

1969

April is Gone

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April is Gone

Cover Page Footnote

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He read

And the roseate metaphors
Of *his* woman, his fleshy flower,
Loved but unbedded
Rose to mystic heights
That left the unaecoutred listeners
Below the line of
Thinning stinging air,
The towering heights of Analog
Unascended,
Uncomprehended. . .
(There were, I'll warrant,
Psychologists unseasoned there
In mystic lore and spirit fare
Who'd bid the brother see an analyst
Cr'd dare themselves to recommend
His chastely vows annulment
And counsel, "Get a woman!" . . .
Little knowing
His painful complaints revealed
Scarcely could he please
The woman he's already got,
Loved with a passion nonetheless,
His *Rose* divine. . .

There stood Antoninus
In the too, too real flesh
Before me,
No longer some angelic voice
A California's length away,
The fleshy Antoninus
Man. . .

Brother,
I don't know what to make of you. . .
You were right,
We could not comprehend you "fully,"
"Enough," perhaps "at all,"
But I refuse the total fault. . .
I for one will only read your poems
Henceforth. . .
Your written voice
Abstracted thus
Comes clearly, unadulterate
From its Source. . .

Brother,
Trust more the written voice!
Trust more the Source!

Clarence Amann

Paradox

You, who pound the podium impassioned,
With slushy sledgehammers of a veiled whore,
Who Utopias and caged Edens have fashioned
Of a maggots beauty, a leper's sore;
Who court clay and gold, blessed wondrous scrap,
And turn nature upon her tail
To whirl in dizzy despair and-snap!
Her crimson soul bereft of its hue, pale.

You whom I loathe, are myself in rage.
A mind is a labyrinth, beware the whitened sage.

Bernard Ballou

April is Gone

The bus has no voices.

The saddened, empty faces
Have closed their eyes
To dream away
The heavy minutes
Of their quiet journey
And to think of other times

In the raining silence
I remember her
And her loving words
Drift back to me

I can see the letters
Saying not to worry
Because she understands
And there is no need to explain

If I didn't have to be here
I would be with her now
As once we planned
To hold her sleepily close
Always near
With no need of goodbye

The bus stops
The people stir
Each looking at today
While waiting patiently
For tomorrow

Dennis O'Brien