



by Karen Arsenault  
 "Each to his own!"  
 Cried the long-haired Chief  
 As the Big Clock struck once  
 On two.  
 "Fight, all Fight!"  
 The Chant began  
 Controlled at first  
 But soon to reach a frantic peak --  
 The Climax controlled the man.  
 The frenzied Tribe  
 Charged in the dark  
 Onto the sleeping village.  
 After the battle  
 The Chief ascended the Palace steps  
 And reported a battle won.  
 After food and rest  
 And love, or something like it,  
 The Chief arose refreshed.  
 Another dark day  
 Lay just ahead,  
 Another village  
 And lots of bloody deaths.  
 "We'll wipe the scum of the human race  
 Off this twirling globe;  
 We'll wipe those heathens off this world,  
 We'll put them in their place."  
 "Each to his own!"  
 Cried the long-haired Chief  
 After he said his peace.  
 As the Clock struck twice  
 On three,  
 The Chant pulsed to a heated pace  
 And the day began again.

Testimonial for Genius  
 David Connaughton

the procession of  
 spectres  
 proof of future  
 things.  
 there is the  
 struggle  
 of Man against  
 fate.  
 the folly of MacBeth  
 endures.

Swept up by  
 passion,  
 the onlookers are  
 transfixed.  
 Audience to the  
 baring  
 of their own  
 natures.

Lives spent in  
 scholarship,  
 searching for the  
 truths  
 that lie hidden  
 within.  
 In inexhaustible supply,  
 matter  
 for the mind.

the court of  
 remark  
 that appears is  
 not  
 and what is  
 not  
 appears to be.  
 world of  
 not  
 and no matter.

In all these things  
 celebration.  
 In the drama of  
 performance  
 or the revelation of  
 study.  
 A testimonial for  
 genius.



PRAYER TO THE HIGH

by Karen Arsenault

My mind is floating beyond me now  
 And peace is pink and white;  
 With each new burst of color  
 The world grows forever bright.  
 And love is of the universe  
 And green trees and birds and bees,  
 And God's glorious mushrooms  
 Shooting up in farmers' fields.  
 Amen for the hops that make beer taste good,  
 For the grapes that make the wine;  
 Amen for PCP, and the home-grown  
 That does the trick just fine.  
 Amen for all those things  
 That make all men so high;  
 And I hope that when I die  
 Heaven is just as kind.

LOVE IN PROSE

by Paul Stewart

My love is no mere shield,  
 no light against the goblins  
 of dark corners. Blind  
 faith could serve as well.  
 Love fills my being: more  
 than fire fills the  
 kindled wood; more than  
 down fills the newborn  
 chick, or waves fill the  
 ocean.

My breast shines. My  
 soul shines. Sunbeams  
 flow and pour from my  
 stomach, my heart. Joy  
 pulses giddily within me.

My love is a song,  
 chameleon-like in its  
 ancient, yet ever-changing  
 moods and tones.

Love is no deep plunge,  
 nor falling is it. It  
 lifts, levitates the soul  
 to new heights of  
 splendour and thrill.

Like a tidal surge carry  
 me, my love, from the bone-  
 white dullness and sharp,  
 angular crevasses of a

mindless, Godless world.

Float me, my love, far  
 away in mountainous,  
 rolling waves of peace.  
 Leave behind the needless  
 folly of the wretched  
 lonely. I am of their  
 legions no more!

In all timeless space  
 I could find none your  
 equal. Wit, compassion,  
 sensuality, consistency,  
 loyalty; all these you  
 offer more freely than the  
 sun imparts its warmth to  
 a misty spring morning.

Thru fluid ink to paper  
 I gush, I pour, I fairly  
 bleed my feelings for you.  
 This I say:

I hold in my hands the  
 essence of stardust.  
 Like fine sand the grains  
 may slip from me if I  
 falter. Give me the  
 strength, great love, as  
 those of the famed past,  
 to sweat tendon and bone  
 together, so I may never  
 lose what no man deserves  
 to have; what Providence  
 has bestowed --- love.

