

### I KNOW A MAN

As I sd to my  
friend, because I am  
always talking, John, I  
sd, which was not his  
name, the darkness sur-  
rounds us, what.  
can we do against  
it, or else, shall we &  
why not, buy a goddamn big car,  
drive, he sd, for  
christ's sake, look  
out where yr going.

—Robert Creeley

"Hark to turned on Bach".  
"Bach says Hark."  
Trumpets sing  
Music in a ring  
Fugue or rondle  
Beautiful melody  
endless flow  
Making you glow  
"Hark to turned on Bach."  
"Bach says Hark".  
Be you on highway, home or park  
"Hark to John S Bach  
lighting the dark  
turned on brightly  
daily or nightly.  
Electronically  
Not as He realized  
But synthesized.

—Joseph William Lea  
1042 Enola Avenue,  
Port Credit, Ontario

### WAKING IN THE MORNING

Through my window  
In the morning  
The city murmurs:  
Bird's clustered song,  
Faint sound of hammer  
And distant bark chide me,  
And up I spring.

—Maxwell Bates

# Zeitgeist

### LIFE WORK

I am an artist, who , for forty years  
Has stood at the lake edge  
Throwing stones in the lake.  
Sometimes, very faintly,  
I hear a splash.

—Maxwell Bates

### ON THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;  
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told,  
My fruit is fallen, yet my leaves are green,  
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,  
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;  
My thread is cut and yet it is not spun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb,  
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,  
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,  
And now I die, and now I was but made;  
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

—Chidiok Tichborne

### JUST FIND ONE FRIEND

I am in a town in a country  
The name is Amles Amabala  
I had a few friends I thought  
They were thick so thick  
Until they thing out to two  
They were very nice to me  
They always would get me some coffee  
And I didn't have to say a word  
One friend used to invite me to  
have coffee with them  
I said this one is really my friend  
Because the way I look  
God is here  
My shoes was ragged  
My pants had patches all over them  
My shirt was dirty  
And I haven't had a haircut in a year and a half  
She change  
But that last one I thought was really my friend  
No coffee no more with a free will  
Every living thing is God  
Time will change anyone whether  
They are real or not  
I'm thanking God  
For all he is doing for God  
Time will tell what side you really are on  
If you are a friend  
That will stick to the end  
I don't care how rivers run  
Right will always stand  
I'm leaving for Chicago  
So goodbye my friends  
Until we meet again  
In the name of love charity and hope

Love

—Edward English

### OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Look outside the window, there's a woman being  
grabbed.  
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's  
been stabbed.  
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the  
pain,  
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the  
game.  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting  
stiff.  
Thirteen cars have piled up, they're hanging on  
a cliff.  
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-  
chain,  
But we gotta move and we might get sued and  
it looks like it's gonna rain.  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking  
beer.  
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave  
him thirty years.  
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody  
why,  
But demonstrations are a drag; besides, we're  
much too high.  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
Outside of a small circle of friends.

—Phil Ochs