

John has his feet all bare
and his body is filled with hair
his soul is black and his eyes are red
and he is sitting on the bed.

—Sterling Beaton

THE FLY, YOU, AND I

Scurry upside down
on the rooms white cover
for no one sees but me
by the light bulbs fire
you and your kind
all at the fires show
in a frenzied trance
you dance to silent music
you are two when
you leave the circus
on the rooms white cover
your black friend grows
i hate you both
though i know
you are but one
but maybe i am wrong
and you who cast
the darkened shadows
evil with injustice
against my rooms white cover
will set things right
lowly black thing
annoying i who
sleep and dream of
my rooms white cover
as a pure thing
awaking me from my
sleep i can't help but
see you sitting on my nose
my agitated white eyes
they hate you so
i cuss and swat
pull covers over my eyes
and hope you'll go away
your shadow stands
beside you now does
buzz with ugly talk
covering irritated ears
with guilty hands
from threatening buzz
the horrible roar
as your black friend grows
not to be exterminated
its reached a point
i can't ignore
so maybe you are right

—Jim Fitzgerald

Zeitgeist

1

glasses and crystals and color
all in a suitcase
in the railroad station

2

there are wrappers in my pocket
with notes of the busride

3

rumbling dream take away
tomorrow taxis to the play
just say hello
just look out of the window
and slump low

4

you saw the play
and you didn't see the play

5

leaving behind flags
and goodbye relatives
you have left
and you are going to leave
when it stops snowing
and it begins to snow

6

a new time for somebody
an old time for anybody
so pick your suitcase
its contents are very strange
and your destination straight

—Leon Berrouard

A CHRISTMAS POEM

Merry Christmas to you all
and to all let's get some beer
and be happy here here

tear tear SNOWMAN tear
he tears the clothes from the girl in tears

she used to wonder what to wear
now she's dead and don't care

all the books we could have read
all the things we could have said
all the time spent in bed

this is a long poem alfred
did you hear what i said

will you forget the anniversary?
the past hours of the rosary?

when i sing jingle bells
i get happy and don't feel crappy

sleigh bells ring are you listening
are you listening are you listening

in the meadow we can build a snowman
a SNOWMAN oh oh slow

Let's forget that honestly
let's make the season bright
for tiny tots and reindeer

listeners and readers no tears
smile and let it snow

let it snow let it snow
let it snow

some where in the future
somebody will probably see

spend your Christmas with me
and think of a bumble bee

a bumble bee is Christmas love
a bumble bee is every love

there is a buzz buzz in winter
it happens because of her

because because because
of the wonderful things we does

and you if not poo poo
too bad you got snow in the face

for the fields we go
not the snowy meadow

the difference is in the trees
and thoughts of bumble bees

Christmas TIME IS HERE
TIME FOR JOY AND TIME FOR CHEER

— Zephie Van Zepulus