

## KILLING TIME

It was the summer that Grandma died  
and my sister lost her baby  
and I cried until I was numb  
It was sticky after the evening rain  
and the crickets were out  
as Mom rocked on the porch singing kind of low  
to keep her voice from cracking  
Pop was in the back cleaning fish  
that Dickie had caught  
and I was sitting in the side yard  
between two rose bushes  
that smelled of stability and remorse  
wondering where life could go

SHEILA CREEF

## ON GREENER GRASS

I oftener wondered why my sister went around  
with such a long face  
I never dreamed she had no place to put her troubles  
There was a frog and a yo-yo in my back pocket  
but I would have gladly let her keep them there  
I always burried mine under the pecan tree  
in the side yard  
while she tried to whistle away the hours  
on the front porch swing  
What a waste I thought  
if I were she  
I'd be running down the beach  
letting all the boys see how pretty I am  
then ignoring them completely  
I never dreamed I was on greener grass than she

SHEILA CREEF

## JOHN JOHN KENNEDY AND HIS FOUR MAN BAND

up from dish rag trapping to buster browns brass buttons  
came john john kennedy and his four man band  
and the world was right cause we were number 1  
then some stary eyed Indian started to write

GO TO HELL

on a bathroom wall  
and here came the dish rag boys  
their brass got shinier and the boys got louder  
someone had to go  
may called time but june said no  
so

john john got his band together and moved west  
john john's hair got longer and his brass buttons fell off  
the boys paired up  
and what was left  
some stary eyed indian writing

GO TO HELL

on a bathroom wall

SHEILA CREEF

## IT'S TIME

It's time to awake,  
The dream is over.  
Rub you foggy eyes  
And say your line again,  
No need to cry,  
Maybe tomorrow  
Your dreams will last.

MICHAEL SINGLETON

## CELEBRATION

1. ("...skating home on thin ice from the Apocalypse" - Verandah,  
from Ray Mungo's Famous Long Ago)

Once again  
I'm on the streets,  
spending my time with broken soldiers  
and hiding between these ragged sheets.  
I've grown so thin and pale this month.  
Is it me  
or just the time of year?  
Scarlet lips invite me  
into shameless corners  
where ladies with crystal wrists  
incite my midnight hours.  
I've been twisted  
and I've been scorned;  
I've been wanted  
and I've been needed.  
I've looked over the edge.

2. (Edge City)

A loser from the battles  
(Great Babylon has fallen!)  
passed through here this year.  
He gave me  
ancient shadows and barren landscapes  
to place upon  
my empty walls.  
And with a rope  
he sealed the night  
and let it stop at that.  
I cringed and prayed aloud  
that I might see his face,  
that I might see his pain.

3. (Edge City Revisited)

Close my eyes, I can't sleep,  
wait for(ever) dawn, watch the sky,  
settle down and think.  
Motors running in the street,  
signs flash off and on . . .  
My lover looks twice  
and locks the door . . .  
saints in Heaven bow their heads.

4. (Celebration: "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to  
lose" - Kris Kristofferson)

Kiss my lips,  
I am going away forever.  
Kiss my lips,  
I will dream forever.

I am lost forever.  
It's too late . . .  
It's too late . . .  
It's too late to stop now.

(Did you die  
with amphetamine dreams  
running 'round your brain?  
Was the music over?  
Did you turn out the light?  
Did your Jewish mother  
toss in her sleep?  
Did your step-father snore?  
And what was it like  
when you knew you were dying?)

5. (Epitaph)

The streets are filled with angels,  
circles of angles, left behind.  
They cross their hearts  
and weep, while the world  
looks away.  
Angels weary angels,  
walking on alone.  
They are going away for ever.

For ARTHUR CAMUS,  
who saw the edge and stepped over.

MICK FERGUSON

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