Winter 1957

Opinion

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neversaint tom orrow . . .

finality embelishes
begin of doctrine

for we
it seems to them
must put our hands
into the wound
and even then we
it seems to them
will not realize which
it seems to them
is finality

which way did curiosity go
over the sleepy guarded walls
to see if the fire
still burns

. . . Max Steele

Opinion . . .

I like everything:
A snakey eye, a hornet's sting,
The sound of locusts on the fly,
Stampeding hippopotami.

Oh, I like everything, it's true
But I especially like you;
I never know what to expect
Or what new things you will dissect.

And curious as I am, too,
I'll no doubt end up killing you
For since I like all things in life
I like this highly-sharpened knife;
Though you may not know it, dear,
Your death is oh so very near.

You lucky soul! (To have, in me,
An understanding entity);

These everythings I like so well
Have brought to me a note of hell
And going there, as sure you must,
Don't forget . . . I like dust.

. . . James Bull