

Town Hall

Friday night shadows
I'm your man so
pull me into this place
and if you can give me

moist thighs broken
or borrowed winds
this dragon landscape
where guitars spit smiles

electronic fires
submerged in a sea of jazz
tamed by passing only
the rough terrain of the mind

here we are clothed
in a gold-bitten sweat
covered with streaks of music
dancing in tribes of dark eyes

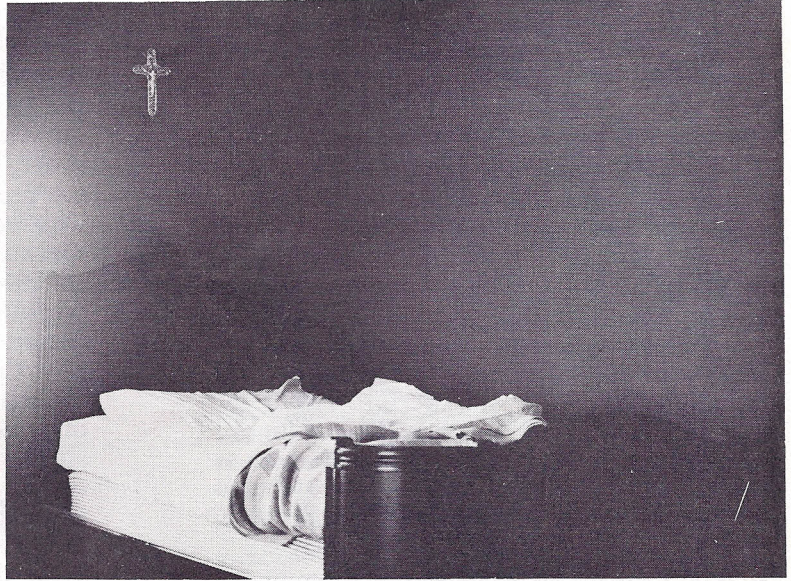
glance of darts
poisoned with beauty
graced by laughter
these careless hunted girls

and here I'm on the prowl
a lover hidden perhaps
in that storm of shoulders
that is stirring the shadows

— Joe Blankenship

Endings

I.
That evening with arms wrapped
Around the other like barbwire
Coiled, recoiled; many
Were the words exchanged, spent
Like dollar bills til finally
We too were out. Where did we end
Our song?
In the thicket where grass
Lies tramped upon by cans, old shoes
A rusted rod from a parasol?



II.
The flyer of kites knows,
Has for his protection
The extent of words we refuse.
We who live in abstract things
Drink from abstraction.
Fears reduced, we,
Once lovers, shadow ourselves
As April skies rain upon us.

III.
“There is no need to cry,”
I said to him. “Beyond the city
Is the beach; beyond that,
The sky.” The stubborn lion
Contents himself with his own stubbornness.
And I, with his content
Must journey the center road
And “must”, we sang without refrain.

—Henry Muldrow, Jr.