



NEIL SAVITCH

## Temporary Insanity

Part Three  
By Neil Savitch

From social slander  
To prevarication  
You prove the actions  
As indications.

You're going strong  
So show your fear  
For you will know  
Escape is near.

Find a victim  
Who's different  
And prove for sure  
His truth is bent.

Prove that all  
He does is wrong  
You want escape  
And must be strong.

Transfer to him  
All human faults  
Prove him bad  
And guard the vaults.

Transfer your hate  
To everyone  
To persecute  
And make him run.

Paranoiac hate  
Can soon backfire  
And pull you into  
The funeral pyre.

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Part Four  
From mere vengeance  
To wild extractions  
You prove the actions  
As indications.

You're near the peak  
So don't let go

## INSIGHT

### HOW AM I TO KNOW?

By Barbara Sipler

Staring, thinking, in the night  
Nothing that I know is right.  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Groping, grasping, for an ans-  
wer

For the final escape  
Will seem so slow.

You see somebody  
Who has your needs  
So you decide  
He has your greed.

He's full of sin  
Without regret  
And takes from you  
All he can get.

He must be zapped  
As you can see  
He took what's yours  
So decide his fee .

Insanity's revenge  
Will set you free  
From all your problems  
To futility.

\*\*\*\*

Part Five  
From sleeping pills  
To self-destruction  
You prove the actions  
As indications.

Your troubles are growing  
With no sure bounds  
You've got to escape  
So look around.

No other method  
That you have tried  
Has given results  
So you must die.

Slit your throat  
With your safety pins  
Hang your mind  
With your loaded sin.

Whatever weapon  
Which you may use  
Will give the end  
Your mind will choose.

Manic-depression  
Though temporary  
Can expend your mind  
For all eternity.

Who can say what life's about?  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Searching, searching, for the  
truths  
Does this earthly life expose  
them?

Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Listening, listening, to the people  
Are their wise among the mass-  
es?  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Shouting, shouting, from the peo-  
ple  
"We've been cheated" this is so  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Killing, killing, other people  
Lives are not important now  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

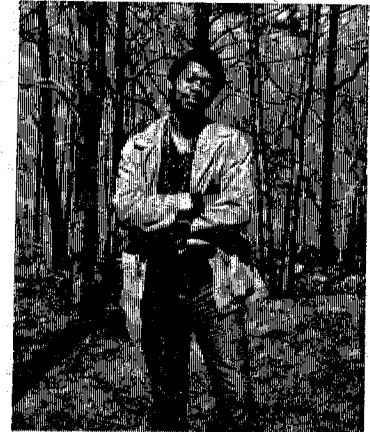
Hating, hating, all around me  
Which way do I run from it?  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Loving, loving, just a dream now  
People sneer at silly fools  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Sobbing, sobbing, soul in anguish  
How can I relieve the pain  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Begging, begging, for the ans-  
wers  
Love and hate and kill and cry  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?

Staring, staring, in the night  
Will I ever know what's right?  
Changing, changing, ever twist-  
ing  
How am I to know?



WALTER FOSTER

## Reflective Pillow

By Neil Savitch

I love you, foul pillow  
In essence of sleep  
Where my mind is still thinking  
But softens the leap.

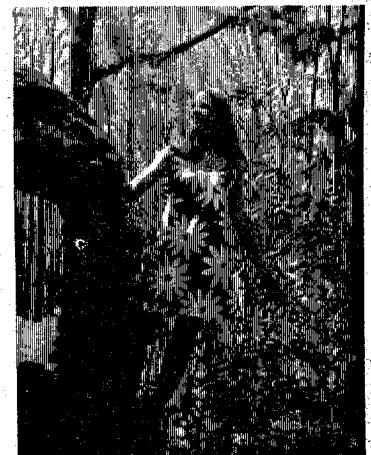
From the conscience asunder  
To the medieval id  
Where my mind is still thinking  
As it no longer did.

From the collapsable actions  
To the analysed bridge  
Where my mind is still thinking  
O'er the catacombed ridge.

From the unexplained flexes  
To the morals displaced  
Where my mind is still thinking  
With a circumscribed pace.

From the exercised voices  
To the mortal collapse  
Where my mind is still thinking  
Of no final relapse.

I love you, foul pillow  
In essence of sleep  
Where my mind is still thinking  
In thoughts I can keep.



NANCY ANCHARSKI