

When Only The Soul Is Saved

These chains have held me for an eternity
 Against this cold, stone wall
 Above me, hanging from dim lights
 Spiders weave their webs.
 Webs of destruction.
 Below me, is the bare cement floor
 Stained crimson with blood
 From others - just like me.
 Desperate for distraction
 From my dry, dehydrated lips
 I watch the five men, who hang,
 Like ancient pictures,
 On the wall opposite mine.
 The sounds they make
 Are the sounds of cages animals.
 Screaming, moaning, crying.
 In anguish...in Hate.
 There is a horrible clanking
 As Felix, who has known these walls
 Much longer than I,
 Rattles his chain in outrage;
 A pointless protest.
 With each shaky breath I draw
 I wish for sanity
 In this dark room of despair.
 My eyes are drawn to the corner
 Coming from the tiny, barred window
 There is light.
 I look at Felix, who is closest
 To the brilliant rays.
 His eyes are fixed on the sight
 But his face lacks expression.
 He turn toward me
 And his blank, empty stare
 Needs no translation.
 He says, with unnerving clarity,
 "There is no hope."
 I turn away quickly
 Trying to block out his message.
 Around me, there is a hum
 The droning sound of pain
 Of hopelessness and defeat.
 I hear the screams of my children
 Of my beautiful wife
 As they are beaten by a guard
 Who had no conscience.
 Who held my world in his hands
 And decided
 To my utter disbelief
 That those three lives
 Which I would gladly have died for
 Were worthy only of sacrifice.
 I hear the men on the wall,
 Their ribs protruding,
 Moaning with hunger.
 Then I hear it.
 Louder than the screaming
 Stronger than the chains
 Far above the Hate'' and deliver us from Evil'',
 it whispers.
 I close my eyes,
 Remembering a little white church
 With a great big cross.
 The taste of salt from my tears
 Is as sweet as the kiss of young lovers.
 Finally, there is Hope.
 Then, suddenly, I realize.
 It is me who is praying.
J. Callbeck

Spring

The plants cry from underneath for the
 warmth of sun
 To start their journey to bring life
 The feeling of spring alerts them to bud
 Although winter has not given yet that right

 The air is yet so cool - the clouds are grey
 The atmosphere of spring awaits today
 For the geese will soon fly in the greyish
 sky
 For spring will be born and the cold winter
 will die.

 The winds of change are in the air
 The winter is coming to an end
 The sun is shining for a longer day
 Much nicer as a friend

 The birds are coming home to welcome
 spring
 The dirty snow gives way to the new life
 below
 And the smell of refreshed air fills the soul
 For the essence of spring has come to unfold
Rita Griffin

The Vulture

(6/15/91)

I lunge downward.
 With the speed and accuracy
 Of a bullet leaving a rifle,
 I choose my prey.

 Knowing it's every thought,
 I anticipate its next move.
 Easily grasping it in my claws
 I do with it as I choose,
 Never caring of the scars I leave.

 But then suddenly I see her.
 Remembering that I once let her go,
 I try to grab hold of her once again.
 But everytime I close my claws,
 She slips right through them.
 I relentlessly try to catch her,
 But time and time again I fail.

 I had her to myself long ago,
 But now I must live without her.
Marco Scappa

There are Bulls in our Library

With horns as great as bridges of stoneballs
 the size of basalt boulders
 and brains the size of tiny little rocks.

 Nobody knows quite how the bulls got here
 Just seemed to arrive
 a few at a time, on research grants
 Been doing research ever since.

 They live
 in the English section, wandering
 about Elizabethan Lit
 as if they owned it
 Munching the texts
 digesting the thoughts

 They like the oldest books best--
 the Lollard tracts made from rags
 which have turned into silage
 they've been here so long.

 But the bulls are getting scarce these days
 Some say the species' dying out
 There's talk of making a wildlife refuge
 to protect the last of the library bull

 Heck, nobody uses the top three floors of
 the library these days anyway.

poetry

Visions of You

(9/15/93)

Walking the streets of downtown,
 I see you wherever I look.
 I know it cannot be,
 But I miss you!

 I miss your eyes
 which confused me.
 The sound of your voice
 which mesmerized me.
 But most of all, your beauty,
 with which I fell in love.

 You might be far from me
 in actual reality.
 But in my thoughts and dreams,
 you will always be near!
Marco Scappa

Untitled

We sit, we wait, we watch, we wonder
 What the future holds.
 Momentary flashes of insight, but no logical
 solutions,
 Only meaningless self-gratifying addictions

 We argue, we fight, we justify, we decide
 Who will fetch our delight.
 Some go, some stay, soon together
 Sharing the spoils of our fantasy

 I slump into my chair in a realm of ecstasy
 and pain
 Wanting to be talked to wanting to be left
 alone.
 I've become caught up in four stories...false
 lies.
 Only to be helped by the insecurity of
 others.

 The night like our delight will come and go;
 Yet the pain and suffering remain.
 Internal strategies faught and lost
 Eternal consequence.
Anon.

The bulls are happy
 and peaceful
 They've learned how to drink
 from the water fountains
 It's really quite cute
 They're friendly,
 and slow
 You can run a good distance before
 they catch you.

 After compiling a few books from upstairs
 they churn out their articles
 Maintenance spreads their scholarship
 on the university's fields
 and the toilings of the bulls
 fertilize the minds of the students
 in the best collegial tradition.

A few students tried to move the cattle out
 but
 they were slow, stupid
 The bulls taught them.

So nobody minds them
 If you're quick you're okay
 But they're not here forever
 Sometimes they "retire"

The library bull
 is harmless enough
 and the meat is good.
James Foley

Cows in the Periodicals

They mostly ignore you
 preferring to stay by *Field and Stream*
 You can milk them if you're friendly
 and don't disturb the calves
 though the drink tastes
 musty
James Foley