

The Old Man's Lament

Tell you how it was my son,
I'll tell you, then it's done.
How do you capture the sunlight,
Or ride with eagle's flight?

Describe the sifting sand,
Hold the wind in your hand?
It's here and then it's gone
Only a tingle lingers on.

We roamed wild and free
Plain to mountain, river to sea,
Taking only what we need,
Never with lustful greed.

Such was our way for many years
Before the whiteman brought us tears
Rapeing our women, killing our men
Ensalving our spirit with his pen

Gazing over this concrete lawn,
I can still remember the dawn.
Having nothing else left to give.
The only Indians that lost, are those that live.

Paul F. Shoenfelt

lady, look
i know how you feel
when you want to give yourself to THE WORLD
and say, look! look here! this is
art, what i've done. right?
but realize
that there are probably six hundred
like you in this state alone/ who say
i am unique i am a flower six hundred/
and each one as vitally important
as you are, or feel. it's wonderful.
but, look
this is a place
where you can't afford to claim
vulnerability, as i'm sure
it claims us all
before long—
and then you've got all these wilted flowers
and a lot of them not even bothering
to grow back up again.
what can be done with six hundred wilted flowers?
i don't
know.

Tim Jacobs



Implications of my being, aroused by physical
necessity-start a chain thought reaction
of future probability dependent on tomorrows
uncertainty.
Future plans materialize-residing only
in dreams waiting subconsciously
to be fulfilled.
Actions speak louder than words - Can't you
hear me screaming!
An instant captured documents my
existence. To see is to live.
The dawn comes. Another day to see.
Visions of my being affirmed
as cascading images
on strips of film.
Let me live to have your image.

25 July 1974
D. O. Hill

Though I've Found Another

As time goes on,
I'll always know
How lovely you were,
And how I loved you so.
from a song, by
Romeo Trajanus

Though the years have passed
And we're both not the same
The love has been undying,
And my heart still cries your name.

Though I've found another
It's you I've always loved.
And all through my life,
Your ghost and mine
Will forever love together
In the verdant fields of my mind.

And though I've found another, Anne
It's you I'll always want -
And though I've found another
It's you I've always loved.

We See Ourselves

by Romeo Trajanus
I see myself, and I am running;
Running thru a place I've never
been;
I run and run, but then I fly
Thru a sky of sea and ocean-green

And now myself floats on and on,
The cloud is pink and made of lead
But he who is I cannot believe,
And truth itself is another lie.

So I slow, I walk with my feet
But sky is earth, and my hands
Plate-glass petals, but no marmalade
sky
So I trip up a waterfall, this you must
be I.

But you don't believe in this echo
And I never lie, but water is dirt
When now is beyond tomorrow,
So just sit down, and quietly die . . .

We see ourselves,
It is we who I see,
And we is I and I am one -
So you must be he and, I believe,
I am both, though I wish to be none,
So just sit down, and laughingly die.
