

Surfaces

It seems there is a catholic God,
 done up in gold and Virgin Maryed.
 And there is a Jewish God,
 male and master of cool distances.
 And an academic God,
 of reason and longish hair.
 But is there a God
 for working people?
 Is there a God for women?

In the night the cockroaches
 defend the cupboards.
 It rains.
 Something big is moving
 in all the houses,
 waiting.

In the night the phone rings,
 it is an obscene call.
 I am trapped in reason
 like a deer in sudden light.
 No, I don't want you for my slave.
 Slavery is not something to enjoy.
 No, I am not horny
 (how I hate that word).
 He hangs up angry.
 I laugh,
 but then it isn't funny.

In all the houses we are
 moving, trapped, waiting
 behind the windows.
 The night weeps and heaves.
 Coffee grumbles on the stove
 like judgement.

— E. Romero

In the Mountains

Huckleberry Eyes told me
 she wanted to roam
 in a Gorman painting.

She walks, carrying geometric
 designed basket, along the logging road;
 the landscape is marred
 by tire tracks, corrugated pipe
 and an occasional
 crushed aluminum can.

The stillness is broken
 by a woodpecker tapping
 a tree.

She stops
 to examine dark pigmentations,
 dark spots, groves imbedded
 in bone-color boughs
 that resemble antlers

As she continues on the road.

— Earle Thompson

The

Wingless, I float above the heavens,
 Pure, bright like snow
 Silently falling in the sun,
 I drift

And once come to rest
 Burst into brilliant light

I am my own home,
 The flame that ever lives,
 I am
 Truth

— Mr. Frank Martin