

Dressed in mist and hiding  
net in hand and trident high  
wet and glistening God is hiding  
and the sea is running to its tide

The west winds last airs  
brush the sea-cliff side  
and a wet mist flows down  
to the tuning flood below  
where the sea-spray surf  
holds the struggle it feels  
from a fin in a net of mist  
and blood sighs on the water  
where a moan escapes the sea  
and the spray engulfs a lover  
but not the one whom cried  
as trident flew and maiden dived  
to a rock on the bottom  
where the net has caught  
the mist and not  
the maid or the maid's laughter  
which the God was really after.

-- Harry Monroe

#### Some Spanish Stud

The cat had yellow pants  
and a grey cap  
The cuffs were tight  
his bloodshot eyes  
walking in the snow  
His eyes were swords  
He was on his way  
to murder the landlord  
The sun disappeared  
yellow pants  
tight cuffs  
his eyes  
walking in the snow

-- Jack Micheline