A "j. a." Type Lesson

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Winter Nostalgia

Void of whiteness falls the snow
Into silver hands raised high
Regal voices soft and low
Granting wishes from the sky.

Instant sorrow fills this breast
Noiseless dreams engulf this soul
Isolation seems to wrest
Aged mankind from this knoll.

Into deeper trances fall
Lonely island feels the cold
Over every pore do call
Voices seeking from the fold.

Ever close now come to me
Youth and beauty virgin bright
Over all come set me free
Until now alone with fright.

Joseph G. Genduso

Homunculus.
Whole man conceived
by one.

Incarnate offspring
Of men who need
no love.

Not so!

Conception without union?
No life.
No man
Gives birth
Alone.

A “j. a.” Type Lesson

(It was once believed that the human fetus, whole and complete, was conceived entirely in the male parent. The womb was merely a place for this microscopic body, Homunculus, to grow.)

J. Robbins

When Winter Seizes

A welcome change it is that’s sent from heaven
to fall, floating on us when we’re rotting in routine
left over from warmer months. A welcome change from
the once animating powers of new spring become dead with
passing months. Rather, when we became dead
to sight, sound and smell.

A welcome change it is, admit it or no,
to send us in away from racing engines, squealing tires,
beer-canned beaches and bikinis — to send us in
where we can talk and know each other beyond mere names.
There aren’t any places to go now, except here
where we know we’re better off than outside, for a change —
it’s cold now, winter’s cold, and we’re forced to
stay together.

The once animating powers of new spring and summer... when we, hands in pockets, stood before those nocturnal
trees silhouetted against a fullmooned sky — when we, each alone, stood and watched
their outermost tender edges, their reaching tips
gently pulsate with each breeze.

The trees look more beautiful restored,
after having lost their life-blood
to their roots for a while, in ground protected...
after having been stripped naked and barren...
only half there

And when it all is gone, those lost things of beauty
which we strained so futilely to keep, become
a welcome change indeed, recalled...
more thanked than if the snow never dissipated
the sultry air of summer, nor killed the slimy growth
developed in our pool of stagnancy — than if the frost
and ice never were sent to halt the growth
of seaweed that tripped and tangled our feet
as we groped alone at the edge of dusk, ... insensate.

Phil Parish

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