1969

Something spoke to...

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THE HIDING MAN

A clock is nothing more than that which makes man late,
For what is time really but distance traveled?
This few men take time to recognize and lazy
Shower and sleep and wake again to shower and be clean,
The bearded shave while hairy march and love, not the shaven
And only fool themselves, for God their Maker sees
Not hair,
But only soul or self, which sometimes sleeps
But can never hide.

James A. Reo

He was with us
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Somethings spoke to me yesterday,
It filled my mind and body
with a force as steadily
restless as the autumn wind.
(Cold again, empty once more,
bereft of time's sweet balm,
for now time stands still-frozen.)
The dull, thudding ache that
renders me fog-bound threatens
to consume me, as it did one
endless night when I clung
to life tenaciously, to keep
from slipping off the world.
I reach out — grasping, stretching
my fingers to feel the comforting
touch of—her—
only to find I have tarried
too long inside myself—and
made the chill arctic blast of
indifference—a stuttering,
crushing, brutal, reality
But the voice that spoke
drones on, shredding my thought
frowning my face, dragging my step,
ding
binding me to a sepulcher
that haunts my eyes
and...

Paul F. Lindsley

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