





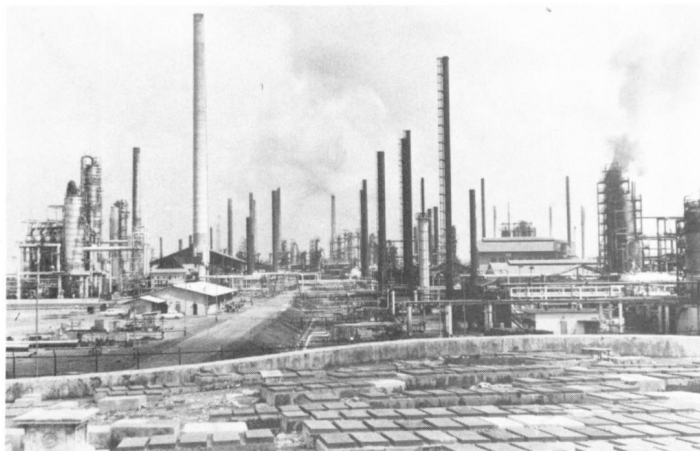
Ralph Lubin



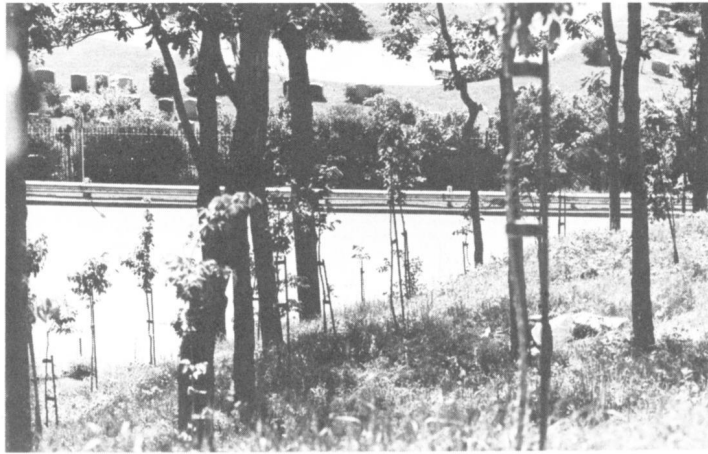
John Yaphé



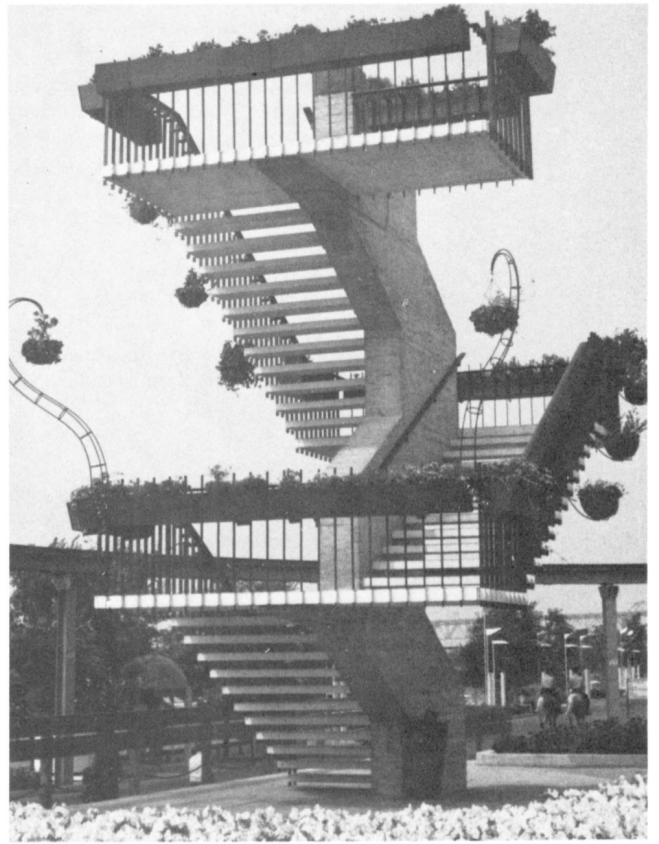
Ralph Lubin



Warren Sirzyk



Warren Sirzyk



John Yaphe



Ralph Lubin

Who am I?

I am the tree that
 across the deep blue
 rainbow arching
 gives you shade,
 the bird that sat
 on your windowsill
 the sunshine
 in the morning
 coming through
 your window, specks

I am of dust-life-entrapped singing this morning.

within. Bathe in the warmth of my life.

you are the moon that
 steals silently slip-
 ing across my
 face at night-
 eternity.
 I am the
 sweet water of
 the rushing stream
 beside which you

I am a flower
 that I put in your
 lapel. I am the

or am I the clouds, downy floating
 billows along the
 bowl of blue-whiteness or

the ocean roars across the shore
 Dazzling in the bright sun
 Lapping at the sand trying vainly
 to catch it before slipping out
 to sea again. Can
 you see me now?

where do
 me
 you see?

WINNING

The carnival arrived in early August amidst laughter and gaiety. It had only been open moments when already the ground was littered with empty cups and wrappers. Infants giggled as colourful balloons rose from their grasps in a supreme salute to Sol's friendly rays. Dogs yelped in confusion. Crowds gathered here, there, in erratic non-patterns, as disloyal to each act as a newly grown dog is to his mother. Everyone's face glowed with mirth and contentment.

I stood before a small booth, drawn by the persuasive voice of its proprietor. I gave him my dime and he handed me three blue and green, multi-feathered darts. He smiled, waited.

I was stunned. What had I done? My entire week's savings, which had shone so delightfully with that lovely pecuniary lustre -- gone, gulped hungrily by the pocket of this man, this Luciferian entity, whose star-spangled tongue and magical grandiloquence had sent me soaring, head first, into the scorching depths of bankruptcy. And for what? My eyes, suspicious, darted upwards and perceived, about seven yards distant, an oaken board covered with semi-inflated balloons. Not one had been burst.

Breathing deeply in the face of abysmal impossibility, I took careful aim for the biggest balloon of the lot and let fly my first dart. For one fleeting moment, my senses ran rampant. A calliope sang! Clowns danced to and fro behind me. Cotton candy's delightful aroma touched my quivering nostrils. The dart struck!

And then fell, lamely, uselessly to the ground. The man grinned, waiting for the kill. I lifted the second dart, hoping, praying, and hurled like some magnificent Olympic competitor. I closed my eyes, waiting for the God-sent sound.

Nothing. No pop, no thwack, no burp, no telltale bleat, just soundlessness emerged from the booth. I broke into a sweat.

I reached for the third dart, my final hope, thinking all the while of new and better ways to send it to its mark -- should I flex my elbow, flick my wrist? -- when suddenly, I felt magic in my fingers!

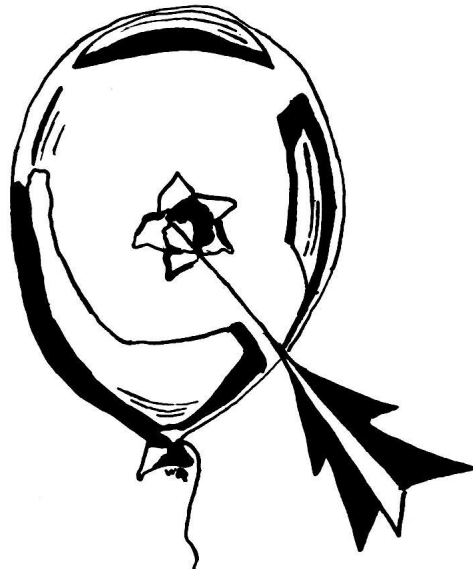
I heard behind me tempestuous applause.

The angels are singing, I thought.

With renewed confidence, I raised the dart, poised by my ear -- Jesus Almighty! The thing was alive! It fled from my fingers like a hornet, soaring, seeking --

Pop! It was as impossible as the felling of Goliath. I chortled with pride. I managed to sell the toy, stuffed poodle for a quarter. Another miracle! Fifteen cents profit!

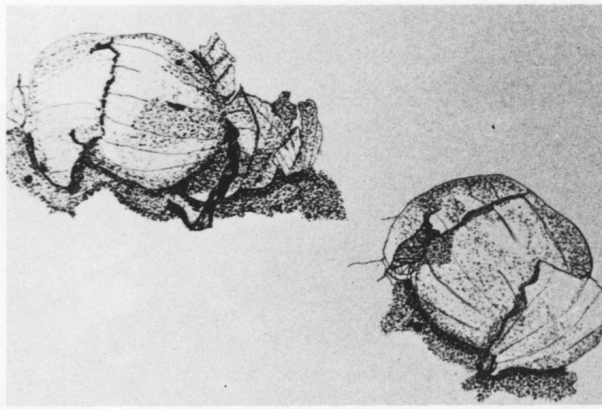
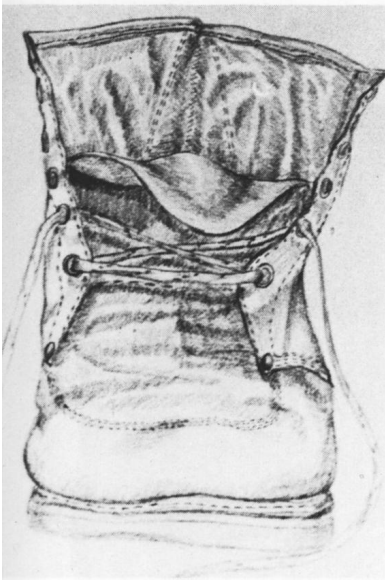
-- H.J.D.





From behind his eyes of wonder
 a question comes.
 -- what is wrong -
 He cries
 for the noises scare him
 and his mother holds him closer
 to her nakedness.
 He is taken from her
 The warmth of her body is gone
 He is alone now
 and again he cries
 But no one hears him
 because they are laughing
 - and then there is death -

Esther



There is a history to the following. Clifford Lion was politely requisitioned to compose a literary work on an onion, an urn, and show. Below are Clifford's outpourings.

P.S. All apologies to the shoe.

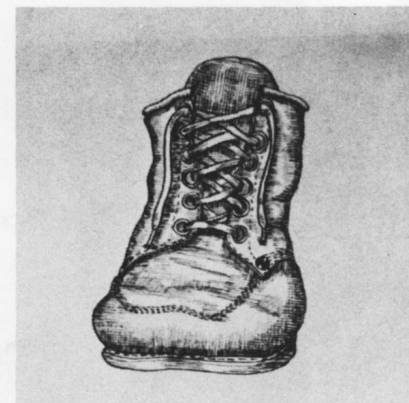
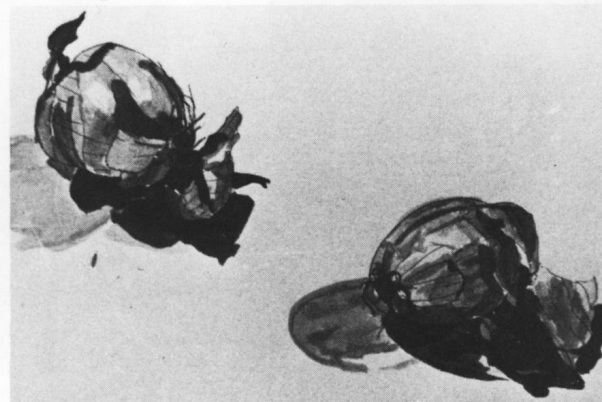
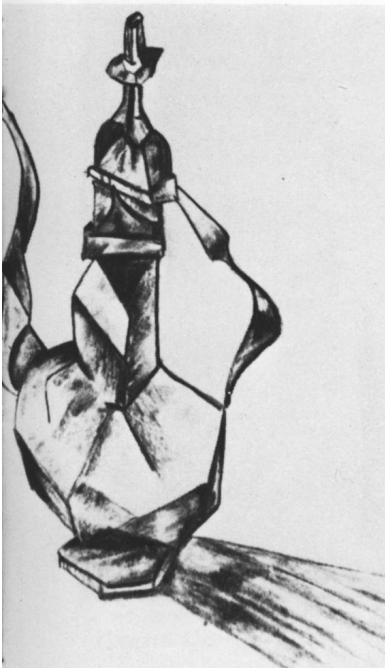
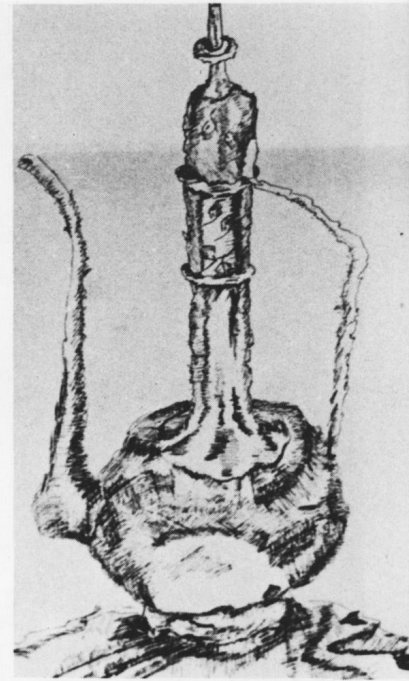
He cut himself a piece of bread and from the cupboard he took out a jar of his grandmother's strawberry preserves, remembering the summer day he had picked the berries. He measured two exact spoonfuls onto a plate. His feast was prepared. But there was something else to be done.

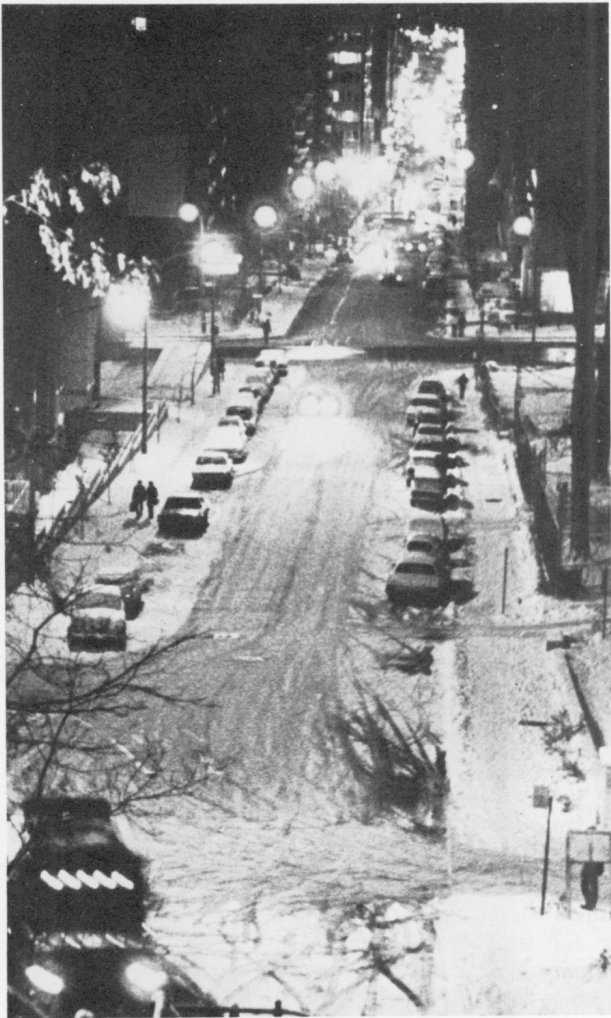
He picked up the pine branch and fitted it into an earthenware jug, unwound the red scarf from his neck and wrapped it around the base of the jug, and then centred it on the table. He sat down on his stool into quietness, and the hours reversed. They seemed to turn as on a wheel. The bird, instead of leaving him lonely, sang for him. The badger, instead of depriving him of his food, shared it with him. The hare, instead of reflecting his own fear, was grateful. And the emerald eyes, twice glimpsed, changed into a deep blue and looked at him with a sweetness that matched his grandmother's.

And last, he looked at the onion, and all the disappointment and anger and misunderstanding was gone. He saw the true shape of it. It was like love, layer upon layer of unending mystery, but to be tasted and smelled and seen in all of its loveliness. His grandmother*had wanted him to know this and now he knew.

A smile he did not even realize illumined his face. He took the onion, and by means of the hole he had once dug into it, set it onto the top of the branch that was now a tree in the red-wrapped jug. And before he settled himself into the joy of the food and the fire and the empty rocker that was now not empty at all, he saw that to him the onion was not an onion but a star.

- Clifford Lion

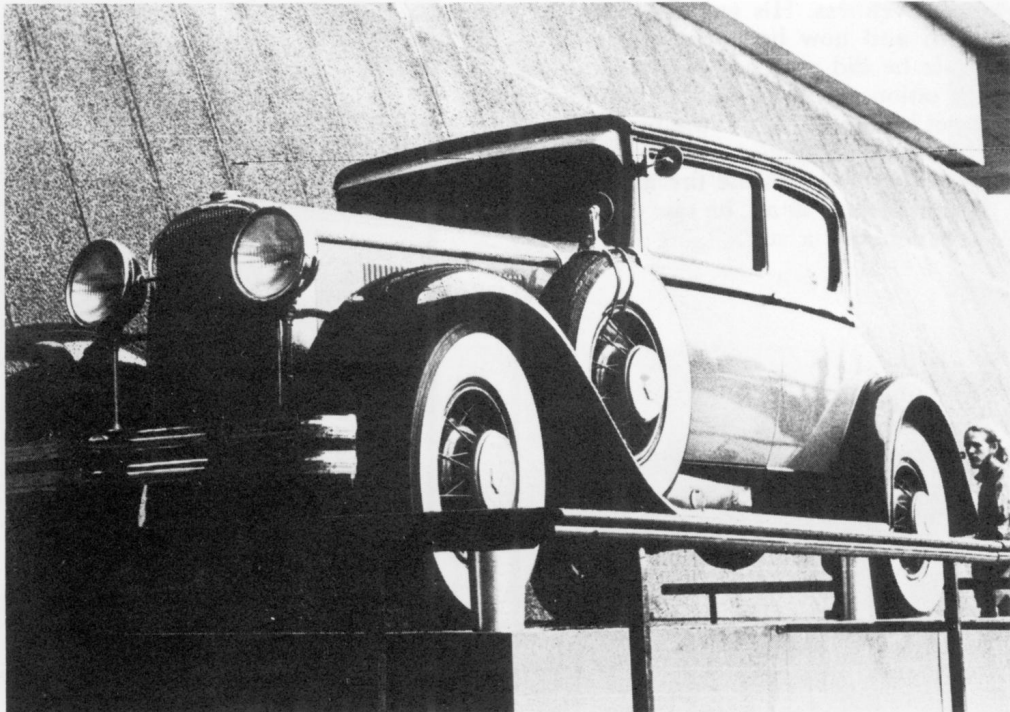




Ralph Lubin



Ralph Lubin



Ralph Lubin



John Yaphe



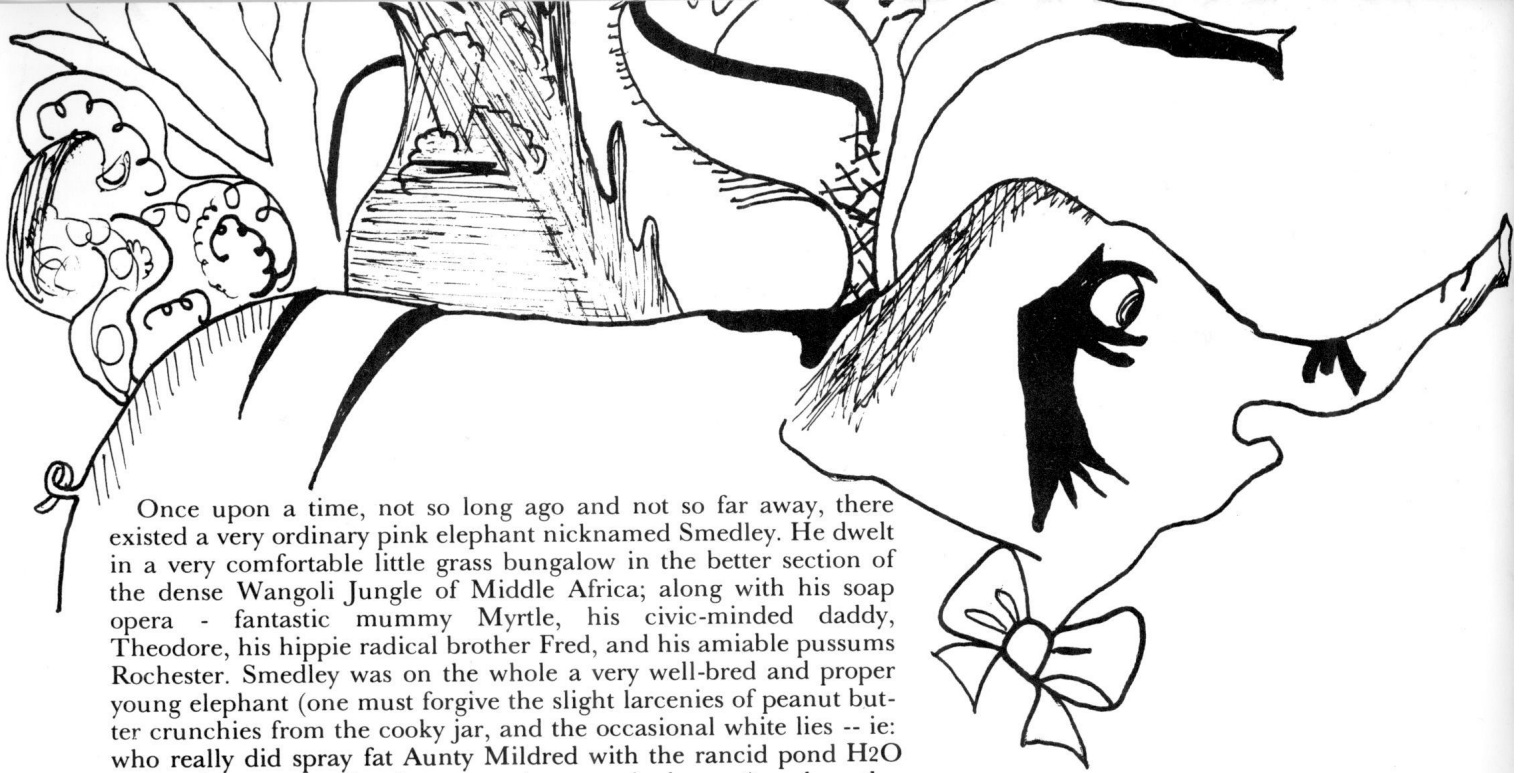
Howard Cohen



Howard Cohen



Ralph Lubin



Once upon a time, not so long ago and not so far away, there existed a very ordinary pink elephant nicknamed Smedley. He dwelt in a very comfortable little grass bungalow in the better section of the dense Wangoli Jungle of Middle Africa; along with his soap opera - fantastic mummy Myrtle, his civic-minded daddy, Theodore, his hippie radical brother Fred, and his amiable pussums Rochester. Smedley was on the whole a very well-bred and proper young elephant (one must forgive the slight larcenies of peanut butter crunchies from the cooky jar, and the occasional white lies -- ie: who really did spray fat Aunty Mildred with the rancid pond H₂O whilst she was sporting her most elegant poke bonnet) and on the whole enjoyed a rather pleasant existence.

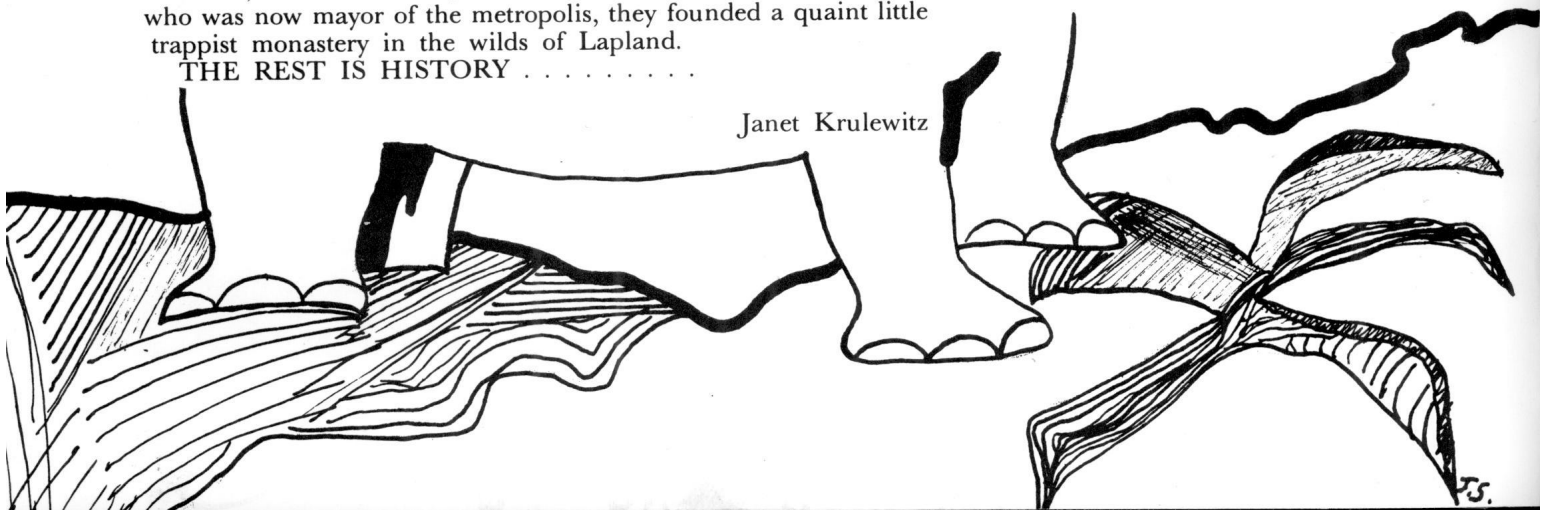
One golden sunshiny bright seven-thirty morning whilst Myrtle was emotionally engaged in "General Jungle", whilst Theodore was determinely denouncing perpetrators of Pink Elephant Jokes, whilst hippie radical brother Fred was devoutly demonstrating in favour of the communist (pinko) faction of the local municipal government, whilst pussums was cosily catching a shut eye or two or three; Smedley decided to take an amble down by the banks of the unexplored and rumour-ridden Raco River. He hastily assembled a frivolous picnic lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches; and with a paperback copy of "The Bobsey Twins Meet Le Chien Jaune" (insurance against possible boredom) he merrily clumped down the boulevard.

Now in the dim recesses of the deep dark dense Jungle of Defrara that surrounded the unexplored and rumour-ridden Raco River there resided a bigoted and bitchy bryophyte entitled Bryna. For the sake of the story line Smedley and Bryna encountered one another and were soon engaged in a somewhat dismal conversation concerning the development of Bryna's chronic colds. During the course of the above dialogue Bryna let it slip that she was in reality a beautiful Princess who had been transformed into a bryophyte by her reactionary and meanie daddy Prince Otto von Metternich for daring to utter the revolutionary and liberal gospels of Mao-Tse-Marks, the in-radical of the time, in the Prince's presence. Only the three words, - peace, bread, and applesauce, sung to the tune of "God Save Our Gracious Queen" could negate this dire spell.

As you might have anticipated, Smedley chortled a verse of the above (in a very nice C major indeed), Bryna regained her previous life form, the two married, and with a loan from Smedley's father, who was now mayor of the metropolis, they founded a quaint little trappist monastery in the wilds of Lapland.

THE REST IS HISTORY

Janet Krulewitz



THE PARTY
by M.K.M.

Well, it's 8:30, and I'm already into my "cushion at the end of the sofa" imitation. That's a new world's record, considering I just got here fifteen minutes ago PARTIES are the root of all evil. I came to meet someone interesting (at least, that's the reason my mother gave me for coming) but so far, no one worthy of that signification has arrived. The role call at 8:33 is Nancy and her boyfriend; Roberta and her boyfriend; Judy and her boyfriend, Pat and her boyfriend . . . and me. Already we're off to a rousing start . . . 9:00 and the bar is being set up. What shall I ask for? Sherry, please, or is that too highbrow. Just a drop of calvados, darling - no, that won't do either, mainly because all our hostess is serving is rum, rye and gin. Bleech. Oh, all right, gin and bitter lemon! No bitter lemon? Then tonic - none of that either. Ginger ale? OK, gin and gin, then . . . 9:15 I wonder if scientists have ever studied the effects of straight gin on potted palms . . . Well, there's no time like now for experimentation. Aha! A few swinging singles have just arrived. He's not too bad, but a little short. Hey, there's a really handsome one, he's tall and maybe no I'll ge- oh damn! The broad with him is not too bad either. Well, I guess I'll revert to my "plant in the corner" pantomime. After all, I am wearing this green dress which everyone has already seen - twice . . . The party is just swinging now. The liquor is gone. Susie is delivering her twentieth hickey, Pam and John have retired to the "other" room and I'm getting a headache . . . What's this? Some guy is talking to me? "Yes, I DO have a headache. Sure you can take me home . . ." Maybe parties aren't so bad after all . . .



INTRODUCTION

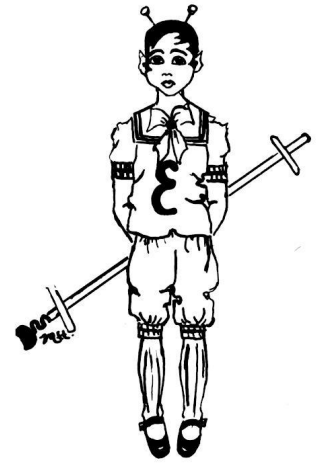


The Ebbettons come from Transversalania, a country existing on Earth in the 21st century. It is ruled by the Math Council (Alexander, Beesack, Mumford, Maclean), who live in a mountain, high up in the Himalayas, where computers are constantly inventing new math ideas - Their motto "Everything you can do in life, can be used in relation to mathematics". Through the generations of advanced technology, their scientists developed a type of person with antennae (so no motions would be wasted in speaking - communications are made through different antennae frequencies, all of which the Math Council can listen in on). The people are all short so that they will not indulge in any physical activity. They do not like exotic foods and are anti-social. They have no names - only numbers.

However, numbers 554321 to 554328 were different. Somehow, they remembered the ways of the past, when they had only 40 minutes of Math a day, instead of the regular 5 hours which is constantly revised to keep them busy.

One day, 4 females and 3 males, (all with the uni-sex look so as not to distract from work), decided to leave this society and go into the past. They escaped in a stolen rocket ship (common to all in that era), and went through the time barrier faster than the speed of light. They remained unchanged as they went back in time (their age, equivalent to 10 Earth years). One day, they crashed through the clouds over a B.C. town called Horsefly, on the border of the United States, and at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and smashed through the window of a school-house, where a lonely math teacher was finishing correcting math tests.

Miss Ebbett listens to their story and agrees to take them in and help them change their ways, so that they would be able to fit in the society. However, throughout the story, as the Ebbettons change their ways - so does Miss Ebbett - she becomes more like them!



THE EBBETTONS

In the future, they were not called 'Ebbettons'; Miss Ebbett named them this way after deciding to take them in. The Ebbettons are 3'6" at present, and can attain an adult height of 4'0". They have antennae from their heads which form 90 degree angles. All the boys have a Mr. Spock haircut, and the girls' hair is like Esmerelda's. They wear navy blue knickers, white knee-socks, blue sailor tops, bull-dog-toed shoes (shiny black and polished, with "E" symbol on the front of their shirts. The antennae are silver with silver balls.

The universal image of an Ebbetton is the above, on a pogo stick, jumping around, sparks emitted from the feelers, sounds resembling "Ebbett! Ebbett!" can be heard. (This is the first new word they learned when they arrived in the past and go excited about it, hence, the sounds). Their first new world was also, (by coincidence?), very mathematical: 2E's, 2B's, 2T's. Kirt Van Art Jean June June Meg.

Our story opens in Petticoat Conjunction, a small area within the town of Horsefly, in Miss Ebbett's house. Many humorous anecdotes follow - due to limited space we were only able to print a few.

THE EBBETTONS GO TO THE MOVIES

They go to the Horsefly Theatre, for the first show before the prices change. They sneak in under Miss Ebbett's skirt and come out when the movie starts. This way eight get in for the price of one. They sneak out after the movie finishes.

The Ebbettons get excited, get pop corn, and get coke.

The see these movies and others:

- 1) Guess Who's Coming to Dinner in the Heat of the Night?
SID "THE KID" POITIER
starring fully in
FRACTION-PACKED!!!
TO SURD WITH LOVE !! !!
- 2) WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTOR
- 3) N-GON WITH THE WIND
- 4) A TALE OF TWO SECTORS
- 5) MY SQUARE LADY, starring Audrey Heartburn and Sex Harrison



THE EBBETTON HIT * PARADE OF SONGS

- 1) My Exponent Has No Opponent
- by the Radicals
- a(The Parallelogram Blues
- by Implication from the Delta
- 3) Those Were the Rays
- as recorded by the Half-Lines
- 4) My Deduction Needs No Construction
- by the Two Skews

If my deduction needs no construction
Then I have no need for assistance from existence!
A place for everything and everything in its place -
That's the way to win the race!
When I use existence - I need assistance,
And my diagram may as well be in the distance -
I CANNOT SEE A THING!
If my hypothesis gives me all,
I have no need for existence to call.
So be glad when no construction is needed,
For the sooner your deduction will be completed!



THE EBBETTONS WATCH T.V.

Their favourite shows are:

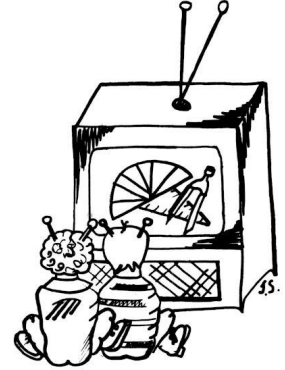
- 1) Bright Premise, starring Jennifer Leaks
- 2) Petticoat Function, starring Idiot Gould and Meredith Make-a-ray
- 3) As the Compasses Turn
- 4) The Dick Venn Dyke Show, starring Dick Venn Dyke and Fairy Tyler Moore
- 5) Lost in Space (a geometry show), with a cast of stars including:

Angela Cartwheel, Pi Williams, June Openheart, Bill Pumice



THE EBBETTONS GO OUT FOR HALLOWE'EN

They go out in shifts of 4 at a time, with Miss Ebbett; they go dressed up as martians. They each get a penny for UNICEF. They go out real early, around 4:00, to get candy to give to those who come to their house. Sometimes they get weird looks. They eat lots of candy and get holes in their teeth. Whenever the doorbell rings the Ebbettons get excited and sparks come off their feelers; they save all candy to give away next year.



THE EBBETTONS GO TO THE DENTIST

The Dentist's name is Dr. Know. His office is on the 49th meridian. He is very efficient as he can do all the Ebbettons in one visit. He freezes them by typing their feelers together. He pulls out their teeth to see if there are any cavities, and puts them back in with glue. He then has the Ebbettons swish white paint around in their mouths, so that they should have white teeth.

Miss Ebbett likes him, because he gives special rates in exchange for math lessons.

THE GIRL EBBETTONS GET THEIR EARS PIERCED

After months of pleading and doing math homework and chores exceptionally well, Miss Ebbett finally consented to the idea.

They go to the dentist, Dr. Know on the same day that Van cracks a tooth whilst chewing a pencil whilst doing his math homework. The dentist used a drill 2mm. in diameter. After measuring the exact spot by geometric construction, he drills.

The girls get silver-balled earrings, Van gets his tooth plastered and Miss Ebbett gets the bill.

THE EBBETTONS FIND OUT HOW THEY PUT THE CARAMEL IN THE CARAMILK

This is destined to remain an Ebbetton secret.

IN CONCLUSION IF YOU CAN DO THESE PUZZLES, YOU QUALIFY TO BE AN EBBETTON:

- 1) 64 48

The wrong answer to this question is right: which of the above 2 numbers cannot be divided by 2? (ANSWER: The only possible answer is "both". The answer to the question as put, is 'neither', since neither 64 nor 48 canNOT be divided by two. Therefore, if "neither" is the right answer but the wrong answer is right, "both" must be the answer.)

- 2) If a horse had a rope 6 yards long tied around its neck, and there was a bag of oats 20 yards away, could the horse reach the oats to eat them? (ANSWER: Sure, if the rope isn't tied to anything.)

STATEMENT

There exists only one copy of this book.

AUTHORITY

existence, def'n of no. 1.

- Joan Yanofsky
Barry Rosenberg

He lay
beside a girl
someone
he'd never met
though he'd
spoken
to her:
at parties
at friends;
at home
He'd
asked her in
without quite
knowing
why'
Awkward
but
Novel
He
wasn't quite sure
how
it had happened:
but somehow
there they were
alone
together
They talked
drank
listened to music
held hands
kissed
in darkness
felt
each others'
clothed
bodies
undressed
embraced
lay down
made love
and yet
he wasn't
sure
he knew
her name
Then
slowly
she'd slept
tears
on her cheeks
He wondered

idly
why
she'd
cried
He
hadn't thought
to ask

* * *

The moon
crept by
softly
silently
It
spread its
cool rays
through the open
window
outlining her face
in silver
He looked at her
a woman
who carried part of him
within her
a life
perhaps another life
perhaps a child
he smiled
softly
silently
turned away

* * *

His steady breathing
mingled with hers
united
in a solemn
rhythm
a chorale
as ancient
as man himself
his hand
slid away
across
her body
though
neither
was aware
of movement

* * *

The sun
rose
inching its way
above the horizon
displacing
the feeble
moonlight
stealing
the silver
to weave into
gold
a halo
for her face
He turned
to look
upon her:
bathed in gold
She wasn't
there

* * *

Was it
a dream?
he cried
My God
was it real?
an illusion?
a hallucination?
had he ever
met her
at all?
My God!
he cried
Save me
from myself!

But there was
 nd one
 there
 to hear his words

R.S.



Des yeux curieux, des yeux
riants, des yeux sages
Pour les jeunes, chaque jour
presente de nouvelles merveilles
Et les yeux restent toujours
ronds et ouverts au monde.
Cherchant avec innocence
au-dessous de chaque pierre,
autour de chaque coin.
Parfois, on trouve chez les
vielles, une artiste,
peut-être, une qui a gardé
ses yeux ouverts
Qui possède encore le trésor
de sa jeunesse.
Dieu, si J'avais la capacité
de voir comme eux
Je le souhaiterais aux autres!

J.Y.





THE CARROUSEL
by Marie Helfield

The children cry in delight on their hard, bright horses, rising and falling like the chest of a sleeping infant. Their laughter mingles with enchanted music as the rigid bars supporting their steeds revolve faster, merging . . .

In a blaze of crimson, the stallions soar through a cerulean sky, a breeze caressing their manes and floating tails. With the earth spinning beneath their hooves, they break the iron mold. Beasts shimmering through jade, indiscernible like the blades of a whirring fan. They are strong and aloof in their splendour.

As amber fades to gentle tranquility, they remain proud and sleek, each movement synchronized. The branches of the oak are silhouetted against burning orange, while the luminous shadows of horses pass beneath. And they spin ever faster through a radiant spectrum of colour, caught like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

Gently, slowly
Round and Round
The laughter of children's
voices riding the ponies
Bright and shiny and hard
Round and Round.

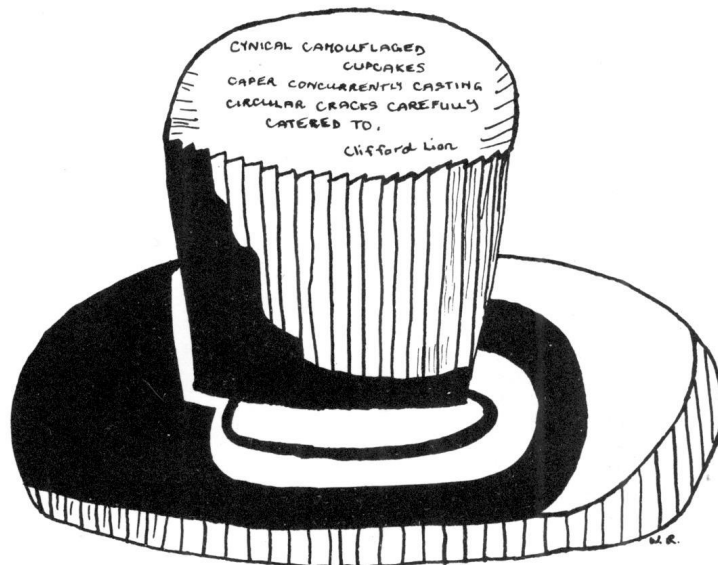
“Okay Harris, get in there.”

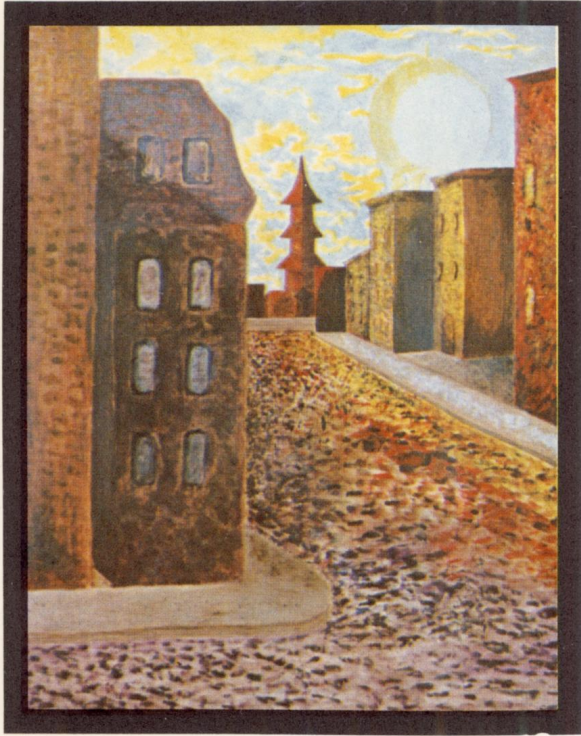
Man, that door sure clangs loudly! So this is where I'm going to spend the next five years of my life. Not if I can help it! Five lousy years for a first offence. That bloody judge. Damn it! Look at this place. A 10 by 10 foot cell, one warped cot, one small barred window, and one dangling light bulb. Can't even see out of the window. It's too bloody high Boy, am I tired. Hey! What the hell is in this mattress? Probably a few pieces of bathroom tissue. Well, I guess it's better than nothing Cheesus! That light sure is bright. Of all the things I could be doing now, I end up lying here staring at a light bulb What? That light bulb seems to be pulsating. Bigger, smaller, brighter, dimmer. Like a bloody eye. Yes, that's what it looks like, an eye, an eye. Staring back at me. Living. I could swear that it's living! Why the hell are you watching me? What's so interesting about me? Think you're so great, shining up there. You're in a worse pickle than I am. You're stuck in here for life. All I have is f-five..bloody..years. Ha, anyways I can shut you out anytime I want just by closing my eyes. See!.... Hey! Where did that eye go? There's just the light bulb left there now. Just that one tear-drop light bulb. Tear-drop...tear drop. Like a noose, a shining noose....

- Norman 'Finesse' Hoffman

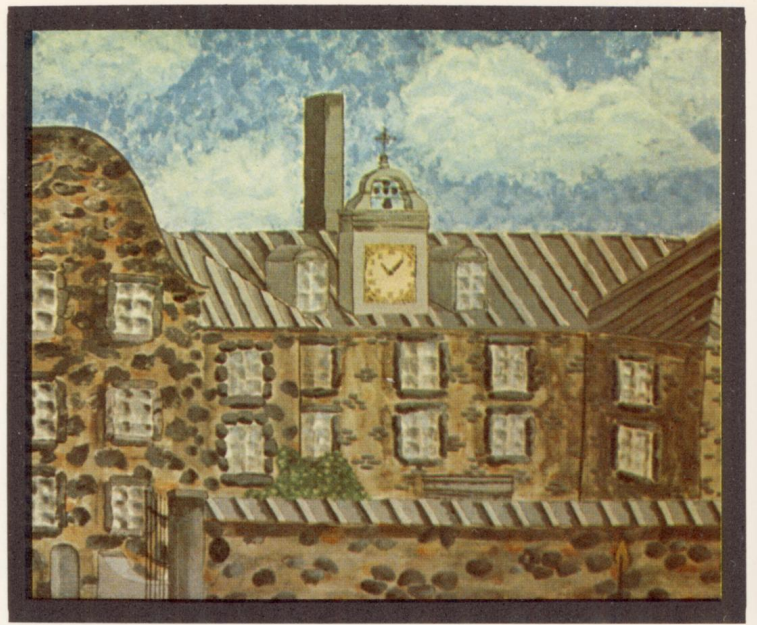
Good times
Like card-castles
They fall
Semi-built
Summers dissolve
We must grow old.

w. Rosenthal





Pamela Gordon



Alan Rauch



Debbie Nadler



Eric Kurtzman



Harriet Novack



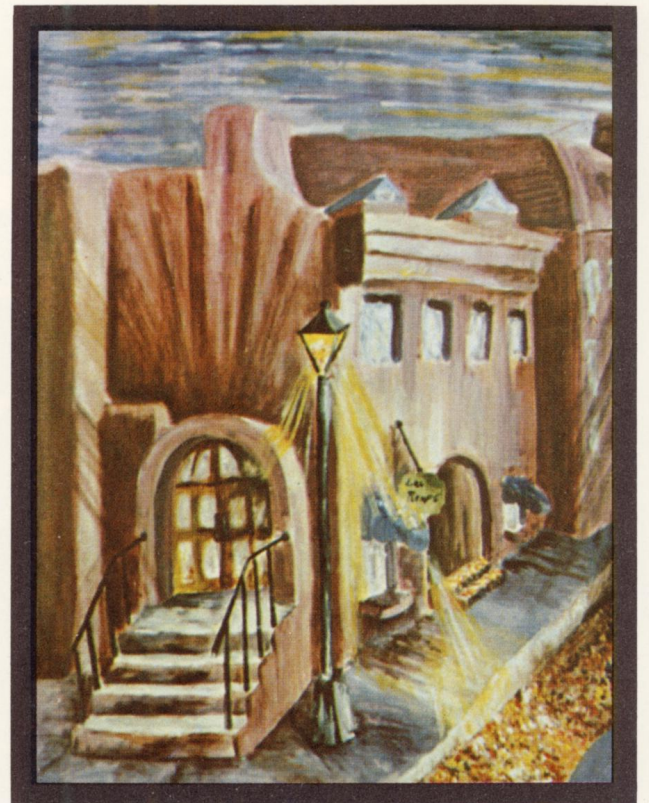
Sharon Bobrove



Sharon Eisenberg



Marie Helfield



Joni Haberman

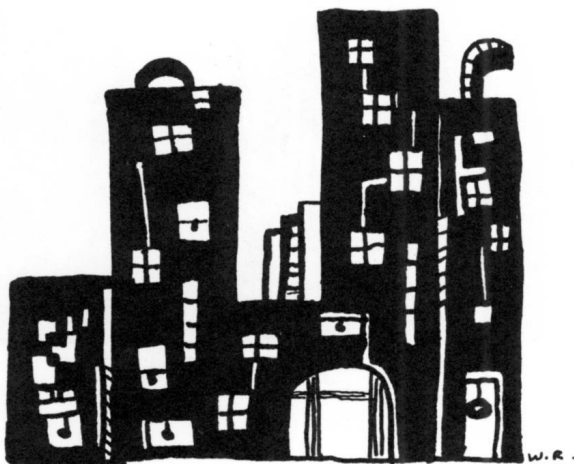
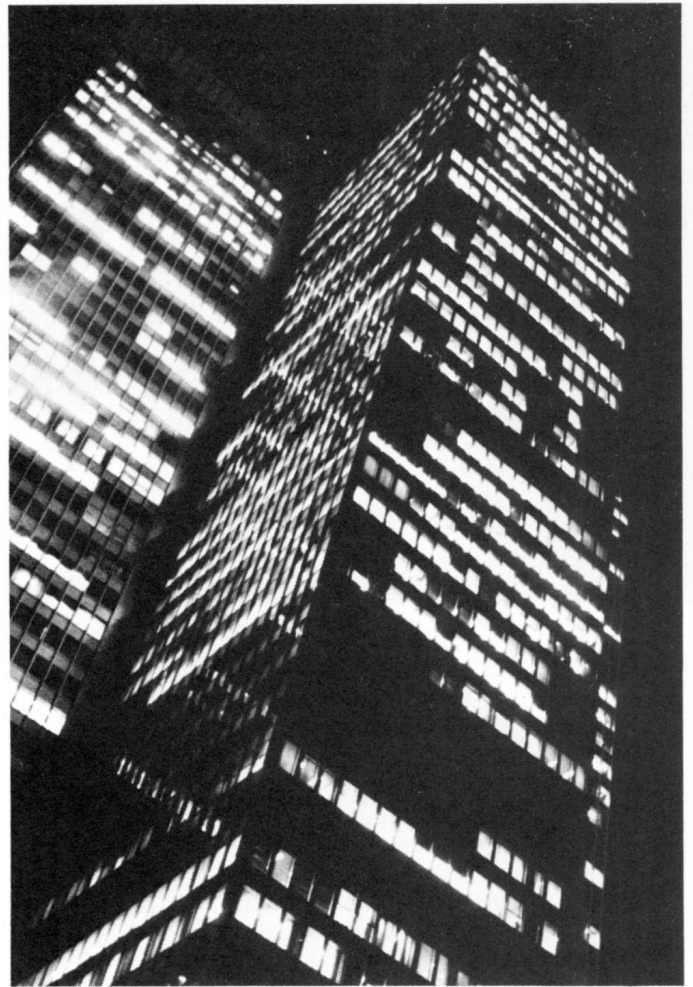
THE COMPLEX
by Julia Lipov

I had spent fifteen of my seventeen years living in the Westmount Square Complex. Fifteen years of not touching, hearing, smelling, seeing the outside world. At one point I was quite uncertain, indeed, as to the existence of life outside the Complex.

My mother, my only companion, had told me about the poisonous black air that was to be found outside. She told me of the powerful machines that ruled the streets. She spoke to me of the terrible cold that chilled bones. I decided to have nothing to do with "outside". I was quite sure I'd be content in my "seventy-two-degree" world.

I had come to know the changing of the seasons by the changing of the displays in the store windows. My seasons had many more colours than the ones outside. (My knowledge of the outside was founded upon my occasional readings in Classic's Bookshop.) One year my spring was red and blue paisley; my summer, stripes of yellow and green; my autumn, hot pink and violet; my winter, burnt orange.

Thousands of people passed through Westmount Square each day. It was from them I came to understand life. Life, I observed, was a constant rushing of body to



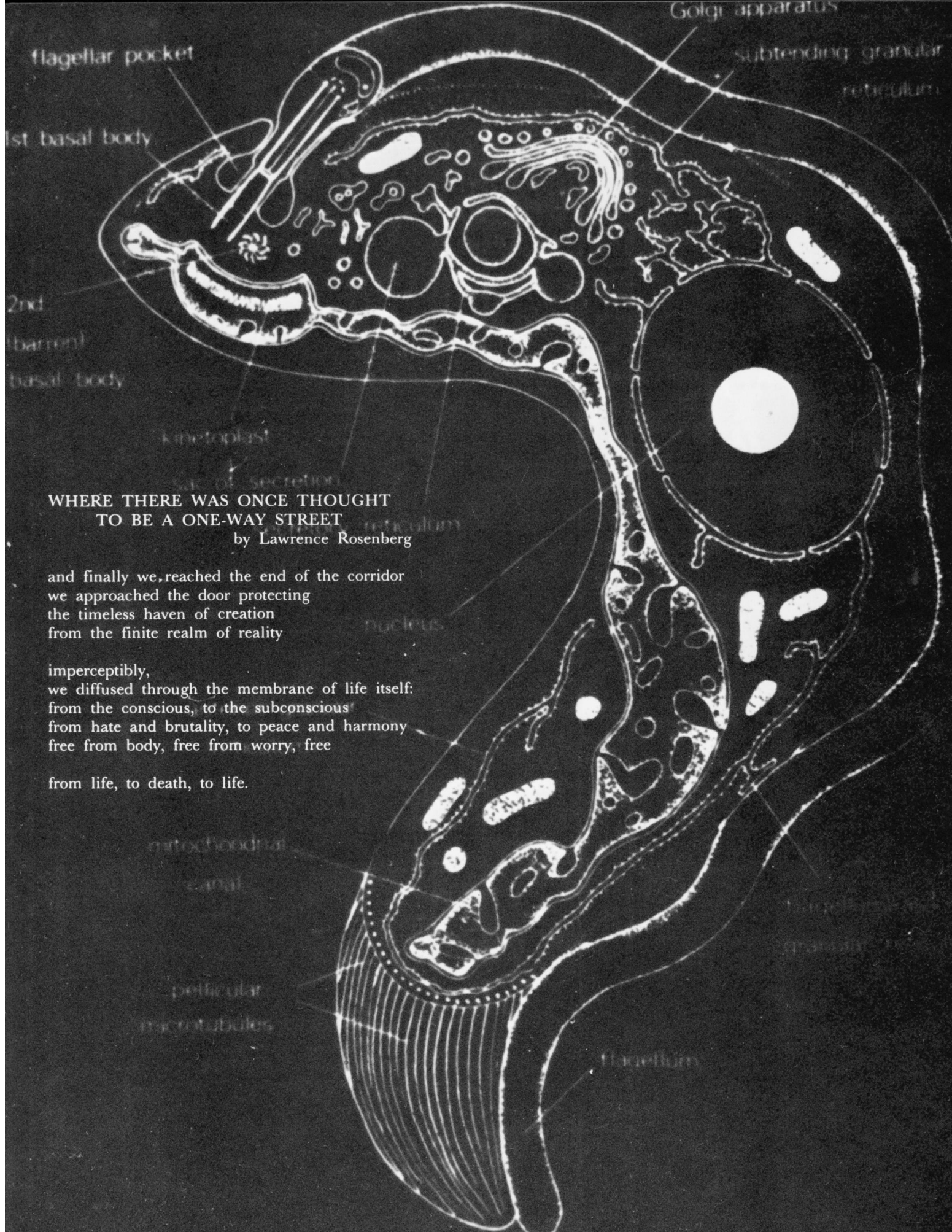
no destination. I decided to stop contemplating people. I decided to copy them.

For three years I did nothing but walk back and forth in a straight line. I did not talk or smile. I was very proud of myself. I was able to copy life perfectly. In this time I experienced no pain, no sorrow, no happiness. I had maintained a secure seventy-two degree hum of nothingness. The people rushing by were much older than I was. I had come to understand so much before they did. I was a precocious child . . .

One day the complex was extremely busy with life. There were many more people than usual and they were all rushing very fast. I got carried away with the crowd's enthusiasm. Before I realized it I was OUTSIDE. I had been carried through one of the many exits that I had all my life been careful to avoid.

The sun grabbed at my eyes. The fresh smell of grass stung at my nose. A new sensation of life permeated my being. At the same time a great hatred grew inside of me. I hated Westmount Square and my mother who kept me there. Then I noticed that the other people were still rushing. None stopped to look, to stare.

It's been two years now I've been out of the Complex. Two years of touching, hearing, smelling, seeing. At this point I'm quite uncertain, indeed, as to the existence of life inside the Complex.



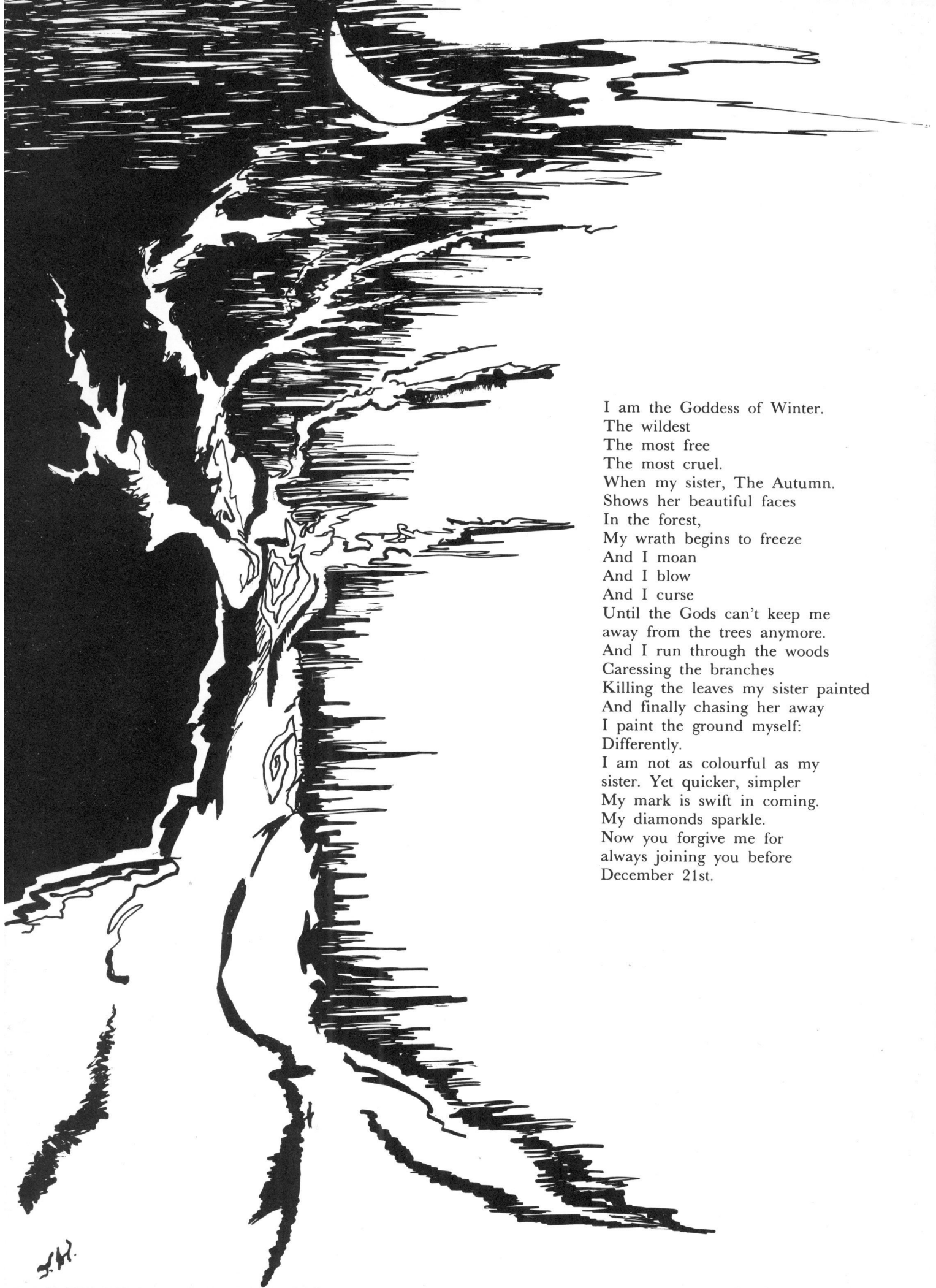
WHERE THERE WAS ONCE THOUGHT
TO BE A ONE-WAY STREET
by Lawrence Rosenberg

and finally we reached the end of the corridor
we approached the door protecting
the timeless haven of creation
from the finite realm of reality

imperceptibly,
we diffused through the membrane of life itself:
from the conscious, to the subconscious
from hate and brutality, to peace and harmony
free from body, free from worry, free

from life, to death, to life.

FIGURE 5. Diagram to show principal structures re... of the flagellum and the anterior extremity of



I am the Goddess of Winter.
The wildest
The most free
The most cruel.
When my sister, The Autumn,
Shows her beautiful faces
In the forest,
My wrath begins to freeze
And I moan
And I blow
And I curse
Until the Gods can't keep me
away from the trees anymore.
And I run through the woods
Caressing the branches
Killing the leaves my sister painted
And finally chasing her away
I paint the ground myself:
Differently.
I am not as colourful as my
sister. Yet quicker, simpler
My mark is swift in coming.
My diamonds sparkle.
Now you forgive me for
always joining you before
December 21st.

ON EVOLUTION

one million years ago
a man-ape walked the face of the earth -
ignorant, awkward:
a beginning
. . . And there was evening and there was morning,
one day . . .

seven hundred and fifty thousand years ago
a man walked the face of the earth -
he developed, he evolved
stone became tools, tools became weapons, animals began to be massacred:
man is unleashed
. . . And there was evening and there was morning,
a second day . . .

twenty-five thousand years ago
a man walked the face of the earth -
his intelligence grew, his capabilities too
a rock became copper, bronze, the metals became weapons
animals continued to die, a massacre of man began:
the swift road towards extinction
. . . And there was evening and there was morning,
a third day . . .

five thousand years ago
a man walked the face of the earth -
his mastery over his environment grew, his skills too
mud became clay, clay became fortresses, men became slaves:
only the strong survive
. . . And there was evening and there was morning,
a fourth day . . .

two hundred years ago
a man walked the face of the earth -
his intellect grew, his requirements too
people became masses, masses became suppressed,
the suppressed began revolution:
suppression vs. Enlightenment)
. . . And there was evening, and there was morning,
a fifth day . . .

twenty years ago
a man walked the face of the earth -
but only time held the answer for how much longer
A-bomb, world war two, Korea:
abortive annihilation
. . . And there was evening, and there was morning,
a sixth day . . .

today
a man walks the face of the moon -
his horizons' expanding, his goals increasing
a new home evolving, an old one withering:
the virus spreads
. . . And God blessed the seventh day . . .

one hundred years from today
will a man walk the face of the earth -
will his mind still be expanding, or will he be pacing about
lost, ignorant, awkward?

by Lawrence Rosenberg

