

the lowlands reader...

aw

the moon so bright
through the clouds
I can't read or even
play chess alone
what's
the matter now
the same I guess
the same if it matters
which way you look at it
still I like to think
if there were two
I might be one

My words freeze time,
ink frozen lines
eternal as the day
will end and sure
as the moon
in a thunderhead sky
solid as the sun
in a streetlight pond;
I know tomorrow
only by its name.



drawings by
shelley thornton



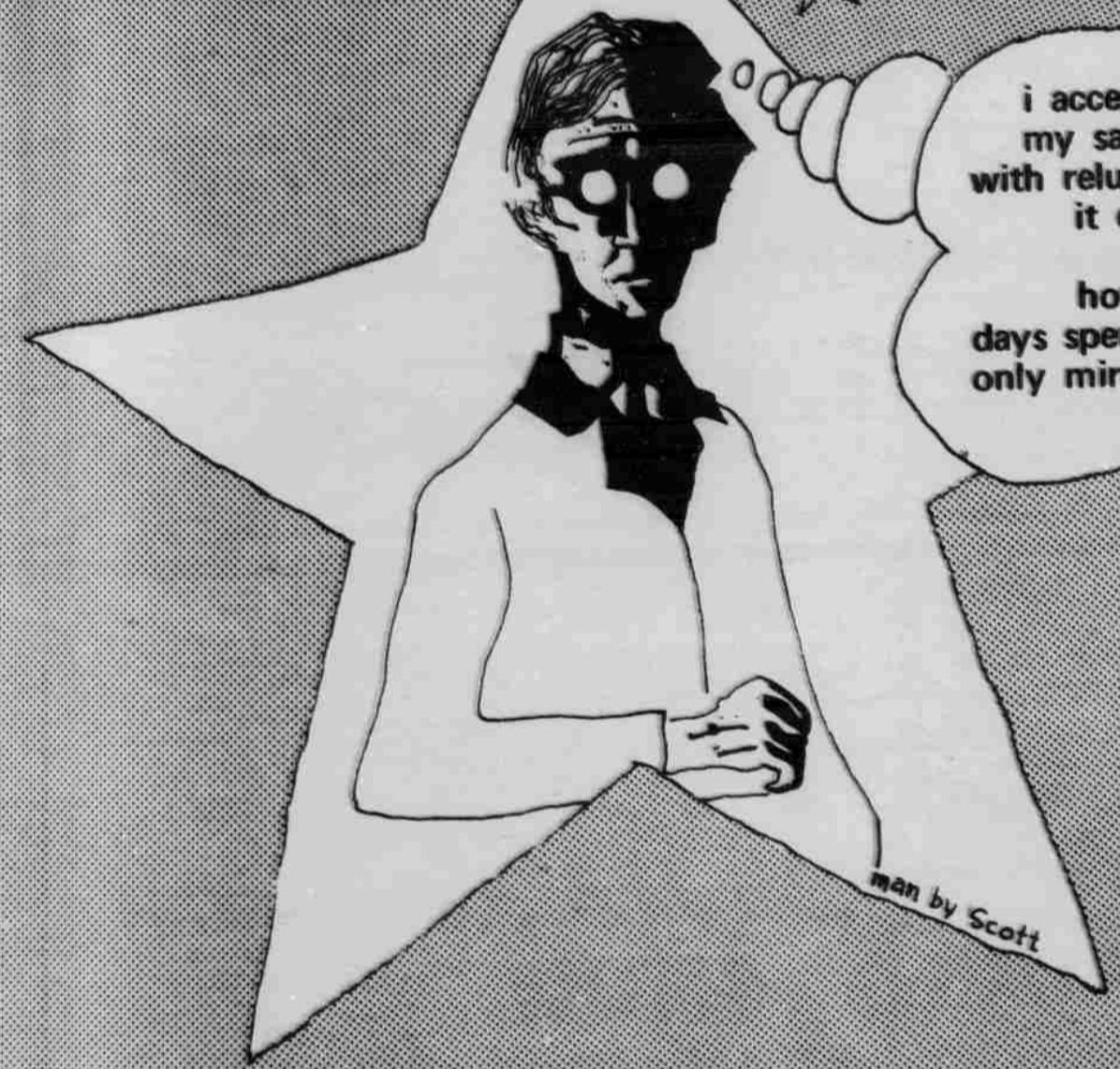
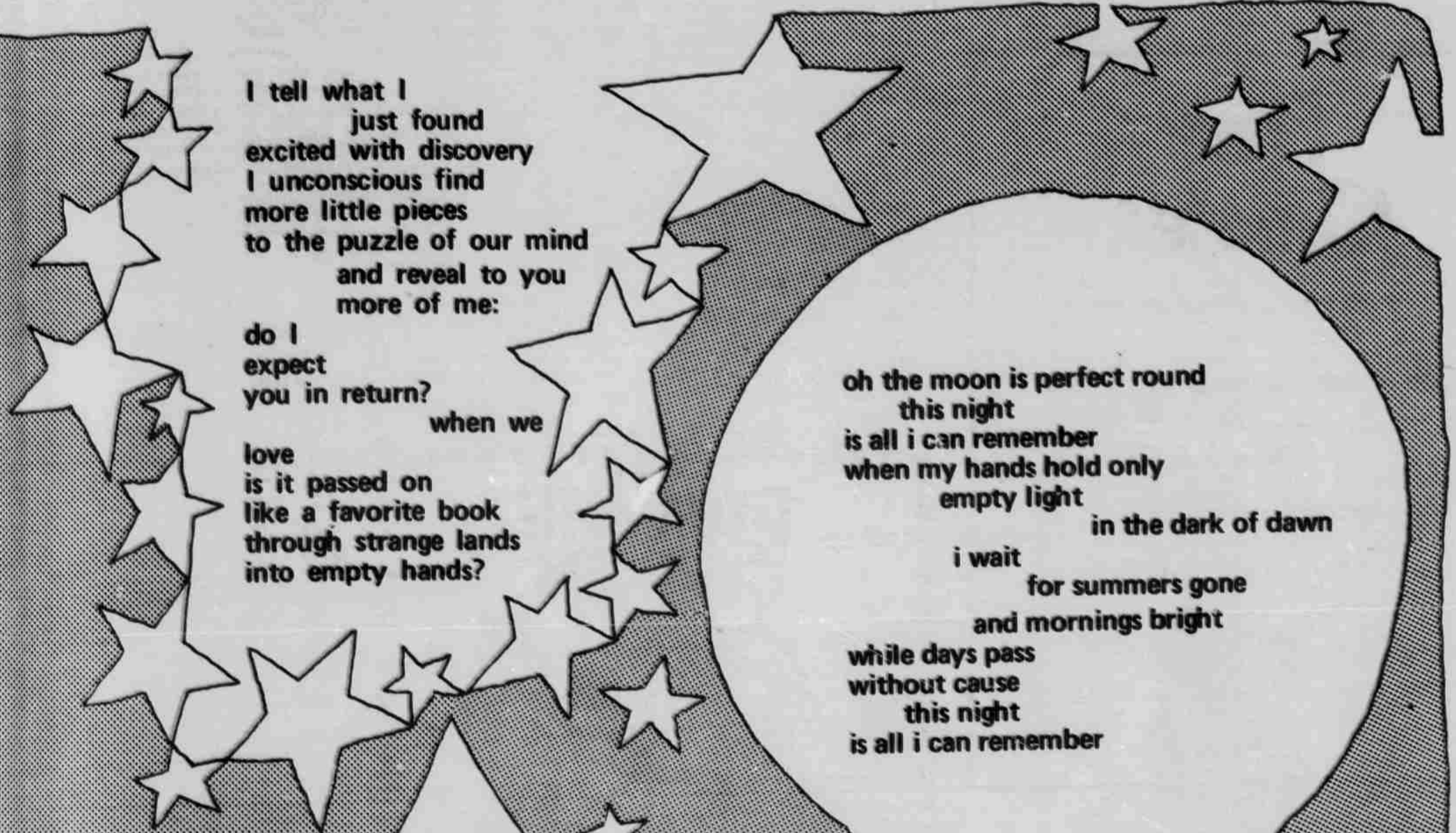
poems by
scott m'laughlin

I tell what I
just found
excited with discovery
I unconscious find
more little pieces
to the puzzle of our mind
and reveal to you
more of me:

do I
expect
you in return?
when we
love
is it passed on
like a favorite book
through strange lands
into empty hands?

oh the moon is perfect round
this night
is all i can remember
when my hands hold only
empty light
in the dark of dawn
i wait
for summers gone
and mornings bright
while days pass
without cause
this night
is all i can remember

i accept
my sanity
with reluctance
it does not fit
oh
how sense hinders how
days spent in reflection
only mirror yesterday



man by Scott

leap from the roof
laugh in the dark
with the grass—we
haven't long to live—
nor much to give—we
are green and grow,
in secret ways
on rainy days—we know,
the grass and I,
we're not the sky still we
roll in the wind
kiss a friend
and unashamed,
laugh in the dark

there's nothing wrong
with me dad,
my mind's been blown
to a thousand pieces
yellow leaves dead
and in the wind
it rustles
on the still days
whispers songs
of golden circles
dark green water
and white foam crystals
in the valley
of a mixed tree forest
that blooms in the fall
in the colors of death.