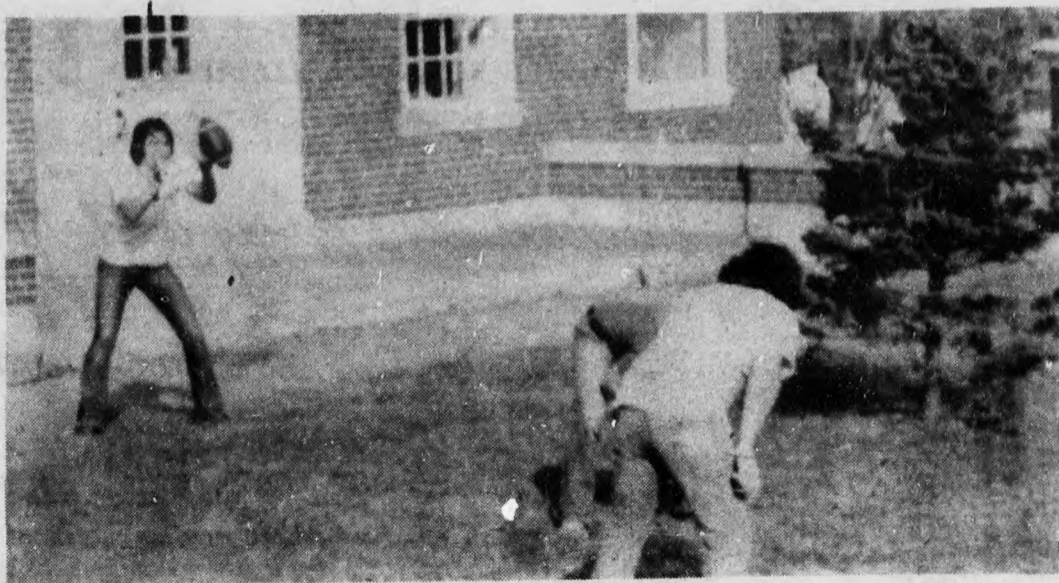


DANCE

I felt the sweat from my back
 Sticking to the wall.
 As I stood alone; head down,
 Faces passed me following each other
 In trance-like circles.
 The center was filled with bodies
 Vibrating to the sound I could feel
 against my back.
 Alone, a forced air of nonchalance
 surrounded me.
 As I waited expectantly among the
 wallflowers.

—Shari Hollins



SNOW

Then you get the feeling that you let go.
 Then you see some snow,
 Make it time
 Make it slow,
 Time goes fast
 Time goes fast and slow and you will have no snow.
 Time goes fast and it grows — your—
 And that will be the end of the story!

—Mike Derry



photos by Ken De Freitas

PARDON THE INTRUSION

Perhaps I owe you an apology.
 I tramped across your well-kept lawn,
 Your flowers and grassblades bending at my mercy.
 And without even bothering to notice
 I intruded upon your peaceful privacy,
 All your trivial pleasures laid out before me—
 For my personal examination,
 Had I taken the time to wonder...
 about you.

—Susan Manzer

FOR WHOSE MERCY

Insolent convenience—
 Patching the death of the unseen child,
 Wasting words upon its brow
 Until immortal peace
 Promised to all innocent goodness
 Pulls itself from under a selfish pride.

—Susan Manzer

