

# Quill and Ink

You told me that we could do no wrong  
 We played in the dirt  
 I still have a bruise from the last  
 Dirt bomb  
 We still haven't paid for that window  
 I don't think that old witch remembered  
 That you and I did it  
 Monique asked about you the other day  
 I wanted to lie to her  
 I never understood why the two of you  
 Ever dated in the first place  
 Maybe I was a little jealous  
 She did snatch my best friend  
 Out from under me  
 But I realized it when I saw her face  
 I cannot lie for you any longer  
 You are not off on some romantic island  
 In the Bahamas with beautiful girls  
 Stuffing grapes down your throat  
 And doing all the things we dreamed  
 Two people would do  
 When they were alone together  
 By the way, you lied to me  
 You and Monique never did  
 You were just being macho  
 I told her that you were accidentally shot  
 And killed in a bar that you were frequenting  
 Even though you were under age  
 She cried and made me cry too  
 I wish you would have never moved  
 I wish your mother would have never told me  
 I miss you This is my first entry in my new diary  
 I'll keep the lines open If you want to talk

ZOOT

## INFERNO (GRANVILLE'S NIGHTMARE)

Strike the match and light the fire  
 Demon figures, do perspire

Put a room in such a flame  
 And it will do much the same

This keeps up from hour to hour  
 'Til the men bring in the shower

Yet, smoke and ashes end the fire  
 Oh, but don't forget that demon liar

For he who struck an unlit match  
 Is sure to have another PACK.

J.F. BRADSHER

## THAT SIDE OF THE ROOM

If you would hold me  
 I'm sure I could forget all you've ever done.  
 So, why don't you stay on that side of the room  
 As we settle our differences.  
 No, don't smile at me.  
 Keep your sharing of my pain  
 And concern out of my face.  
 Share my anger if anything  
 And do not pity me.  
 My emotions are mine.  
 And all I have to do to lose them  
 Is walk over to that side of the room.

TANYA JORDAN

## TONGUE AND SPEECH

is it my tongue talking  
 or are the words coming  
 from between your legs  
 where i lay  
 complete  
 and slender  
 and saliva  
 and curious  
 and cantering  
 across the plain  
 of your belly  
 moving into full gallop  
 while the horse  
 i ride  
 neighs and whinnies  
 in protest  
 digging words into the air  
 behind me with shod hooves  
 but the air behind me is  
 silent with the wind  
 and the final breath of our mount  
 collapsing between us  
 and i know the words:  
 they are touching my tongue  
 from where they hide  
 between your legs  
 and echo audibly  
 in my mouth.

PHIL STILE