

Betrayal

*You retire conscience to a corner.
It will lie with your questions and cheap beads.
Your face is shaved in disguise
as you sneak away,
mace in your eyes,
wise to deceit.
They have gassed your last dream
and now
you will amass their silver
like despair.*

by Ann Kozak

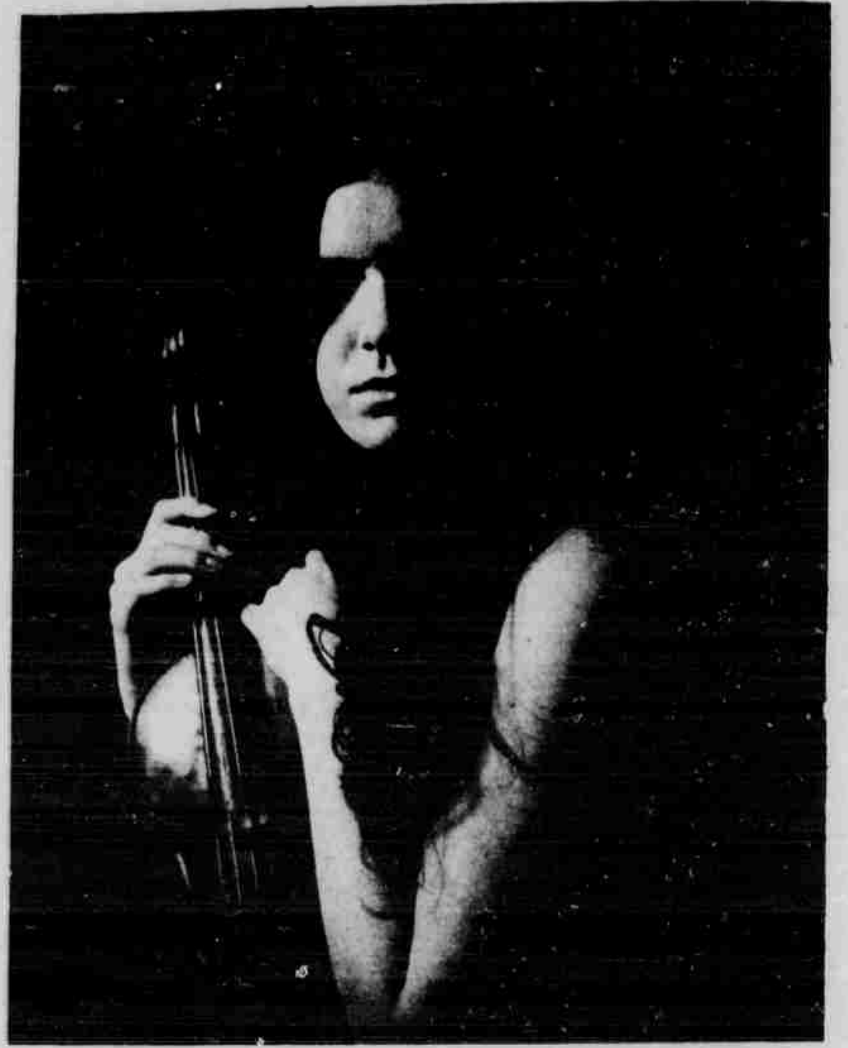


Photo by Russ Cole

the
lowlands
reader... aw

*The blue and green stripes of the carpet
are very much like a life.
They flow from their bright birth
to frayed and tattered ends
beating the cold stone:
Medusa in worsted pile.*

by Bill Smitherman

Morning Call

*May the time march by the sunsets of your nights
And may life continue into the intelligence of time
For that I might find my mind and my rights
to get up in the morning and spend my dime.*

by Patrick Ted Maloney

*Compiling miles
Measured by pitched poles,
Decked in errie pitched wires.
Endless gravel hills—
Each top chill blast
Each valley disillusion
Cradling no respite.*

by Blythe Ann Erikson