

## 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.

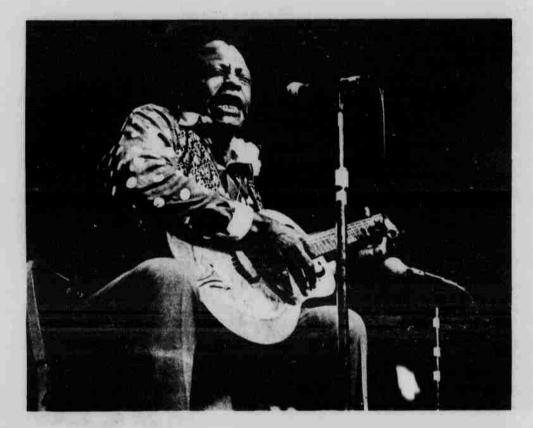


Photo by Dan Ladely

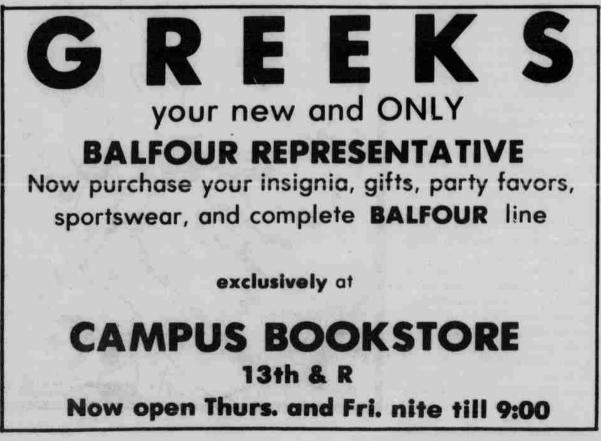
# Visions of Zarathustra

The young Persian sits quiety 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).

"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 burn 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

C. C.

by James Luebbe



Oct. 28 at the Pershing Municipal Auditorium-8 PM



### GRAND FUNK in concert—one show only

along with Grand Furk will be Black Oak Arkansas. Tickets are \$5.50 an \$6.50 and go on sale at the Pershing Municipal Auditorium at 10 AM, Saturday Oct. 9

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