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kuru

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Screams fell on Crete, and echoes rank in Labyrinth;
Daedalus flailed the air, and charged into Icarus' sky-wake;
But Icarus flew on, and laughed at melting wings.
They fell away, a rainbow west of Samos,
Forever lost in the surging Icarian Sea.

The script is old and I can read no farther
So I must block in words and bits of business,
For plays should end with a triumphant curtain.
I must think upon the Sun, the Icarus-loved Sky-God.
I know that in Him gods find their completion:
And soaring on forever, look down on Crete with pity.
Under folded cellophane wings I hesitate off-stage.
When the house-lights dim, I shall be Icarus of Crete.

Barbara Troy

kuru

yes father jackson
i believe in the trinity
in the father
(picasso shubert and shakespeare)
in the son
(pierrot the unfinished and king lear)
and in the holy ghost
(eadimo)

and i believe in satan
(magnificent in sin)
and i believe in you father jackson
(in kuru the creeping horror)
(in kuru the laughing death)

Max Steele