

8-15-1987

## *Durindana / Gift*

Paul Edwin Zimmer

Lynn Maudlin

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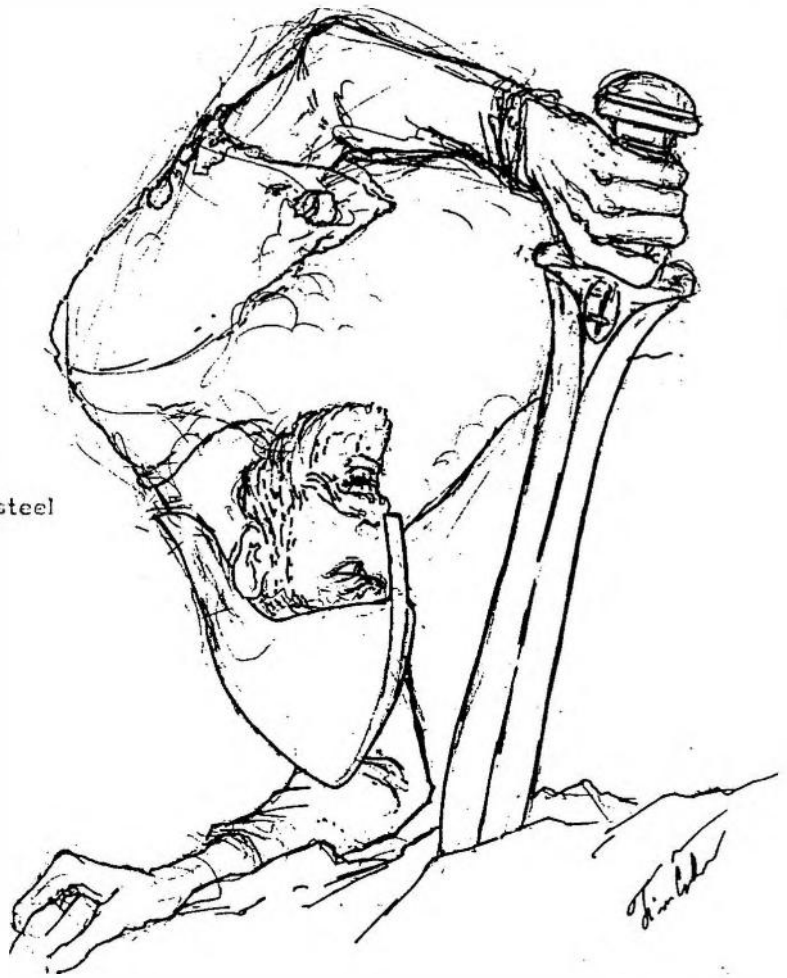
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DURINDANA

Paul Edwin Zimmer

Roland, dying, feels the strength  
Of Holy Relics in his weapon's hilt;  
And fears the Powers of his mighty God  
Might be ushed by Profaning, Infidel hands

To strike against the Godly Kings.  
He drives the strong and stubborn steel  
Fultilely against the bitter stone  
Again and yet again.



GIFT

Lynn Maudlin

Dark angel  
-- hover in the shadows  
wings quiver like restless breath,  
feathers spreading  
at the tip of mighty wings  
waiting  
will I see him?  
I am pacing  
in the dark, my movement  
mixes air  
mingling, swirling  
Oil and Water  
I do not feel his presence  
Until I stop.

Quiet fingers through scalp, on temples  
warmth ripples up my arms  
I feel  
Shielded power,  
Engery behind frightening eyes  
-- so patient,  
for one so strong.

My gasp is too small for that name  
my breathing -- pauses  
Fusion  
as he lets flow out that which  
he came to bring me;  
Raw energy  
unhoned  
I will tune it later  
when I breathe again.