

Purity of sun blown daffodils
Whiteness of sea-borne flakes
Of white hands touching in azure love
Of Gold-flaked noons in summer scent
Spring love of unknowing eyes

Purity of sea breeze melancholy
Flower songs of unfailing birth
Bright sunsets of absent pain
Love Love Love

Love of greacian seas
Of ruins sibyllan
Of wisdom unshattered
Love of newborn fleshless souls
Gold-flaked in azure silence
O my eternal eyes
Dimmed in unbecoming pain
Till final winds

Breathe

All human dust aside
Then God and I sing softly to our ears
Of private fears and hidden sorrows
I broken by war torn flesh
He by unredeemable creation

Jean Adars

THE DERELICT

Eyes that have seen
years melt into decades,
the threads of the tapestry of life
woven without regard for
pattern or form.

Now,

the weaver stands there,
alone...alone...alone.

The stubble on the craggy chin
might well become
a beard.

Unkempt, steeped in faith,
like the worn rags that protect him
from the cold,
but not from being
alone...alone...alone...alone...
with the gestations of the remains
of his mind,
and alone.

T. P. GALLANT

What anguish shall I choose to exercise
In flames of contrite gesticulations

What vow shall I choose to forget
In atrophying exercise of memory

What dream shall I choose to disavow
In analytical clown seriousness

What joy shall I choose to exterminate
In inquisitional judgement

What love shall I choose to frustrate
In self-righteous lenten spirituality

Jean Adars

BEFORE TWELVE

Return, Oh years of purity,
When a leaf
Was a thing,
And a thing
Was a tree,
And the world was exactly
What I wanted it to be.

A wheat field
was an ocean,
My dog
a fearless steed.
Look at the clouds,
Whistle a tune,
Chase a tumbleweed.

Now a cloud is but a cloud,
A tree is but a tree,
I'm older now,
A cynic now,
But then,
God! I was free!

T. P. GALLANT

Blind

Inaccessible chords
Undancible sexless dreams
O undisruptible boredom
No sunflower cursing

Antagonistic

Soot-Imbibing

Its joyful masochism
Search within God's absence
For liberating peyote
Have I faltered
Have I opened wrong doors
Have I seen unborn eyes
Have I

Burning snowmen
Of fruitless fertility
Snows yesteryears
Careless thought-abortions
Nigger freedom
Dogwatch dialectics
Neon ecstasies
O my burning mouth
Puking empty lauds
Chewing substanceless grammar
Nightly
Nightly
Beyond crazy dawns
Of cigarette coughs

JEAN ADARS