

lowlands reader

Thingpoems by Sandra K. Gilbert

Window

How much longer shall I intervene
between you and darkness?
I am holding the sky up
with these panes!

Salami

I am not as big
as I smell.

Face

I precede you like a curse.
No matter what you do
I will get worse.

Typewriter

Your fingers oppress me
like ten insoluble problems.
I count and click but I will never
figure you out.



Photo by Dan Ladely

Visions of Zarathustra

*The young Persian sits quietly in his cave
Amid rising curls of holy oils.
Spirit striving toward the Gateway
(Hunger pangs rumble through)
Sails high and free above the world
(As a frown passes his brow like a warm
puff of midnight air).*

by James Luebbe

*"take me to the buryin ground"
to sound my head surrounds
leadbelly blues
are walkin in my shoes,
with lonesome
but a forward shadow
on a silver saddle
the only friends
sing hymns,
in rum lite tongue's
as church bells ar' rung
not for the bum
or helpless son
an diamond ringed saints
make gold weighted complaints
whils parson threatens guilt
on choir girls built
secretly turnin into mr. hyde
as choir girl dreams don't lie.
... but now suns arisin
sky' a turnin blue
hound's a bayin
an my heads still a'rage' in
to that leadbelly sound
"take me to the buryin ground"
by Ned Anderson*

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Oct. 9

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