My Awareness Springs from My Gloom

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FIRE PATROL

DENNIS KENNEDY

18 Bendouins fly
on dromedaries
through night sands
sands stars
muffled hoofs
pounding drums of camel skin
sounds of fire
faster
but the blackness
shows no red

Wrapped in rough robes of cotton
cinctures made of camel tails
wrinkled eyes fill with sand,
grains of vanished light.

Brightest bugle looks for blaze.
this wind touches strangers.
flameless eyes.
only the sand has meaning.
no red in blackest night
no fire mars the search for it...

Stars burn:
thousands dead a thousand years,

Bedouins

MY AWARENESS SPRINGS FROM MY GLOOM

D.C. NICKELS

My awareness springs from my gloom.
The coffee cup was suddenly
too hot to hold,
the coffee too bitter to taste.
The world expanded like a fireball-
Consuming the darkness-
I shuddered
realizing I had withered
but now feeling the flame of life
Singe the fiber of my spine.

The idiocy - her father - a trivial waste.
Were we a Facist State?
The 'new left' storm troopers
shouted cliches of assertion-
I could only think of Mein Kampf-
and saw flames leaping out of hell
Consuming the rice-paper wills
of so many Miniver Cheevys.

Hold your ideas - a dog crept in fear
behind the shadow - he cowered -
not brave enough to expose his frame,
not cowardly enough to retreat.
He barked - a low barked whine -
he knew his master - benevolent fool,
would only strike after Susie,
her arm marked by canine incisor-fang,
hung limp and crimson from her shattered frame.
Wail, Susie - the dog marks your trial-
your father, mock-man.