1965

To V. F.

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To V. F.

I that saw the world unrisen
Lie in deepest slumber still
Cried from anguish in this prison
Still an empty void to fill.

Then a light fell on the darkness
Light of love and light of peace
Sea of light was love so boundless
Will to live will never cease.

I that found my soul unrisen
Found a light so bright to guide
Laugh that now there is no prison
Only love to find inside.

JOSEPH G. GENDUSO

Madras

BY RAY PAVELESKY

The three was not so much the plastic unitness of "trio" as three individuals moving, vibrating about one another and their invisible nucleus, (a veritable god-figure: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I will be, in the midst of them").

The pattern of their moving, ever-changing stances reflected the nature of their god: sometimes swaying together, close, then ebbing apart, turning, a harmony and bitter-sweet discord of motion.

It was a love-symbol: when a tone was needed, it gave itself, fulfilling the moment. And sometimes there were the most rare and only-could-he clefts of silence, small, dark nights of tone-soul which gave that soul its needed need, and its meaning.

And the banjo was being tickled to life and he hurried in excited ups and downs around the graceful, still guitar who stood with her heart beating, saying yes.

Across The Table

Across the table
once she laughed and loved
at me a while
and the world bright babbled before me.
She, like ripples, touched my shore
alive and wet and warm in the sun.

Across the table once hands met
with a glimpse of other and self
melting, molding, twining around
the roots of we.
Words glued silent to the noisy door of my mind
(the key lost)
faded, yellowing with time, curled with (mis)use. ..

Chained, I yelled with eyes watered with need and candle light
Words, words yet,
not yet words—still feeling forever locked
lost.
The key lost.
Yes, lost forever?
I called for the check.

GREGORY CONCHELOS

Préméditation

Écoute—écoute l'harmonie des oiseaux,
Les arbres pleins de joie—les orphelins
Accueillants,
Le ciel presque obscure—le soleil
Se couchant ...
Voilà la Création pour un petit moineau.

VITO MARCELLO