

to be part of,
nor marvel at their white skins
and flourishing beards.
do not look down at their feet in respect,
but gaze long and hard into their eyes,
and you will know the truth.
and when you sense the desperate greed and lust
within the very fibre of their souls,
kill them.

their blood will be red,
just like yours.
and your children will whisper your name
in awe,
with respect for years
to come.

-- RVargas

Long Beach CA

VOWELS

-- after Rimbaud

A, the bile of morning, the coats of Hessians
dead at Trenton. E, the tomcat balanced
on the oak limb outside my window, right
front paw up, unable to put it down and catch
the robin singing a lightweight song.
I, the bear I ate my lunch by in Alaska,
neither of us knowing it until his nap was done.
Fear froze me, mild annoyance like an old lady
nothing to hide anyway surprised in her bath
made him paw the air a bit, as though he held
soap and sponge in hand. U, the label
on Bluebird Records, "Shake It Up and Go,"
1940's, my song ever since. O, the bloody
hole, the end of everything, to which we are sucked,
whirling, gasping, our words at last revealed as useless.

STATE MEET

Mashona Marsh's black
Legs scissored over
The last hurdle and through
The tape. "19.4 seconds,
A new state record,"
And, "Why don't you tell me

Where you're going?" my wife
Screamed in my ear. Other fans
Looked away; my little girl
Stared at us as always.
"I'll tell you where I'm going,"
I said and began to jog
With the grace of twenty years back.
"Don't leave me," she gasped, flopping
Beside me. We reached the exit
Tunnel. "I left you a long time
Ago," I said, accelerating
On the turn to the parking lot.
My daughter ran easily
Between us, breathing in through the nose,
Out through the mouth. "A little more
Arm action, baby," I said,
"There, that's it." "You're running
To her, aren't you?" my wife
Asked, panting. "She's a long
Way off," I said, getting
My second wind, but there
She was, her red hair
Exploding in the April air
Like the last-lap gun.
I sprinted the last hundred yards,
Chest filled with arc lights
And fell across the finish line.

-- Patrick Worth Gray

Bellevue NE

MICRO CHIPS

i

In the park, I sat next a girl who was reading Marcel Proust. She frowned a lot and turned the pages with a snap. Now and then, I tossed nuts to a squirrel. A guy came along. He looked Indian.

"Watch," he said.

The girl slammed her book shut. The guy started concentrating. He screwed up his face and clenched his fists. Slowly, he rose off the ground. He went up a foot, shaking, then managed another couple of inches before coming down with a big puff of breath. He was smiling.