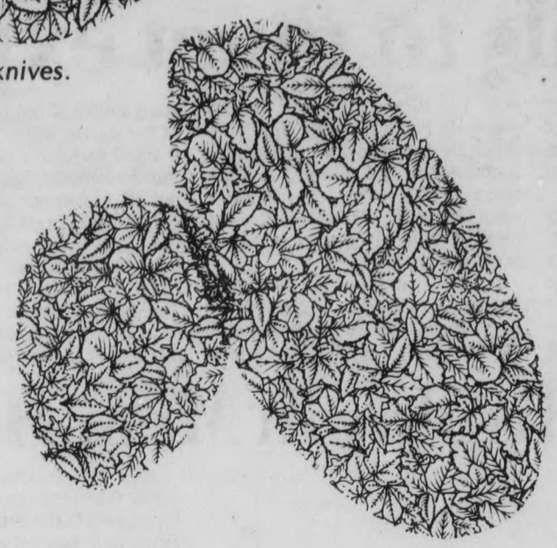
THE FALL

It shone with clarity,
Bright, shiny white pearl
Encased in pink moistness,
It echoed healthiness,
And brown eyes pierced the air like knives.
It was the face of a hollow,
Faceless gutter lover,
Swished and kicked
And worked raw.
Corked, stuffed and kicked
Like a stubborn mule,
Too eager to work if they knew.
Lie there!
Wallow in your own sweat;
Soak in self pity;
Someday you'll be clean.

Barbara Baird

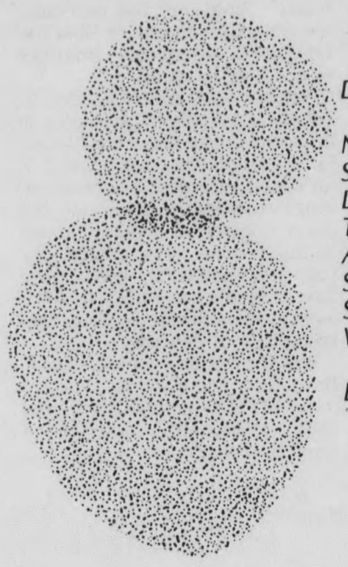




THE THREAD

A man lay on the road with his eyes closed
While the blood and guts
of thirty years work
Drained;
And he dare not move
For fear the jagged bone that protruded
Like a broken piece of straw from his belly
Would cut some more
And leave him hanging like juicy grapes.
The people stared, they swayed in awe,
Their eyes looked like their worlds
Were exploding before them.
It was.

Barbara Baird



DAWN

Night's lingering chill pervades the air in crisp clearness;
Starlets play against a curtain of ebony
Dancing in the morning light,
They fade into blood red depths
As purple clouds,
Silhouetted against a timeless space,
Sail placidly by,
Waiting for the dramatic personae.

Barbara Baird

DAVID

An aging form with eternal spirit,
He stood, a pillar of stone,
Moulded by human hands,
Tediously shaping a character;
A perfect man.
He was nothing but marble,
But I loved him.

Barbara Baird

"A WORD"

Stardust wings of sand too gentle
For the touch to seal, whisper forth
That silent knowledge of a life
Too thick for fog to settle round.
Nestle in such shade of lighter
Woven air to fly thy spirit's sound.
Secure and gentle beach that binds
Us to its lair as if a word
Could change the parrot's being.
Happy moments hold this world
But why the sick, sick to sea.
Short mellow, aging hope to have
Such need for carrying care on
Half broke strength of stringent
Love. Unbound but leashed in
Its own fury to perceive where
Not, where is, there be the word.
Slightly folded cloud pours forth
On yonder fields golden clear life
And in relief reveals blushing green.
Soft shoots, here word, unheard but
Always felt. Closed eye treads
Imprinting on her smile a ripe
New scar of deaf defence in doubt
That she will bear the pain in time.
Sharp sweeping sickle cuts her ripeness
Into cups of life to drink or pulp
In half judged need but he dripped
Blood for me and now the word
Has safely harboured ships of
Simple journey to their end.
A word is not that nimble flaunt -
It causes fear and often haunts,
Then doubt and speculation rise
Creating lids on half closed eyes.
The only thing we often fear
Is no more dope and no more beer.
But oft when conscious starts to ooze
The glass defies which half holds booze.
The "far out man" and all its glory,
Leaves us the word, an untold story.
I've said "a word" and climed a tower,
This world is built on might and power.
The word intended for this poem
Has surely made my fingers rome.
The word I seek is not called God
Or Children's rhymes on Freddy Frog.
The word again, is not called Satan,
Christians think that He's there waiting.
The word I seek to tell to thee
Begins in A and ends with Z.

Infinities' variety
Varieties' infinity.

Stephen J. Vasseur

I'D LIKE TO KNOW

I really felt I'd tried with all
To give the meaning of the fall.
Unfold the meaning of the sea
Which lies so deep in you and me.
Reign on you kings of might and power,
Give me the time of day, an hour?
We left to life from there, the womb,
And found that life was ere, the tomb.
To Scab the realm of life, the tower
And find the answer in an hour.
Friend to all and find there's none
To use the sword and finally run!
Is this the love that Jesus preaches,
I cry your name so you may reach us.
Unfold yourself to all as friends
And cry not, failing in the end?
Success is labeled by percent
Pharoah's heart was hard cement.
Life, its blood flowered not in me
And yet I was like every tree.
We see the movies of their hate,
Yet is there one who can relate?
I guess the theme I am trying to say
Is I am here and God's away.
Since left with you as it does seem,
Then maybe life is but a dream?
Would you remember any more, if all of life was but a war?
Then mark my heart as one whose scorned
And understand, the presence of, the Lord.
If we were meant to think as one
Then why did Freud and Faulkner come?
There is a view we are the same
And most spring water meets the drain.
Now let us understand the boat
The final one will drift us out.
And let us undertand the view
That God made one but man made two.

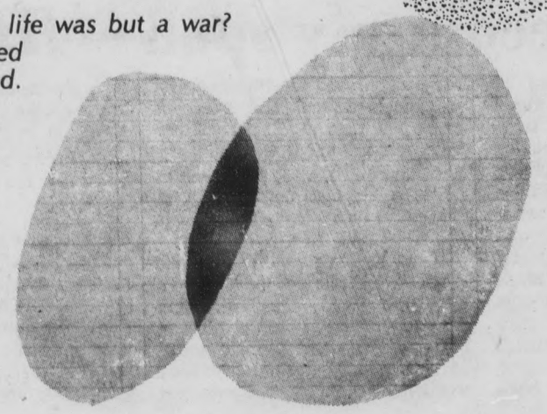
S. J. Vasseur

DRIFTWOOD

Dead shells of life
With no purpose but
To bob like lonely souls
Cast upon a sea of souls
That tosses them here and there
At its command.

Barbara Baird





TOURISTS....AND OT

They come in droves
These strange befudd
herdlike kind of men
in outlandish clothes,
often bizarre, but var
than in their thought
which seem remarkab
and sheeplike;
driven as tourists are
throughout the world

Their forbears came;
Men of position
of intellect
of ordered calm and
They knew a good th
Their lives were filled
dignity.
They reared majestic
sometimes beautiful
but always grand;
and started dynasties.

And now they come
These latter-day adve
lethargic, or just relax
mill about, make like
take self-same photog
Uncomprehending
And vaguely staring,
they do not ken
that here their forbea
[Sometimes their very

For when the old blo
became too thin
too intermixed with v
results were grim,
and dynastys, so well
foundered on the roc

The grandsons, even,
of the proud aristocra
were often
wont to go their ways
be it whoring, betting
anybody's guess
what changed them.
Soon,
their sires forgotten;
all that preceded ther
that generates respect
cast out...cast down,
forgotten, all.

Their *offspring,*
Scattered
as petals in a gale,
remember nothing.
Imagination-less,
shorn of their family
traditions,
roots, and ordered ho
they come to gape
at ordered beauty
of another age.

Their trip is often of
They gape...and medit
and on they go,
insatiable for all the
digesting nothing,
on they go.
They do not build.