked me, her eyes
burning with the tell-tale curiosity of a
young girl about to lose her
virginity, "Why do they call you The
Alien?"

I immediately began to sweat.
For this was the question that I myself had
managed to avoid for the first 23 years of
my life. I knew now that I could avoid it
no longer. However, I managed to appear
calm, cool, and collected.

If there's one thing that I've
learned in life it's this: There's nothing
wrong with sugar, it's the people who eat
it.

Keeping this smug knowledge to myself, I
laughed, "Where on earth did you hear
that?" But it was a short, quick, awkward
laugh and my lover didn't miss a trick.
Suddenly I began to burst with convul-
sive, hysterical, crazed laughter. The
laughter of a mad-man.

"Alfred?"

"Alfred?"

"Alfred? Alfred? Alfred?"

Finally I could stand it no longer.

"What?!!" I shouted, the onions from my
lunch still fresh on my breath. I saw how
frightened my lover looked. I immediately
calmed down. Besides, I knew if I didn't
treat her kindly I wouldn't get any dessert.

No dessert.

No dessert.

No dessert.

No dessert.

No dessert.

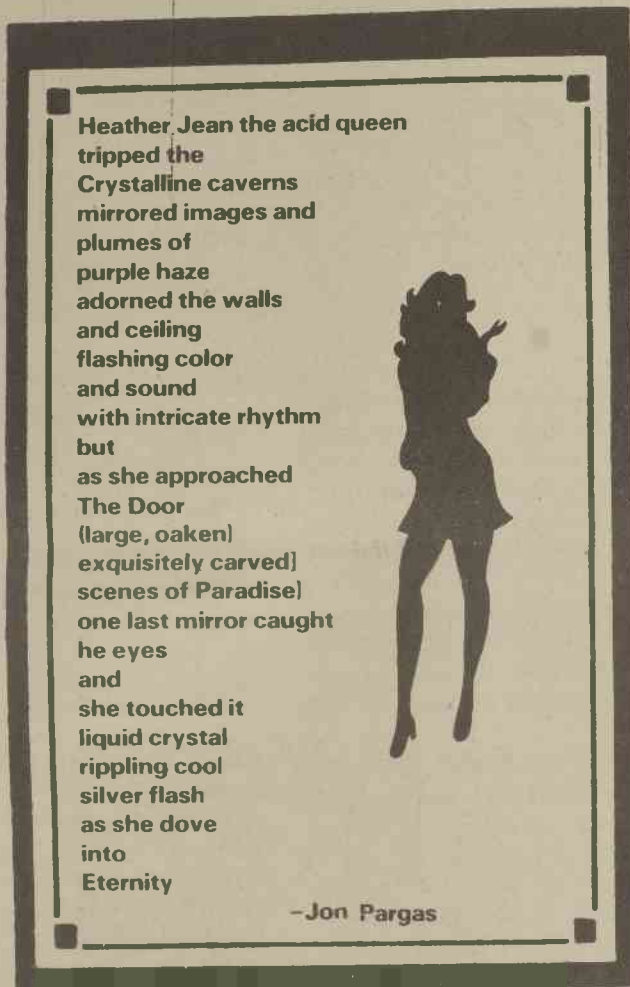
No dessert. Ever again. And I'm sorry
folks but I just couldn't handle that. No
indeedy.

RUTH ECKLES

UNTITLED

You are a Goddess
and i am stone
i scribble these few lines
for Your Eyes alone
it would have been sooner
but they just wou' 'n i come
for You are a Goddess
and i am stone

JON PARGAS



Dealer

Sleazy bar, life on the run,
too much alcohol not enough luck.
The Ace of Spades.

Horseman # 4

Napaltha induces an incubus untrue,
Mans mendacities dispell conflict,
Death disavows his rhapsody.

Prejudice

Cities burn in righteous moral fervor.
A beautiful color causes a death,
Dogs are color-blind.

EMII

MY SON

I never thought he would do it
Strong facial features and a proud smile
My friend was a rational individual.
A bit of a logician.
Here before me, on this day a year ago, sat
a broken man.
Behind his strong sad face lay a limp mind
Exhausted by his internal struggle to find
What he could have done to make his father
Feel this way about him.
"Friend," he said to me in a calm voice.
"I have loved you all my life.
My achievements have made you a proud
man.
Last night, on the eve of my seventeenth
birthday,
I became your lover,
My Friend,
My Father,
My Lover.
Why do I feel guilty about who I am and
what I've done?"
I could say nothing.
I saw my son crushed by my action.
My once proud friend had become a vege-
table,
The result of my morbid revolt against his
manhood.
A stream of useless tears fall from my eyes
The flow is broken by a struggling voice.
"Cry not my father.
This is who I am.
Death calls me to pay my debt for my guilt."
A year has passed since I've witnessed,
through a wall of
Tears,
My friend put a knife through his heart.
Pride is but a mere word to me now.
I struggle with the reality that incest
Is my reward and mental tattoo for loving
my son.
I long to touch my young friend,
But I feel my heart pinch when I imagine
My son crying at every touch of my hand.
My tears
My son
My friend
My lo...
My loss.

ALMOST HEAVEN

...hand of babies
Ancestors summer
Breath of blacklung
Hands of steel
Night echo of banjo and slide
Rivers motion marks the year
Courthouse whittlers up DeAngelo
Roads ribbon to memories untold
Slag burns
Mail pouch barns
Hard is good
Shine helps

Right...

Right

CHAD HADDIX