

lowlands reader

Dirge

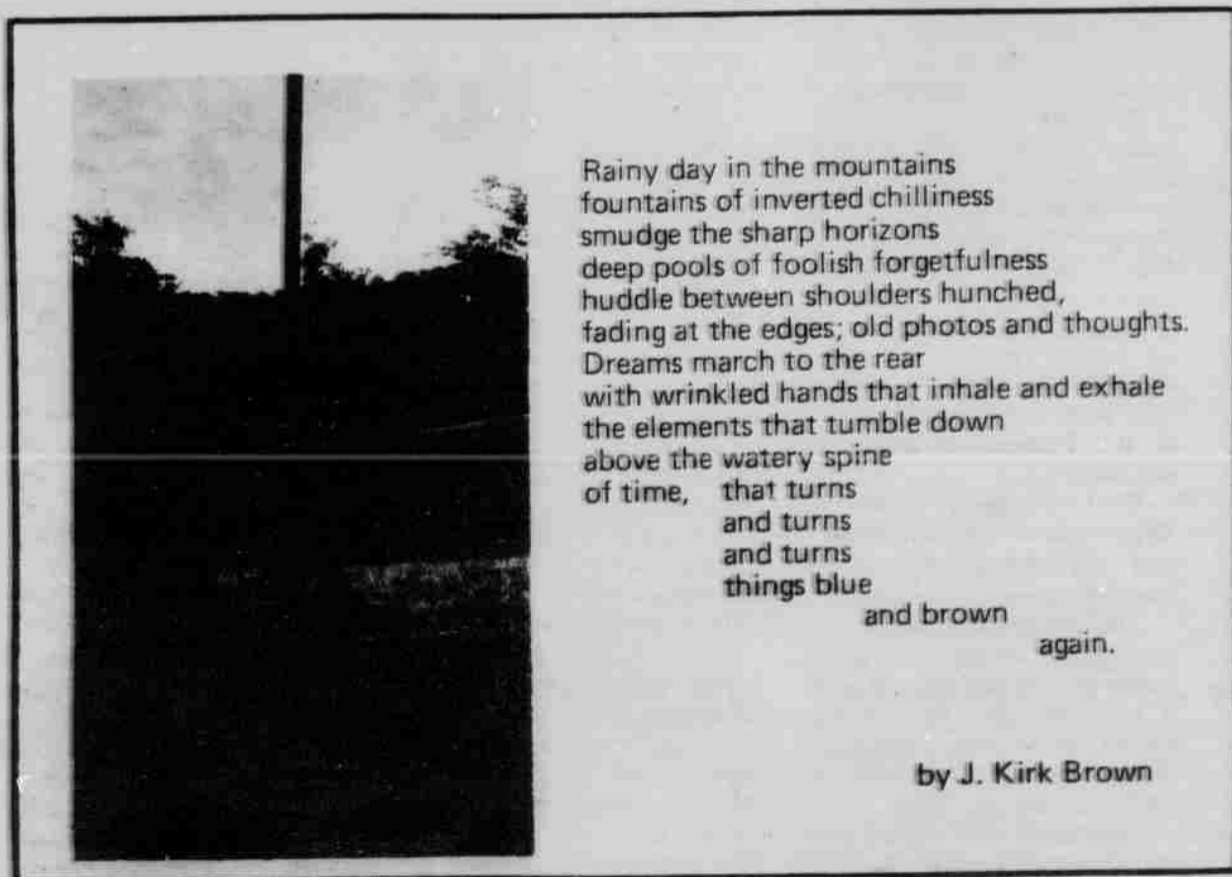
the dying mother's bed
in reality is inverted;
my inculcated prayers
stand blasphemous beside it.
Reeling in the garish parade
I sense: "at least it's not me."
At the graveside
a jazz band lures the wind;
but I am steeled against
the blowing.

by Bob Clemmer



Autumn you clothe your sleepy trees
and trails in golden mist
Then you fill the air with
the mellow scent of leaves afire
You give your drowsy fields a taste
of snow the sun will melt
To diamonds glittering that only wet
my boot a dew
You're a painter in the trees
dropping samples down to me
You're an Indian painted face
and a summer of the same
You're children's weather now
and in their ecstasy they smile
When you say good night they trod home
late again for supper
Oh Autumn we watch you getting tired now
and lazy
You're sleeping later every morn
and dozing sonner dusk
Your great coat falls loose now
and winter lonely now steals in
You will one night to sleep
to sleep in a world of white
And you've become a memory
your song is in our hearts
I long to touch your lips
alone this chilly winter's night...

by Mich Zeman



Rainy day in the mountains
fountains of inverted chilliness
smudge the sharp horizons
deep pools of foolish forgetfulness
huddle between shoulders hunched,
fading at the edges; old photos and thoughts.
Dreams march to the rear
with wrinkled hands that inhale and exhale
the elements that tumble down
above the watery spine
of time, that turns
and turns
and turns
things blue
and brown
again.

by J. Kirk Brown



Photos

Figure by Monte Gerlach
Man in Chicago by Gail Folda
Manhole cover by Dan Ladely
Pump in Kentucky hills by Russ Cole