

# IMAGINATION

*the literary supplement*

P

O

E

T

R

Y

*by David Weldon*

## north america indian song

why are you sad  
and why are you crying  
dead land is all around you  
standing on a hill  
(a faceless mound of the dirt  
of very old bones)

## Lover's Train

the last train  
left hours ago  
the last love  
was on it  
disappeared  
into the long hard day  
the lost sun  
gone from it  
yesterday  
I dug up dead trees  
all from my backyard  
the skeleton branches  
were held together  
with memories forgotten

## television people

t.v. men, suited and tied, their  
plastic hair groomed for the  
bright lights and the mean camera eye

tied: I'm roped and battered,  
beaten to your nonsense rhythm,  
your pounding smiles  
and your machine gun tongues

youths all television headed  
an empty box with no room for sorrow  
if I had a television head  
I'd be down on my knees,  
praying to the found god:  
the smooth image  
that I saw on the t.v.  
the stark screen  
betraying what's behind it

*Sean*

*McQuaid*

## The Impulse

I feel like doing something creative!  
Like, say, holing up in this castle laboratory  
And ordering Igor to fetch me corpses,  
And sewing them into an unholy composite  
human,  
And imbuing it with a twisted semblance of life  
And screaming "It's alive" as the lightning  
floods its body...

Or perhaps I'll write a poem.

Or maybe not.

There are some things man was not meant  
tamper with.

more on next page