

CORNER

The Literary Corner



If once again, this night
hope burning bright, this life again he choose,
to ignite once more light,
if tonight, he arose,
to join again this worlds dull repose;

Here in this earthly dark,
he felt again the soil beneath his feet,
and saw again the mark
where earth and foot did meet
and heard again his heart, its steady beat;

If once again, he came
again the messiahs message to say,
to cure on earth, his lame
to shed once more, the ray
of resurrection, would we let him stay?

Here in this world now
he walked among us as he had said,
would we receive him, how?
or let us to be led,
waving our palm branches over his head.

If once again this night
he came to shed the dark, and set us free;
would we accept his light?
open our eyes to see?
or put him on a positive action committee?

The Analyst: modern day witch doctor...
talks to repressed female of forty...
(he's a beige man, in a beige suit,
by a beige couch, in a beige room)

"So you say, you don't care for it,
really don't, or won't perhaps?

No.

hmph...hmph...hmn

strange symptoms.

pray to the ghost of Myra Breckenridge,
Erica Jong is a saint.

What do you mean you need a commandment
other than let it all hang out,
inhibitions."

Moral of this story? Why obvious.

Be liberated

Be liberal

Be Free:

be analysed

of course.

AN EFFORT AT BEAUTY AND TRUTH

*Ivory and indigo china plates; accentuate the fragile
fingers of her flawless hand,
passing in a perfect arch of expression over her
brows*

*of black and plucked perfection,
the sun seeps through the damascie drapes to where
she lay shaped,*

*in a studied pose of ease, talking easily and
unceasingly*

of poverty and its ills.

*I study the purple and cream African violets on
the window sill*

*My thoughts go easily in her shrill and steady
silence, until I see again,
the red and raw, arthritic angles of my mothers
hands, as they ran,*

On a long dark road, we are going:
nowhere FAST!
Faster than hell,
which was contained within those four walls;
just walls; no halls; cubic comfort
but comfort is deceiving,
cus while you were fighting sleeping,
the t.v. set was eating me.
And the book that you were holding,
slowly began its growing,
to a paperback tomb which starting glowing
revised rhetoric,
my enriched white bread in its plastic wrapper,
furiously fermented, dangerously demented,
it covered up the kitchen.

And if I really listened, I could hear the gas
stove hissing
its battle plan, to the cans of Lysol, stalling
in the bathroom.
now - swoom - we're free
or is it too soon, to resume peace, presumed we'd
flee'ed.

Oh God, now do you see
how the window frames the tree?
Carrying us, in a cineoscopic slice of life,
no dice, the only deaths in dying,
no crying, the infernal machine gets mean
if you don't meet the standard of strength,
relent, repent, return,
don't spurn the enemy:
it's out time
Christ died, we survived, lets see.

*A plastic petunia
between his false teeth
he danced the flamingo
to the bar rooms beat
legs bent and unstable
he gave us a step,*

*on top of the table
and weaving, he left
the cops picked him up off
the sidewalk and heard
between wheezes and coughs
Oh Jesus, I hurt.*

HERITAGE

*Can you feel the chains on your
soft shoulders?
Steel cold strength like the frigid white teeth
of the stuffed head,
hanging over the oily shined sideboard:
laden with the grotesque memories
of ancient incest and miscarriages,
and the men with tobacco spit
on your white lace tablecloth
where the goose lay spilt open
for the feast.*

*Of vulgar windreddened women
and pimply sore, gangling girls,
carrying their first signs of their womanhood,
with tall awkward Sunday school pride
and bloodstained fear.*

*in their soothing strength over my sweating
brow and how,
crooning unceasingly through the angry night
draughts, she laughed, loudly, in the dishevelled
morning before, once more,
going through the frosty door, to work.*