

## IN HOPE OF YOUNGER WOMEN

I smile,  
but your vagrant face  
contemplates me  
like a prostitute  
receiving an invitation  
to the junior prom.

—Jim Hornby

## LOUD PRAYER

Our father whose art's in heaven  
hollow be thy name  
unless things change  
Thy wisdom come and gone  
thy will be undone  
on earth as it isn't heaven  
Give us this day our daily bread  
at least three times a day  
and forgive us our trespasses  
as we would forgive those lovelies  
whom we wish would trespass against us  
And lead us not into temptation  
too often on weekdays  
but deliver us from evil  
whose presence remains unexplained  
in thy kingdom of power and glory  
oh man

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti

## Zeitgeist

## GIRL FROM THE NORD SHORE

Happy French girl so golden warm  
Rocking with pea soup gaiety  
The air around me tastes of you  
Your laughter feels like snow  
I freeze your head inside my hands  
Squeeze my eyes against my skull  
And we wake up as fresh  
As maple syrup spilled in snow

—Rick Hancox

## CHIPPY'S LAMENT

I took a bad train to bad places  
Called Tom Dick and Harry  
And Edward and Bob  
For I have been exiled  
From Johnny and Bonny  
Leaving true love behind me.

That place  
Always had a new thin moon  
Or was it a dawn  
Or dusk? No matter —  
It was blue silver pale,  
Easily light and lovely,  
And loved the very bones  
Behind the face of that place  
And the black hair  
And the golden smell of that face.  
That place  
Hung out of cities like a web  
Made just for magic  
With the spider gone,  
And we flapped glistening  
Among the kissing leaves.  
Pull in now the hot dirty blankets  
That you put out to air  
And find me there,  
Frayed fragment rag  
But clean, white,  
To put on hour stained stiff pillow  
And lay down the face  
Of that blessed place  
Called Johnny.

I took a bad train to bad places  
Called Bill Fred and Vincent  
And Frankie and George  
For I have been exiled  
From Johnny the Bonny  
Leaving true love behind me.

These places  
Have no moon ever  
Like salamanders and grim wet bugs  
Under stepping stones  
of a lichen garden  
Where snail's hours cross to and fro  
By streetlight.  
These places  
Have no faces.  
Just things  
This big or that,  
And arms strong or not,  
And chests small or barrel,  
Some quick and some slow,  
Some talk on and ever,  
Or know  
There's nothing to say,  
Some gasp and some whimper,  
Some spend money but mostly not.  
Few wash.  
There's a time to lay and a time to leave  
And I hate the ones  
Who take off their watches.  
These places  
I've seen looking up  
Trying to pull myself up by the eyes  
Staring frightened into blackness  
Lest too long on my back in one filth  
The maggots get me by sunlight  
And birds peck off my nose.

I took a bad train to bad places  
Called Jim Don and Phillip  
And how many more  
For I have been exiled  
From Johnny the Bonny  
Leaving true love behind me.

—Anne Frost

the B makes hon E  
sweet inside  
pure 5 hive  
did you C A B  
fly, bye?  
it was hi.  
ding it's buzz

—Leon Barrouard