1965

Madras

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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

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 cheek.

GREGORY CONCELLOS

Préméditation

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

VITO MARCELLO