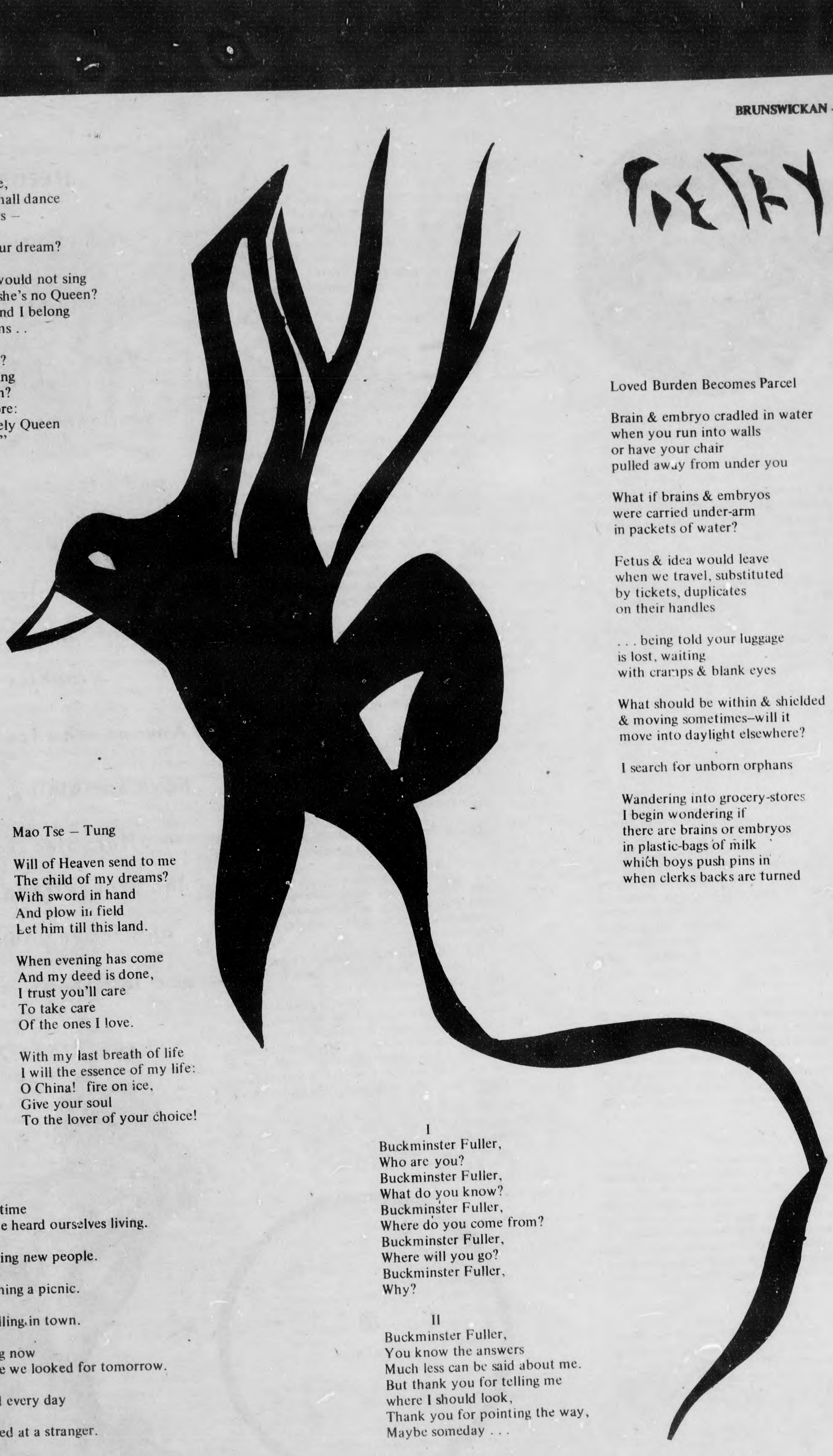
POETRY



Barbara and Pierre

Sing to me my love,
And together we shall dance
Upon the open seas –
Little Miss lonely
Please say I am your dream?

Because the lady would not sing
This is not to say she's no Queen?
Because Barbara and I belong
To different dreams . .

Tragedy is strange?
Here we have a King
Who has no Queen?
And as I said before:
"There lives a lovely Queen
Who has no King."

Mao Tse – Tung

Will of Heaven send to me
The child of my dreams?
With sword in hand
And plow in field
Let him till this land.

When evening has come
And my deed is done,
I trust you'll care
To take care
Of the ones I love.

With my last breath of life
I will the essence of my life:
O China! fire on ice,
Give your soul
To the lover of your choice!

been a long time
Since we heard ourselves living.
Since–
Meeting new people.
Since–
Planning a picnic.
Since–
Strolling in town.

been so long now
Since we looked for tomorrow.
and–
lived every day
and–
smiled at a stranger.

–J. M.

Loved Burden Becomes Parcel

Brain & embryo cradled in water
when you run into walls
or have your chair
pulled away from under you

What if brains & embryos
were carried under-arm
in packets of water?

Fetus & idea would leave
when we travel, substituted
by tickets, duplicates
on their handles

. . . being told your luggage
is lost, waiting
with cramps & blank eyes

What should be within & shielded
& moving sometimes–will it
move into daylight elsewhere?

I search for unborn orphans

Wandering into grocery-stores
I begin wondering if
there are brains or embryos
in plastic-bags of milk
which boys push pins in
when clerks backs are turned

I
Buckminster Fuller,
Who are you?
Buckminster Fuller,
What do you know?
Buckminster Fuller,
Where do you come from?
Buckminster Fuller,
Where will you go?
Buckminster Fuller,
Why?

II
Buckminster Fuller,
You know the answers
Much less can be said about me.
But thank you for telling me
where I should look,
Thank you for pointing the way,
Maybe someday . . .