

## Soul Memory

Under fluorescent lights,  
On a wooden chair I sat.  
Not moving,  
Not caring,  
Not wanting to even when she begged.  
In stillness,  
I'm always pondering the past!  
The careless boring past.  
The whoring returning past.  
I hear tainted laughter,  
That echoes still.  
And lavender tears  
That fall on hard whitened stones.  
She is gone again,  
Yes, until she needs another fix.  
The dose of drug  
That is my soul.  
Like a vampire suctions blood,  
She feeds on me.  
In conflict and in love!

— John Pernell

## Morrison would see irony in latest war

(Continued from Page 2)

people wanting to explore their other sides. Friends who attended the infamous Miami concert tell me that the crowd merely wanted Morrison to sing his hit songs; it didn't have a clue about what his drunken monologue meant. As Stone stresses, Morrison appeared self-indulgent, gross, and petulant. He said we were slaves of our institutions. He offered to lead a revolution against (dis)regarding ourselves as blind, gluttonous consumers of fashion. Later, when we read what Morrison wrote and said in interviews, we figured it out, but at the time Morrison failed to meet the crowd's expectation of what a rock concert was, and it didn't like that.

A couple of weeks ago, as I listened to Neil Young and Crazy Horse whip a 1990's crowd into adoring frenzy, I marvelled at Young's capacity to survive and wondered at Morrison's very brief streak across our horizon. I bought the first Doors album in 1967; Morrison died in 1971. Stone tries

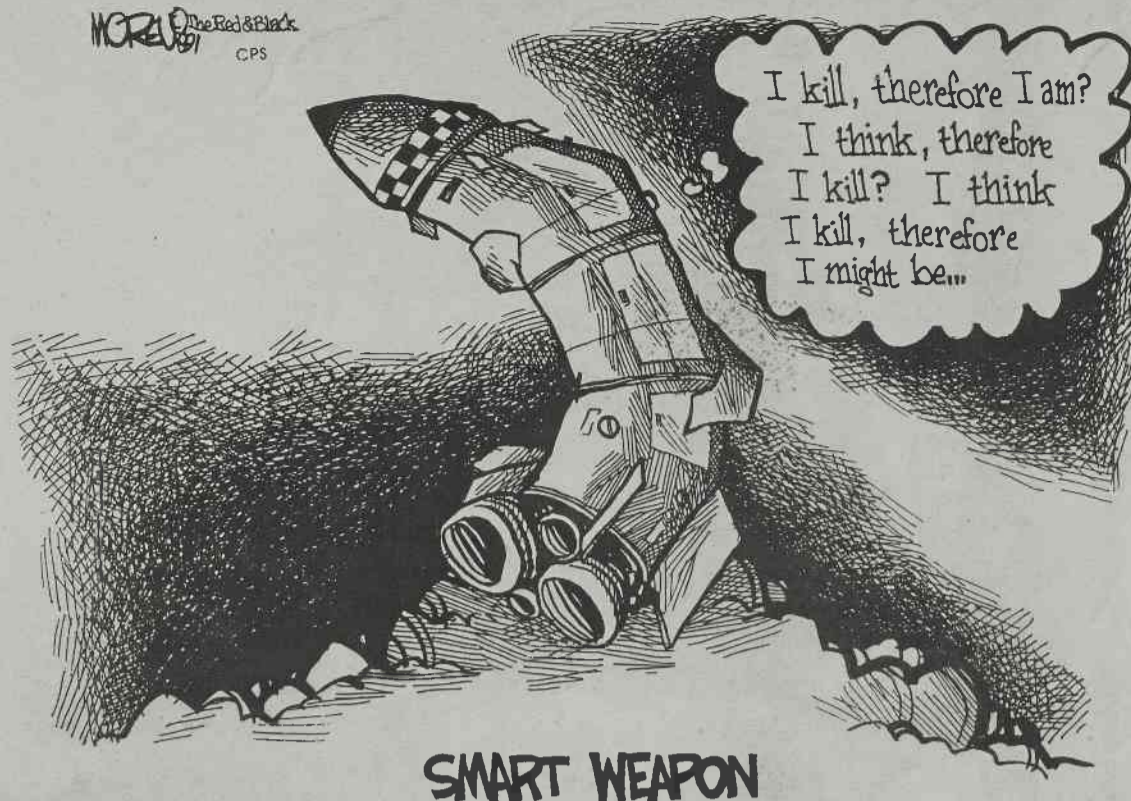
to make Morrison into a mystic who wanted to die as the ultimate excess. Perhaps. And as Neil Young as sung, it's "better to burn out than to rust away." But in my personal mythology, Morrison's message was — and is — that testing the boundaries of language and behavior is honorable if the goal is self-awareness.

I think his body died when it couldn't keep up with his boundary testings. He was stupid to abuse himself to death; but he has my everlasting respect for his honest, courageous, and ingenious appraisal of and encouragement of one part of humanity — the part we most like to hide from because it calls for a continual re-evaluation of the rules.

If you read his words and listen to his music, you will see that he thought we might reach the other side of meaninglessness through love — of ourselves and of each other, and of human potential. What would he say about a country that pretends to have reached it by exporting death and destruction?

"This is the end?"

MORRISON The Red & Black  
CPS



SMART WEAPON

### Fiction fantasy

## Good-bye, my lovely queen

By JOHN PERNELL

*This story is a section of a much larger piece that is still in the works. The characters are growing by the day in the slow hours behind my Smith Corona keyboard. I am present this story as a washbuckling fantasy simply for your enjoyment of reading. As in all fantasy stories, the characters are make-believe. No one should be flattered by the content.*

She, in all eloquence, stepped delicately from the doorway and into the shadow-ridden room. The air, that crept in through the oak door, moved about the chamber in moist clean patches.

Her hooded royal blue cloak, soaked by the night rain, clung to her slender poised body seductively. With both hands the young woman took hold of the hood and pulled the drenched material away from her face. Then the girl spoke.

"Gabriel, why are you here?" Britany's voice hid a trace of fear in the question.

"I refused to allow myself to leave Berwick without seeing you one last time. Is that so wrong?" I

asked.

"Yes. Yes, it is terribly wrong. I am the king's wife."

"And I, my dear Queen, am just a peasant unworthy of your great company." I knew those words would hit her in a feverish influx of contradicting emotions. I wanted her to feel the pain I felt, and the helplessness. I hurt the one person I loved. I did not know why.

"You are no peasant, you're my only true love." The tears returned to her blue eyes. Britany turned away, to face the doorway, leaving me only the view of her long silver-blue hair that fell down her back and over the wet cloak. "If someone were to find us here, we would both be executed."

I took a few gentle steps toward her. Her breathing sped up as did my own.

"Then," I said, "I suggest that we do not get caught."

Britany tried in earnest to laugh, but still the fear held her within the cloak.

I moved closer to her and placed my hands onto her shoulders. Then my hands left the girl's

shoulders and slid downward over her responsive breast to finally rest comfortably on her stomach. She breathed outwardly deep and slow, as I pulled her body near and tight.

"Gabriel, where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm not yet sure. I have few friends in Bellhollow."

She pivoted between my arms, until our eyes dueled in quiet surrender. Nearer still I pulled her, until our lips were one. Britany's tongue explored, as it had countless times before, smoothly, quickly, and without hesitation. Then I released my arms from their grasp and we broke away. The room felt suddenly cool and indifferent.

"Goodbye, Britany, my lovely queen."

I left the room and the castle like the chilling wind. From there, I moved through the deserted cobblestone streets toward the wharf. There, as the rain continued to drop over me, I boarded the sailing ship that allowed me to traverse the ocean and my emotions.

## Writers needed

The editors of the *Decree* are looking for writers interested in working on the newspaper. If anyone is interested in writing news or feature stories, music or other cultural reviews, sports, editorial columns, or even joining the *Decree* staff, please contact us through Box 3666 at the NCWC post office.

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