



the lowlands reader

Deluged by ministrations  
of madness,  
i cautiously peer from  
funnels of cigarette smoke,  
scratching at pieces of conversation  
with well-bitten fingernails.  
Our phrases float into chasms of  
nothingness until i finally  
disengage myself from our  
wall of misbegotten words.  
you've heard the things  
i haven't said.

by Howard Rosenberg

Build a better rat trap  
And people will beat you up

On the path to your door  
Saying that it was really their trap  
Anyway and that you would need their  
Help in proceeding to make it bigger

And better and dirtier and more expensive  
Than Heavens you had ever dreamed of

In a million years until  
Finally it doesn't make that much  
Gross net income minus expenses  
To warrant their helping you

mainly because they broke it  
into several pieces

which they suppose could be glued  
or taped or something  
Then of course you can have it back  
Almost free

Because actually it wasn't such  
a neat trap in the first place.

by Doug Beckwith

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 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

one by one falling  
into subservience of the  
powerful ruling force—  
the awful white oblivion destroying

Snow drifts

by Doug Beckwith

Photo by Wayne Loftin

