

Walls of wind blowing onshore
lifting the tops from the huge surfs
and whipping stones of salt water
in the reddened face of the boy
and suddenly his eyes clear
and he dances alone
every movement controlled, sensual,
graceful as a giraffes neck
doing figure eights against the sky
and he knows he is alone

—Poseidon

one of an ethos

a fat ballerina
dancing deserted
in an ancient museum:
silently intent on shutting out the sea,
rustling by friends of the family
in her back pocket a magazine
telling her how to be a girl
brandishing herself at a corner,
she bows to the vaulted, sunlit, halls;
her eyes
which held the meanings of the sky,
blindly catch
a rear-view mirror
smeared with blood...
her father cutting dum-dums by the fire,
her mother washing down the public walk
garbed in razor blades,
and poisoned reasons;
frenzied
crooning
swan-song of a sudden day—
a milk-white sunset bleeds to earth
the dance is over.

—jjh

Zeitgeist

the red brick castle in the foggy field
in the misty air and trees
the dream i had was of a house
with bedrooms and a sleepy intellectual roof
and the sky damp not dry
among the trees and peaks
of this house across the street
in the window
waiting for the nite when share
the alone of together weather
here we are
puddle step wind and drop
in the walk of the mind
to the nite on her porch
where i sleep in the rain
the wind moves our leaves
where i lay in the rain
there's no pain no insane
just the foggy white mist rain
and the mind walk porch touch
and the foggy foggy white mist rain
bullfight clown in the bathtub of the story now
to start
where water and soap give way to fog and rain
and the white wall of china falls to mud cement
of sidewalk
we write our names and tempt the black toro
don't run away the rain the fog the lost alone
the red the red is going away away where is she
she never alone she is not she isn't she just
just my red blanket warm soft silky warm
the hot water is too hot the hot feeling after
the rain
i do know what i'm doing it's the screened in
her porch

—Charles B.

—Leon

PHYSICAL FEATURES

By Jim Fitzgerald

The ear is the funniest of all our appendages. It is so funny that the vain women have grown long hair to prevent people from laughing at their ears. Some men have also grown their hair long for this purpose, but we laugh at them anyway for the hair they have grown. Some ears are so big that it seems the owner could fly or even possibly hear a conversation a mile away. Some ears stick out so far that people sitting behind them at the movies have to find a new seat or stay and see the picture a second time. It is amusing to scrutinize the physical features of people.

Although the ear is the funniest, the nose is seldom overlooked as a comical feature. Noses fall into three classes: large, small and medium. The last class, however, is rarely mentioned because if people can't say something bad about you they seldom say anything at all. Ever since their conception, noses have been a target for threats and warnings. "Oh yeah! How would you like a punch in the nose?" "Keep your nose out of other peoples' business." "You better not lie or your nose will get long like Pinocchio's did." These were just a few of the sayings associated with noses.

While engrossed in making fun of the ears and noses we can't overlook the body itself as a source of humor. Some people are so fat that they resemble a miniaturized blimp. They often say that they are on a diet, but it's made up of watermelons swallowed whole. When they run, their stomach resembles a stack of tires bouncing up and down as they huff and puff along. "Obesity is a condition which proves that the Lord does not help those who help themselves and help themselves and help themselves." On the other hand, those people who are extremely thin are also up for ridicule. Some of these people are so proud of what they call their slim figure they don't realize they look emaciated. If they turned sideways next to a new stainless steel razor blade you couldn't tell the difference. If you have seen that fashion model from England, named "Twiggy", you know what I mean. If my hunting dog looked as skinny as she does I'd be home giving him personal attention right now.

Through the ages one thing has definitely changed, and that is our feet. In the past feet were relatively small compared to those of today. Gallant young men used to drink toasts out of the slippers of young ladies, but if they tried that today they would feel just like they did the morning after a wild New Year's Eve party. With the size feet are today you wouldn't have to be God to walk on water. About the only thing these large feet are useful for now it putting out forest fires.

I am a believer in the idea "look before you leap", because I used a mirror as a reference for this essay and realize that I am not exempt from normal abnormal physical features. And if I laugh at anyone else I must also be willing to laugh at myself. As long as we keep this in mind we can continue to amuse ourselves by scrutinizing the physical features of others,

CHILL DREAM

chill dream with sound of rain
electric shave sea seashore wave
it's a easy chair t.v. dream
changing pathways in the forest
coffee brewing and we chewing
T.V. dinners over a campfire
stop the path electric blow wind whirlwind
we have no aim we're all the same
smoke from the broken tube camp fire
and zig zag lines before the eyes
the waiting is all
so —
goodby
soon i die