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Unfinished Poem in Two Parts

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UNFINISHED POEM IN TWO PARTS

The armchairs have a floored room and walls to rub their backs against like bears and a still place to grow fat in the dome of my head and fill up with dust and rot on their stupid ornate legs where not any kind of sweet for flying breeze stirs.

I want to lay on hands and fling them out! (the seats where the now and comfortable phantoms sit) through the shuttered up windows in my forehead! and breathe! deeply the empty light thrown back at me! and love the killing pain of an eye full of darkness opened!

David Raber

THEATER

Painted faces stare
Into emptiness of caves.
The laughs come later.

Marzia Vitali

For How, When You Are Gone

Oh how I wake standing naked in the dawn, when you are not near me.

Oh how I dress in sad garments for the day, when you are far away.

Oh how my clothing hangs ragged on my dusk, when I know you are gone.

Oh how I wear your absence blackly in the night, when you are not beside me.

Kris

THE SMILE

Snake, so moist and full, Writhe in dust for her gentle Curling lips to blush.

Cheryl Bergeon