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BERNIE NADLER

SNOW

softly, quietly  
Sparkling, glistening, blanketing;  
Melting; taxis, cars, buses,  
Splishing, splashing, sploshing,  
wet, dirty,  
Slush!

JERROLD CYTRYN

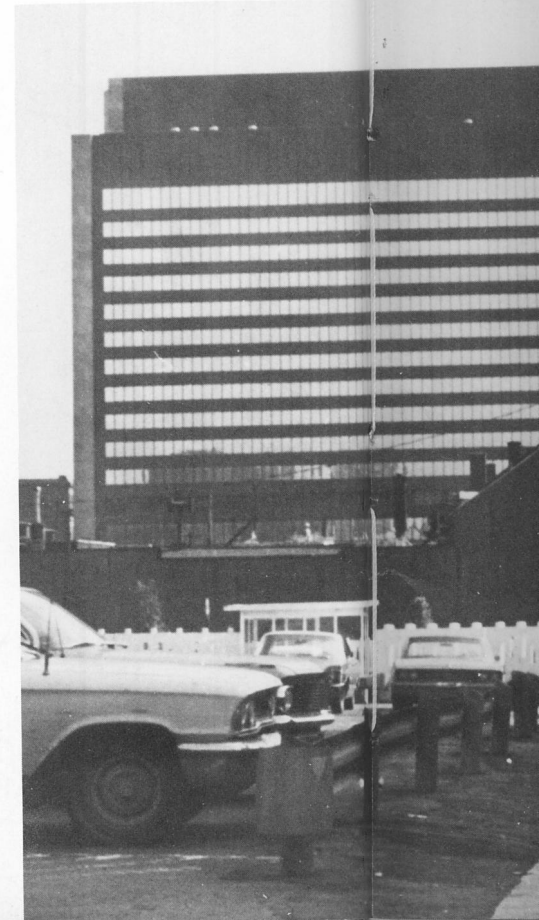
THE AMERICAN DREAM

Have you ever seen a rainbow baby  
Have you ever looked up at the sky  
Have you ever been in love  
Have you ever even tried  
Don't let lives pleasures leave you dry

Have you ever walked in the rain  
Have you ever been to the zoo  
Have you ever started a book at the end  
Instead of the beginning  
Can't you see what's become of you

Have you ever gone bicycle riding  
Have you ever set yourself free  
Have you ever spent the day just fishing  
Have you always been too busy  
Why can't you let yourself be?

You're just a shadow of a person masked in a twisted disguise  
Well it's time you wised up to life  
Stop hustling and striving to get ahead  
Enjoy living and loving cuz it's not too late yet  
But it will be once you're, empty and dead.





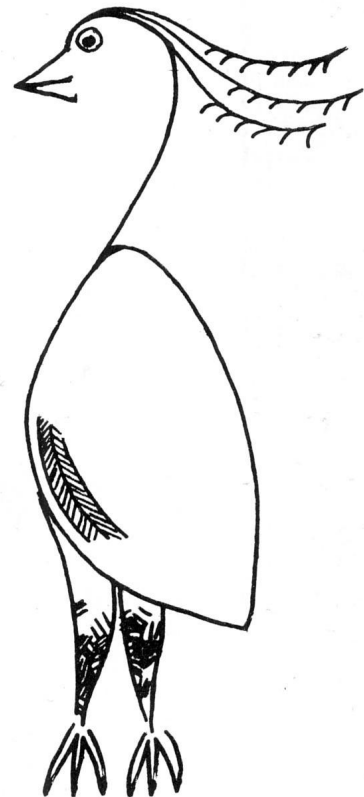
## THE ROOM

i walked into the empty room  
and stared blankly at the four yellowed walls.  
i wondered how many people had danced  
across the now - dusty floor.  
i heard the squeals of laughter  
where the Christmas tree might have been.  
i could see the many tears that were cried  
by the window  
after the heartbreak of the many losses.  
i felt the warmth of a fireplace of years ago  
that now stood stone - cold and dingy.  
i wondered how a room that held so many deep - felt memories  
could be suddenly turned into  
a lifeless array of brick and plaster -

The people had gone  
far away . . .  
The warmth had become  
dull and cool . . .  
The laughter that once resounded  
against the beautiful, clean walls,  
Echoed into the deathly, deafening, silence.

i turned to leave the room --  
saddened by the unfeeling, cold reception.  
And i cried  
to think of all my children  
who will never know  
my grandparents' house.

Barbara Lupovich



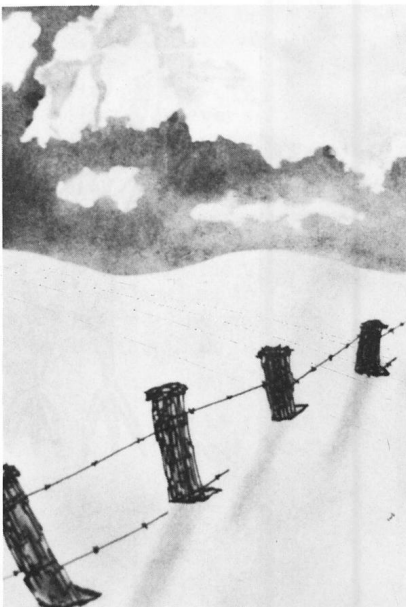


JERROLD CYTRYN

I sit by the open air and view the scene  
 as though viewing a picture in motion  
 The gayest colours of the season reflect themselves against the  
 dingy grey of the lot,  
 a lot of faces and yet i still search out only one.  
 its appearance quickens my pace, yet with its apparent failure,  
 i remain, watching, fearing, learning, caring . . .  
 The pain is dulled by its lack of appearance, yet the confused  
 misery continues on, an eternity.  
 it is neverending, infinite, knowing no boundaries, overrunning its  
 threshold, yet lacking realization.

Lynn Adelman

J. P. PLOUFFE



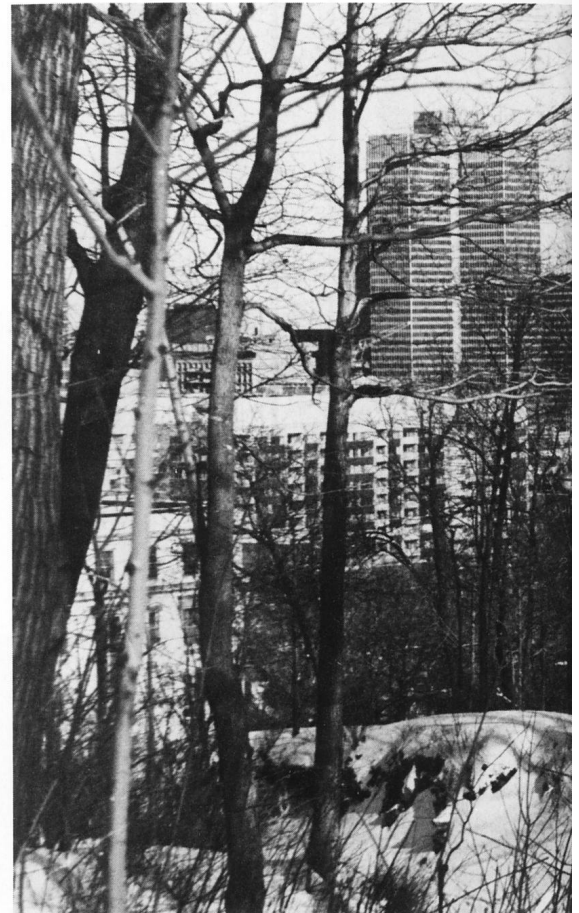
A STEP FORWARD

I cried out to a world that didn't care  
 My problems which it wouldn't share.  
 I cried out to be seen - no one looked  
 I cried out to be heard - no one listened  
 I cried out for friendship - no one was there  
 I did not even merit a puzzled stare.

Alone I stood on the overhanging ledge  
 My eyes glued to the pounding surf and the rocks at its edge  
 I heard the forest call to me  
 I cried with anger at humanity  
 I clenched my fists  
 And took a step . . .  
 backwards.

Arlene Segal

GARY RAYMOND





GARY RAYMOND

IF

If . . .  
A country man walked down  
A country road and seeing  
A bird, he came upon  
A question; What Made the bird Fly?  
A casual observer might call him  
A meek, idealistic Farmer,  
A dreamer.

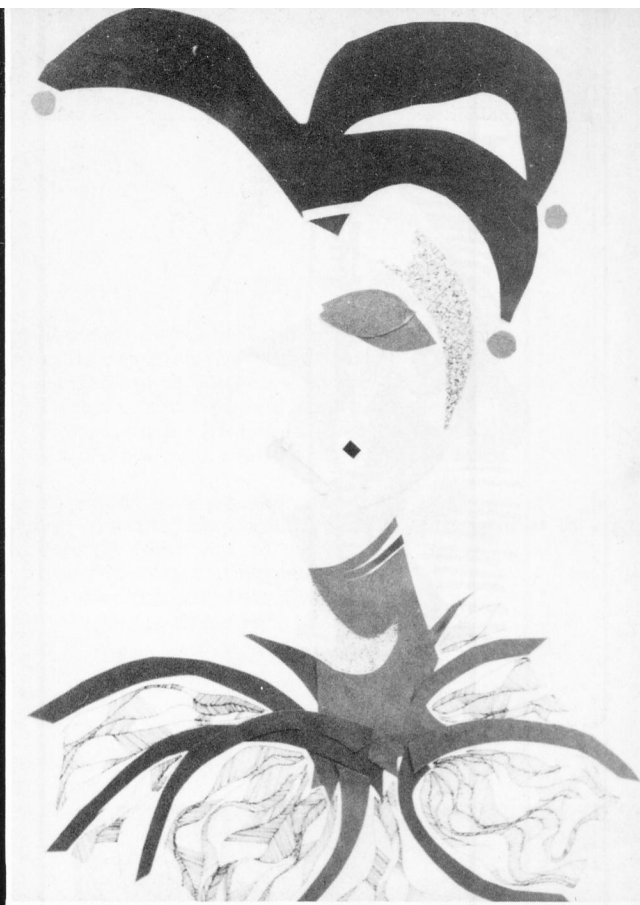
If . . .  
A city man walked down  
A city road and seeing  
A plane, he came upon  
No question.  
A critical observer might call him  
A progressive, modern businessman,  
A world mover.

If . . .  
A plane crashed and  
A Farmer seeing the crash wrote  
A paper on birds and planes  
A brilliant thesis on modern aerodynamics  
A solution to the question of Flight.  
A businessman might call him  
A genius.  
"The Meek shall inherit the earth"

Michael Green

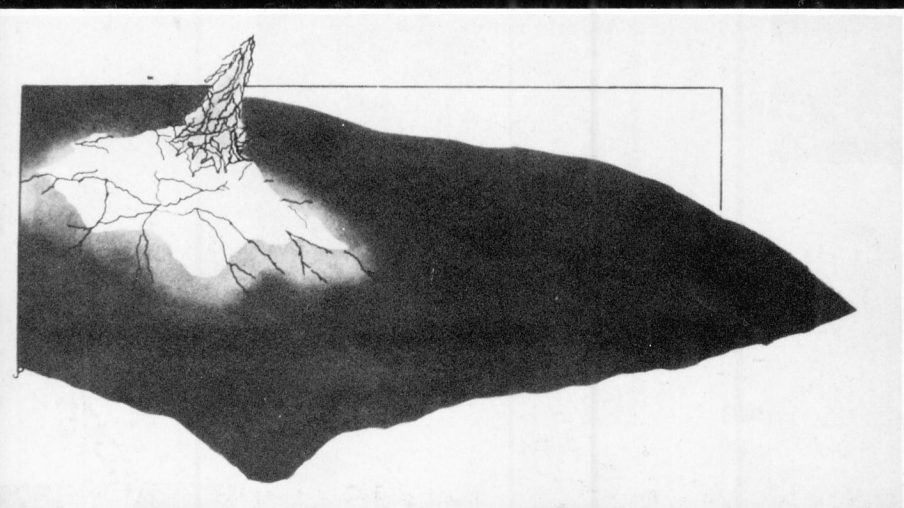
the  
 cerulean queen  
 who held the reign of  
 tudor castle  
 sat upon her throne of  
 prismatic fawn brown and albescent ivory  
 amidst her court  
 the  
 aureate jester  
 clad in motley and bells  
 who rendered her  
 grinning and laughing and mournful and weeping  
 with his berserk and frenzied actions  
 and her  
 ash and erubescens cerberus  
 who wailed and whined  
 resoundingly growling  
 in his imprisonment of the vitreous chain  
 that the  
 cerulean queen  
 kept  
 entwined around the beasts  
 neck and left forepaw  
 eternally  
 and the  
 three  
 lived in ignorance of  
 beings  
 who happened to chance a glimpse of the trio as  
 they meandered by  
 and snickered gleefully in  
 some clandestine inside joke  
 then once  
 when the day felt  
 sullen and glum  
 and cried tears of rain  
 over existence  
 everyone melted  
 dissolved into obsolescence  
 except for the  
 cerulean queen  
 aureate jester  
 ash and erubescens cerberus  
 who remained  
 still  
 within the shell of  
 tudor castle  
 and knew not of  
 the day  
 and its ways

trufflehunter II



ANN CHERVIN

J. P. PLOUFFE

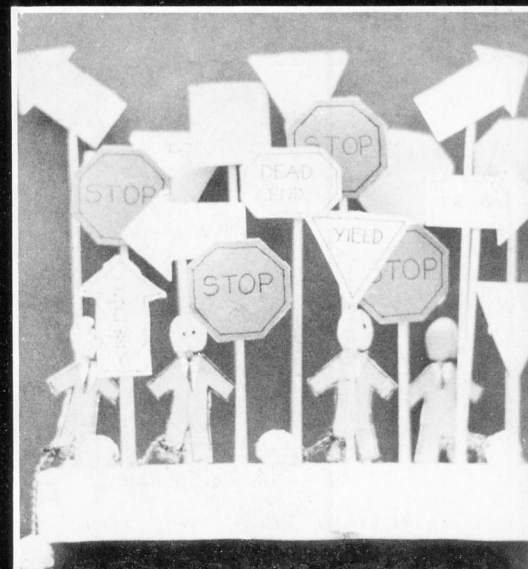




GARY RAYMOND

the rain screamed as it fell  
 it was afraid  
 to fall so far from the sky  
 i caught it in buckets  
 and threw it back to the sky  
 but i didn't understand when it only  
 fell heavily back to the ground  
 dead.

ELAINE NITKIN



The moon hung in the sky lighting the dense woods around him. The stars, so numerous, seemed to purposefully direct their light elsewhere, other than the area in which he stood. Cold drafts hugged the corners of the shed as the man struggled in vain to unjar the door. Black sticky mud oozed into his shabby sneakers and the dampness from the ground spread through his entire body, sending chills down his spine. Memories of the past, his wife and kids, and the frustrating but secure job he had had, wandered through his mind. "Those were luxuries, lost forever," he repeated convincingly. "But, no! They can't be gone. They are so fresh in my mind. I can feel the presence of that lady, those noisy kids. Why did I leave them? I know. I was sinking into that world, letting its foolishness get the better of me. I was right to leave! Here it is better! There is no foolishness! Here, there is essence to life!" But even as he assuringly said this out loud, doubts possessed him.

He fumbled in the darkness trying to force open the door. The night grew more and more foreboding. Soon the man was pounding with panic against the walls of the shack. Glancing nervously about, he spotted with terror that they were closing in. The swarthy trees stretched out their limbs and clawed viciously through thin air. They brought back nothing in their arms for they were searching for something in particular, himself! The bushes lining the small clearing rustled their leaves while fingering vicariously in the night. Even the ground was determined to succeed. The earth trembled beneath his feet striving to overthrow him. Tall thin blades of grass had crept up and wrapped themselves around his legs. The night sky blackened, the wind's velocity deepened and the man fell to the ground, unconscious.

He blinked, to make sure that he was seeing things clearly. The trees were hunched over, glaring down at him accusingly. One eerie oak bellowed forth the command, "All people are the same! Ruthless scavengers!"

"You must leave at once!" The man, shocked and frightened, ran from the clearing through the woods till he reached a dirt road. He did not glance back for fear of what he might see.

Once on the outskirts of the city, he stopped, contemplating his plans. He would return to his family and continue his existence as was before. Walking forward, he was stopped cold by a restraining power. There on the sidewalk, behind a domineering desk was seated a mortal being clothed in a typical business-suit. A slow sardonic grin spread across the person's face. In front, on the desk lay a massive pile of papers infinitely scribbled on in black ink. The man was lured to this spectacle.

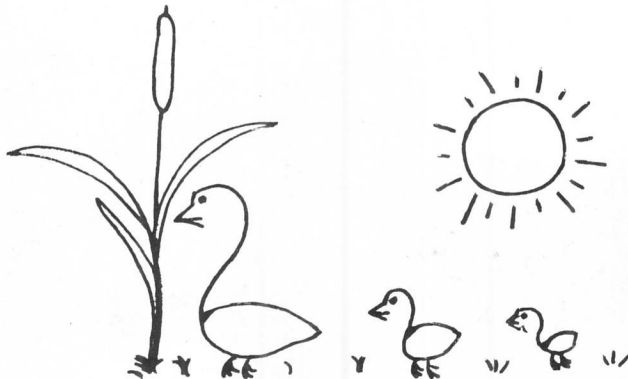
"You are intending to enter our society, after having left us," he drawled. "I understand you have been dwelling in the land of nature, collaborating with our very own enemies who seek to destroy our way of life. We can not submit you amongst us. You will go down in our lists as a traitor."

And then the desk and human were gone. With disbelief he surveyed the town, squinting his eyes to keep back the tears. His life was lost in utter confusion. There was nowhere for him to go. He had been rejected from two walks of life, each one hating each other and refusing to associate.

In the doom that clouded his mind rose a soft vibrating sound. A voice cleared t and spoke. "Your existence is immortal. You can sustain yourself in this place but you cannot fulfill your desires. So, I invite you to our land, a place where human life and other forms live in harmony. I am sure you have heard of us. Somewhere that remains a mystery to all except those who go there. For we are in Death."

And the man descended into its depths.

### Dangerous Dan

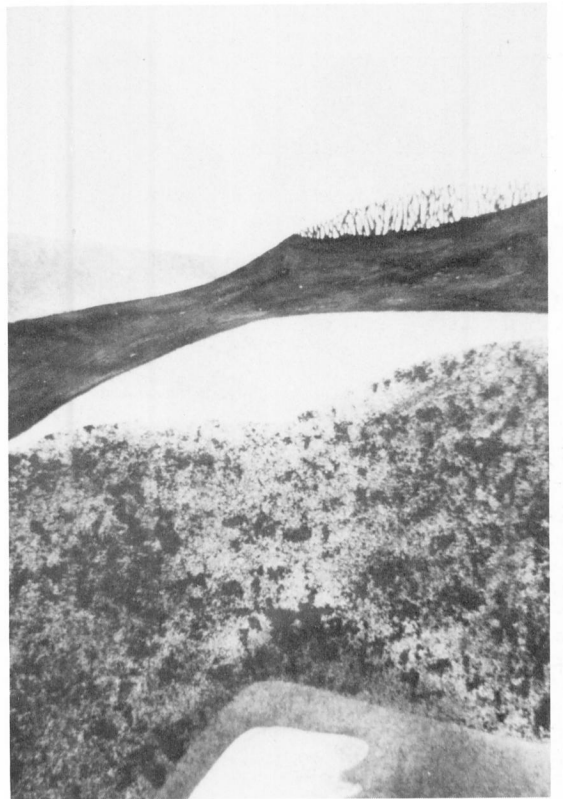


DANIEL LIBMAN

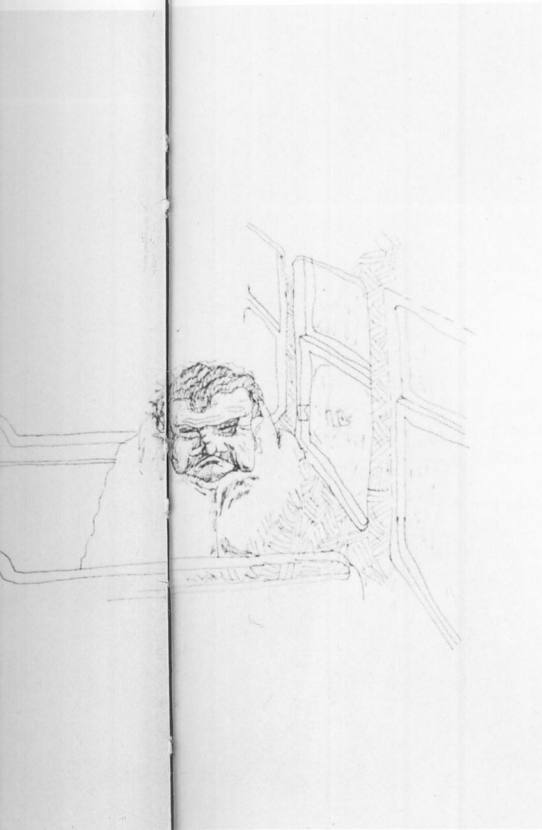




GARY RAYMOND



J. P. PLOUFFE





Beauty Is

Place: A Greek house in 5th  
century B. C.

Topic: Beauty of form (men and women)

Agathon -

Beauty is an abstraction  
Bought with the glimmer  
of gold  
And sold among a twilight  
of silver  
It blinds the eyes of men  
and binds them into a  
realm of ignorance  
It drapes a curtain of  
darkness  
Creating a void from an  
unknown soul  
Thus is the beauty of  
form  
A reality of combined  
illusions

Cleon -

Beauty is a caption  
grown by the seeds of  
paper clipped clerks  
masking slimmed covered  
traces  
Metallic souls and pompous  
grins  
clutter counter tops  
as wide-eyed gladiators  
white wash transparent  
faces  
To enjoy numerous spectacles  
of confused peacocks  
through a marathon of Beauty

Dionis -

Beauty is a reason  
a divine salvation  
amid chaotic order  
She raises the hearts  
and imaginations of man  
feeding on heroes and legends  
within her bosom  
Should a man be seeped  
with the woes of living  
He need only to see beauty  
touch her warm breast and drink the elixir of life

David Tabatchnick