



THE POET'S COLLECTIVE

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In this world where do you fit

Could you ever be a part of it

A part of something to ease your mind

A part of yourself you search to find

So if you fear that twisted road

Bare in mind you must carry this load

So walk on brother and peace be with you

For in your search you'll find anew

While in your search I hope you discover

Everyone around you is your brother

PM

~~---~~

Tell me people who are we?

A game to trap security

The product of humanity

A virtue called sterility?

PM

~~---~~

The Fastidious knave eating ice cream

Textbook enfermera surviving clean

Unwed mothers' Ophelia stream

Skeptical codger only schemes

While lurid children choose their teams

And Eurasians' build a quandary dream

All from behind the green framed screen

PM

Peter

Mikos

To myself I can't describe

All the world I hold inside

To try so hard to win first prize

While filling life with stereo-pride

Join your brother but stay in stride

To hear the endless alibis'

Why children born first learn to cry?

And people still take different sides

PM

Don't care about your name

William, George, Mary, Jane

Children laugh throughout a game

We all get wet when in the rain

P.M.

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in the sicc graphic center

your
death
has
left
me
bitter
at
best
and
oddity
a
sharptoothed
Jack-o-lantern
with no
carved
mouth
crunching,
feeding
on
it's
own
soft
skin

carry
me
carry me
pretend
i am
your
child
wayward
now
come
home
to
quarters
nickles
&
tin
i want
to leave
you
something
more solid
than words
for a
namesake

sweat
for
a novena
or a
broken
back
for
an
altar
a cartooned
show
pretend
we
know
nothing
of
stopped
hearts
or
dead
blank
eyes
at
night
when

i
place
my
ear
on
the
cold
still
ground
i
can
almost
hear
you
smile

by: D.Z.

THE AMERICAN BULL FIGHTER

by: Mary Jane Peluso

With every sound that
Mistakenly dribbles
Out the sides of your mouth
An avalanche prevails.

With each word you utter
Snowflakes lie upon the
Syllables.

And before I know
What it is I am doing,
I realize I have laced
Up my snow shoes.
This spontaneous action
Occurs each time I see you

I come prepared
to talk of many things...
Of water and of fire.

But you
With your weightless words
That flutter about the ceiling,
Have come intending
To speak of (amour propre) Loud silence.

Advice for the road runners

by: Mary Jane Peluso

Do not race with time,
For time has run to many laps
To ever be beaten by you
You don't realize you are in a race with
Oblivion and a pocketful of forgotten dreams.

HANDS

by: Mary Jane Peluso

Bleeding at the knuckles
because we touched
Chaffed at the corners
because we felt.
Nailless--
Hairless--
Mountainous--
Shaking in their stance
Scars on all fives
And clutched in the right one
a bleeding heart.

The Swing Era

by: Mary Jane Peluso

What is it that posses Man
To exterminate like mice,
Other people?

Transporting them from damp cells
To experimenting labs.
Railroading children into monstrous destinations,
Starvation invading each belly.

Those fearful marches of gun
Ridden dust,
And the value of human lives brought down
To those of guinea pigs
Without brains.

Jolting terror in their eyes
Exhaustion hanging from their limbs
Whining as they drag their naked feet
Stripped of all pride

Such ignorance in his menacing mind.
Wasted the lives of those who wait for heaven
In fields absorbed by lillies and forget-me-nots.

How pathetic that men, women, and children
Were dying in frost bitten camps
Seranaded by machine gun rythms
And blood baths of freedom trials.

While at home,
In mother county men, women, and children were
Dancing to moonlight seranade.

OAKEN

by: Mary Jane Peluso

You are
As an oak is...
With its stiffnedd and its growth
Hardwood.
I am
As an oak apple...
An implanted gall, bearing nothing but
Your fruit.

A POET

by: Mary Jane Peluso

People see mirrors
While...
Poets see glass.

its late
the day is almost over
emptiness fills my heart
and causes me such pain

the love
i have means more to me
than stars in the sky
the last time i looked up
at one
i thought it burst and died

my love
for you means more than that
more than words could ever say
it's wednesday, its late, i'm horny
we didn't see each other today...only yesterday

the wednesdays
in the past were fun
i looked forward to them all
today i looked again to find
i'd spent the day, alone,
with words to say
alone...
just thinking
of you

you say sometimes i must be alone
to do the things i must
but to spend a sunny spring day
without you
is like walking in the rain

i admit you must care for me
our relationship has been long
but its just nice to be reminded
that you're loved
and needed
sometimes.

women tend to be possessive, i know
for reasons we can't be blamed
the truth we tell and honesty we want
a man just isn't about to give
or to explain...right now...

by: diane whitby

sun reflections

red blazing
orange blossom
sunshine
reflecting in the sea
sparkling light beams pulsate,
its every wave,
the sky is his home
streaks of pink
spread over the blue sky
he is king
we are his kingdom
may he reign forever.

diane whitby

i feel the soft wind
he's playing with my hair
and moving my eyes,
my soul rises to meet him and
we laugh with the sun growing bright and
calling the gulls,
he makes me gentle and one
we become Shhhhhhhhhhh...
whispers the waves
and we become silent...

diane whitby

far away
far from here
i see you
but can not touch you
tell me
come back to me
i'm here
far away
waiting for you
to return to me.

diane whitby

QUICK JUDGEMENTS

o Lord, i've done it again
judged hastily with shallow deductions
with endless assumptions
slamming the door before it
welcomed me in;
the scare-tissue of remembrance
distorted the gentliness of
idealistic visions;
my aging overnight
tumbings nudged my
faulty perceptions --
but no, thick-headed and heavy-handed
and harsh haranguing
i alienated myself again;
how many against
will i castigate myself with
before i learn
trust...?

vincent argenziano

we touch
here
now

bartlett lust

Kathy P. Daniusis

a pear
like a breast, my breast
in your calloused capable hand
becomes an act of love
mouth caressing the firm contours
your fingertips toying with the stem as you suck at its
juice
hits a nerve in me and my nipples stand pink and erect
(it's just a pear)
soft pleasure eating noises
your mouth on the pear
jealous of its wet pulp being brushed by your mustache
wanting the tender harsh tickle myself on my face
breasts thighs

this pear proves your talent for loving
when you drain its sweetness
start on me

Spaces Filled

Kathy P. Daniusis

the choice was made in our shadows
without benefit of consultation:
only gathered to this destiny
and no protest voices

mouths seek in shadow of dark
shadows we call
to be here now: this is the matter
and i soften the ring of echo
so we may breathe in present time

in past tough i have been vocal
i do not trust needs to be found
hence i spoke direction
but media is sense in this time
you are reached: anticipation spared
seizing the decision now to be ours
want renewed: spectres discarded

we touch
here
now

I SHALL KISS THE COSMOS

by: Glenn Fox

while facades
look for love
in other facades
we will
BE
backstage
our naked minds
in blended bliss
as a cancerous armor
creeps over their beings
we, will remove
our masks
and really touch
one another
we, again and again
dissolve ourselves in love
to find
our true being
so, while masks
kiss other masks
I shall kiss life
and while you kiss cosmetics
I shall kiss the cosmos.

THE PASSENGER

by: Glenn Fox

all the time
passing
all the things
passing
watching, watching
inside my head
sitting motionless
watching through
my train window eyes
watching things passing
and scenery changing
watching this life
pass by.

Peter M. Kos

the lie

o sweet brother comfort me
bring me from the night
illuminate the passage dim
with a candel's light

i cry for you and curse your name
i weep to have you near
i'm sure that you've deserted me
with none to rest my fear
i can't accept your missing arms
about my shoulders small
i won't believe that in the dark
you cannot hear my calls

o sweet brother comfort me
bring me from the night
illuminate the passage dim
with a candel's light

i want your hair all full of sun
and cast in yellow hue
i need your face and heart that shine
through eyes of gray and blue
i shant concede to mother's tale
she tells when i'm forelorn:
"you are the only child my love,
i have ever borne."

Barbarous paths with magisterial signs

Contoured fields of suckling pines'

Skeptical heifers' neatly primed

For breaking bread and drinking wine?

Peter Mikos



for the flute of the dharma

by; Tommy Nevins

the motorcycle is part of the poem.
the distraction caused by the sound of
the motorcycle is part of the poem.
"is nothing sacred?" asks the woman sitting
next to me at the reading.
yes, the poem is sacred.
the poem is all-pervading
and everything is sucked into the poem.
the sound of that machine varooming off
is the poem varooming off.
it travels to caress the universe
with the message of a man involved
in the act of living.
this poet in particular is
the flute of the dharma,
a dharma flutist.
the sunlight from the window
is momentarily refracted
from his eyeglasses into my eyes.
the light from the flute of the dharma
for that moment cuts through my eyes
to dazzle my mind illuminate.
a gift of light from the flute of the dharma.
a gift of light intense enough
to laser beam through my skin
and lodge itself into my aorta.
like a box with a door on a hinge
that sweeps open letting light
blend with my blood.

*dharma= Buddhist term for the way or path
of enlightenment.

waitress

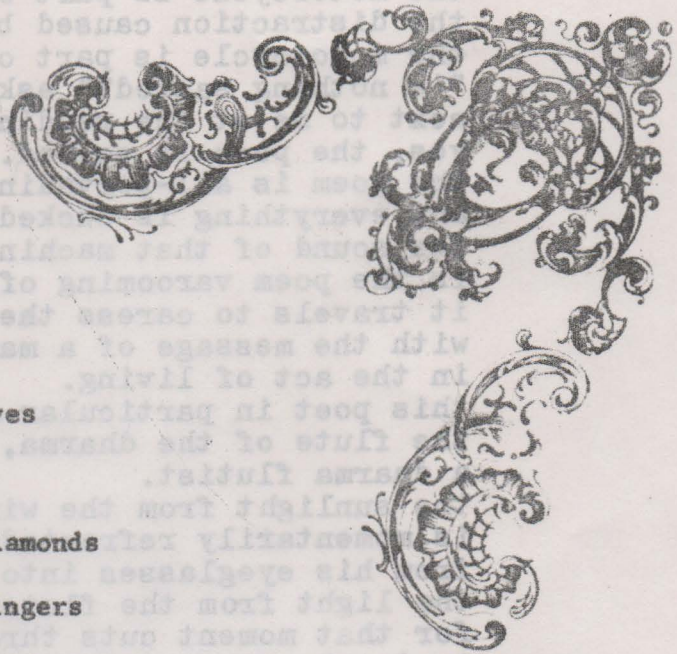
by: Christine L. Beserany

And so
Another days work is done
Another days pay is won
Meeting lonely people
Greeting
Smiling
Serving
Inflating egos
Just to make a dollar
A form of prostitution I will
holler.

for the flute of the dharmas
by: Tommy Nevins

white
woman
black
man
each
step
taken
another
set
of
eyes
upon
the
man
and
woman

check out the eyes
they flash
just like the diamonds
on the ladies fingers
quick and icy cold



Maryanne T.

by: Christine L. Beerman



A form of prostitution I will
Just to make a dollar
inflating eyes
Serving
Selling
Greeting
Meeting lonely people
Another gave pay is won
Another gave work is done
And so

those sunny
cool afternoons
blowing shadows
of leaves
playing countless spotlights
where the sun
penetrates branches
the sky of moving air
rushing at you're walking
down the path
to catch the bus
always alone.

veins of leaves, blowing
the sound of footsteps, away
into the cool night.

sitting in a chair
feeling the space,
the empty air
giving the world
a vacant stare
considering
the names and forms
"out there"
just a room
with a body
sitting in a chair.

paper noises
in dentists
offices
surfacing
and submerging
in the stillness
soon
it will be my turn.

by: Glenn Fox

WAR POEM

by: Mary Jane Peluso

At night while you sleep,
I hear
The moans and groans
the war has left with you.

Each time you jump,
I jump
It's a chain reaction
And the war is a missing link.

absolution, no penance

dusk slithers imperceptively
hoarding its impact for that moment
in which the driver's eye transmits the message
"hey man, better turn on the headlights".
pupils dilate
turning eyes tender
regardless of honest inclination.
now i am tender towards the two men by my side
one my lover
one our friend.
true evening arrives
we enter a church.
i do not feel holy here until the ancient melodies
climb to the rafters and descend
to caress us in our pews like plants
being watered.
i recover some simplicity lost
by closing my eyes and letting the motet summon me
back to the time i heard it new.
willing all webpatterns to recede
i receive purely.
he holding me gentle
loses his particular present assignment
as the soul nameless
tells of its joy at my being.
the soul embraces
as identity and involvement dissolve into
pearshaped tones from recorders
and faint harpsichord chime.
absolved from time blame conflict
the souls commune on virgin plain.

Kathy P. Daniusis

Sex or Pain?

by: Christine L. Beserany

Sex has it's price-birth
Not due until the joy has been spent
Birth is beautiful
Yet when unwanted it is the ugliest alive.

L.A.

By: Christine L. Beserany

Where all the beautiful children play
Why has God chosen thee which will fall into the sea
Only a few will be saved
For soon the ocean will be thy grave
But nay shall thee weep
For yours is a fall and a rich life
Closer to God - to thyself
Closer to the "Good Earth"
Where else could RedKin be...
Calif.

"On The Eve"

vinny cuevas

The sadness of this day seems to bring the children near, the quiet of the ever-changing view. We took together laughing all at once between the waves and I never thought you'd leave without a word. So I'm standing near the threshold of the dreams we left behind and I don't think life's story is so kind. When the morning reaches fullness and the sun in sky ablaze and the ways I tried to see you on the eve. I'm looking for the reasons we came together laughing but you're telling me the seasons came and went. But you don't believe the reason is nothing left to live and your loving is much more than I can spend. So in question to your answer I will answer just the same that the feeling can't be kept within a frame. And I'm looking out your window to the storm that swept away and the pictures that you keep upon your mirror. And it's quite a thrill to see that the shadows capture me and the sun has left for days to keep my seeds. And you're looking for someone who could be a lot more fun and you're still waiting for a gift from me, to see if all the times we slept could last with no regret and the only thing that's left is but a stain. Together and alone we dial the wrong one on the phone and then we still don't know the honest truth. By the time we find the road, we'll both be too damn old so let's have it all for now until tomorrow.

CLASS

by: Christine L. Beserany

Hey, hey you sittin' next to me
What do you think your saying?
Who do you think your judging?
Do you think because this man is in a position in which
he must relay his knowledge to others
That he must be as others?
Would you want a machine to open up the power &
equipment of learning in you, hu, would you...
you dummy.
You criticize him for his dress, his hair, his body,
manner of speech and look at you.
Put yourself in a hole and cover it up
Do us all a favor and resign from this earth
Go to Satan, you two will get along fine
Remember, God kicked him out of heaven cause he didn't
pay his rent.
Yours is overdue too, you know - or do you?
I guess not, you don't understand
Please get out of my face.



They created the
 Viet Nam War
 To kill off all of our
 brothers
 It was just another Dachau
 Only extermination of niggers
 Was the order of the day

The 'Nam was just
 a heavier version of sterilization
 A stronger elimination process
 When they found out abortion wouldn't
 work
 We've got to consider all possibilities
 *Cause there definitely is a plan

FLIPPING OUT

I laughed out loud
 Glanced around
 Was anybody watching?
 No,
 So, I laughed again
 Was this it?
 Was I really snapping this time?
 Jumped up,
 Clicked my heels together
 Cut it out kid!

When they burned those
 villages to the ground
 How many wonded brothers contributed
 to the ashes
 How may POW brothers really came back
 And to what
 To junkieland and unpaid disability
 benefits
 To find their people drowning in silence
 To find their people nodding on reality
 To find, to find, their people!

Lolita Jones

Sat down,
 Turned my face to the wall,
 Tapped my foot uncontrollably
 Head
 thumped,
 thumped,
 thumped!
 Mumbled some incoherent nonsense
 to myself
 Psychopathic row is one hell of
 a place
 I know,
 I walk it everybody!



Lolita Jones

manchild,
you sit upon a barstool
and dwell upon
the good old days.
your young wife,
and her powerful ways,
went away from you--
but you couldn't blame her,
midnight dancer,
manchild prancer,
you're getting dizzy
from all the circles
you have rolled along with.
so you sit down
and rest.
but only for a couple of beers.
at 6:30 you have to see a lawyer--
"this is my third divorce,
i hope to be free soon."
manchild, is there no beginning
for you--
just and end?

my son was conceived
right there on that bed.
i sit and ponder
where did i conceive my two?
what car
what bed
finally what man?
is it always gonna be like this
not knowing for sure
about anything
even babies? ***
gone completely
only memories exist
outside this reality
daylight turns
black
yet i know i haven't had
enough

by: Maryanne T.

MELODY TO A TIN EAR

I said, croon, tune
Spin those spider-web fingers
Across that Black and White
Speak

to me,
sweet tune

Mélody of love,
Chime in my ears
And ring out my fingers
Doodly-do, Doodly-do
Melody to a tinear,
Speak

to me,
88's are 100 percent

Bring me Spring,
sweet tune

Speak
to me,
Climb aboard my keyboard
We'll take you to,

a new land of,

Love and Wonderment
Zing - it to me
Shoot open my eyes
And palpitate my heart

Play of times gone by,
Play a now tune

A Love tune
A warm - belly
Guzzlin' good tune
Speak

to me,
88's

A high-strung
Laughter note
That says,
Spring to me
Speak

to me!

Lolita Jones

Mardi Gras

by: Lynn A. Lello

The art of the theatre
Teacher of the minds
Madman's invention
Tragedies, crimes.

But what is it that captures
The body and soul
And implures the mind
To go uncontrolled?

Drama - the art of the poet,
the dreamer perhaps,
the idealist.

Is it a crime to see reality transfigured,
On stage with a cast of make believe characters
jumping, trembling and exciting
with each twitch of an eye
and each word spoken.

But they are delighting, enhancing, entertaining
us all

Wooing us away from the world's terrible flaws.

And we want to believe

To be part of the scene

Of their fantasy life

Which on stage seems so keen

But soon as it's o're

And tears have been shed

We walk into the light

With a crestfallen head.

For tis only on stage

Where out dreams can come true

Without anyone telling us

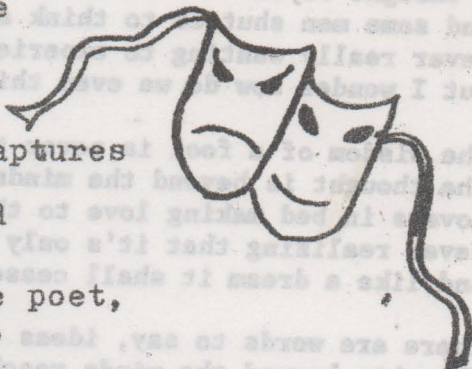
what they think we should do.

And pacing our lives in such a way

That only drama's depth and captiveness

Can help us face the people

And a brighter day.



"BEYOND THE MINDS REACH"

By; Richard Filitor Jr & Benny Weisz

I say what I see not what I think
The thought it beyond the minds reach
The words that I say are not what you hear
You've come a long way but you're still not there
I've searched for you every where

Some men wonder about the mysteries of the world
A thought beyond the minds reach
And some men shutter to think about the end
Never really wanting to experience again
But I wonder how do we ever think at all.

The wisdom of a fool is never to be heard
The thought is beyond the minds reach
Lovers in bed making love to themselves
Never realizing that it's only a dream
And like a dream it shall cease to be

There are words to say, ideas to explore
Thoughts beyond the minds reach
There are Gods to pray, but nobody knows what for
It's always been this way
And there will always be more

The old get crazy, and the youth are restless
A thought beyond the minds reach
Tomorrow says maybe, but today is a mess
A man never knows from one minute to the next
Life has always been a guess.

A door opens up in your dreams, and you see past galaxies
Beyond the minds reach
Where darkness takes on the shade of light
Lingering images of a thousand nights
And your heart quivers with delight
Because you've stumbled onto the world of the twilight

But not all men fit to be heroes
Not all men have seen the horrors
Beyond the minds reach
Not all that glitters is gold
Not all that's alienated is cold
Not all that's brave is old
Not all that's ages is old.

You've read this poem, and you think you know
A thought beyond the minds reach
But life keeps on growing, and the minds flaw
causes in reality a breach
Thinking thoughts beyond the minds reach

"(How My Soul)"

"Earth & Beings, "Similar Seas

By Richard Filitor Jr. and Benny Weisz

Who controls the flowing blood?

So precise in its course.

To know, to feel, to stop, to seal

The love of exchanges so real.

Is it just a dimension filled world?

A heavy water is blood!

or is it only a greeting place-

For all contented to love?

One wish still stands, unknown to touch-

That all be transformed as such.

So that all you ride & all you see

Are loving red globules & lymphocytes for me.

For whom are the alien parts,

So quick in their destruction?

Located in lots & guttars & parks-

They seem to be always constructed

And who are my alien parts

So thick is their disruption

Located in cells of body & heart-

They seem to be a hunter

"Lifeflow (So Slow My Soul)"

Summer heat rolling off a withered tree. The sweat of leaves caressing like a rainfall. Along the road the sea smells in the distance. Walking in the loose dirt we come upon a clearing. In my eyes the sun reflects the sea laying out a path of brilliant orange. The issues seem to lost themselves against the portrait of this morning. The wood creaks in answer to the fluff of clouds. The days float into weeks as the blue horizon paints the way. Nights slip by cooler to the song of wind and sails. Travel by eas brings a man to face himself. To sense between the conscious and the dreams that lay ahead. And in my eyes I see the faces of my past stranded in the mirror of our wake. Another day passes all the same and at last I rest my thoughts.

So slow my soul to feel the cold,
The winter's air sets in.
The mud grows to reach my bed,
My head can only dream.
To lie in shadows, fear of death,
To bring my eyes to tears.
And now my blood has filled the fields
And yields to lost love reaching.

So slow my soul to know it's late,
Too late to feel at all.
The trees will be your only cross,
And toss your mind to ground.
Face to face, the barrels gleam,
And pour veins out your chest.
And now in thick red dirt you fall
And call to sun swept windstorm.

So slow my soul to dream in clouds,
Bring yourself to sense.
The only life you have is here,
And nest is only death.
To face the odds, to tell yourself,
That you'll have peace of mind.
But now your blood has filled the fields
And yields to one last rhyme.

And like myself, so slow my soul,
Your peace comes with a bullet hole.

Vinny Cuevas

A glimpse to catch
Of lifes far vision
To know the warmth
That swells within
A bird, a tree, a stream, a star
To preserve from this time
The flame of crimson
To hold it motionless
in eternity
Huddled from the wind
To buffet the rages
Of a consuming Maelstrom.
To rejoice in ourselves
Under a starless sky
To anxiously await
The day of metamorphosis

David Kevin B. Knox

On a summer morning
Glowing sun, cool breeze blowing
Brings to my eyes, my nose
the liltng scent
Of Wueen Anne's lace at dawn
I scan my surrounding
And catch a glimpse
Of the towering chestnut tree
Stretching it's arms toward me
As it goes through the motion.
So pure and harmonious
The miniature blue flowers
Intense white blossoms
Call to me to spend
A morning with my friends.

David Kevin B. Knox

Has the fruit of hell
Spread their seed in heaven
The earth flowers
The sky lower
Image of my past / screen of tomorrow
Material quantities - don't balance
When the world is in trance
Walk in space reason of the mind
Because in heaven hell can't substitute

BILL TREE
by: David Kevin B. Knox
I see the image
An echo of myself
A mirror
Twisted so slightly
The voice
As if from my mouth
A mind
Holding the personality
The life
So much of my essence
Yet to the smallest degree
A difference
And in the variance
In the similitude
Rests the focus
The nucleus
Of my search

Clarissa, What can I tell you
What words will frame
The life that is in
Your eyes,
In essence how can I call
To you
Can you see
The love that I feel
Within,
A vision of a perfect
life with you
Calls anticipatory to me
And in my heart
I know I will
certainly respond.

by: David K.B. Knox

Has the fruit of hell
Spread their seed in heaven
The earth flowers
The sky lower
Image of my past / scream of tomorrow
Material quantities - don't balance
When the world is in trance
Walk in peace reason of the mind
Because in heaven hell can't sustain.

by? Serge Casado

BELL TREE

by: David Kevin B. Knox

I see the image
An echo of myself
A mirror
Twisted so slightly
The voice
As if from my mouth
A mind
Hodling the personality
The life
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To you
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Within.
A vision of a perfect
life with you
Calls enticingly to me
And in my heart
I know I will
certainly respond.

by: David K.B. Knox

MESS-UN-MESS

by: Serge Casado

Loss straggles
All tangled up,
At the crossroad
Of pleary spring

"ON THE EVE"
by: Vinny Cuevas

The sadness of this day seems to bring
the children near, the quiet of the ever-
changing view. We tood together laughing
all at once between the waves and i never
thought you' leave without a word. So I'm
standing near the threshold of the dreams
we left behind and I don't think life's
story is so kind. When the morning reaches
fullness and the sun in sky ablaze and the
ways I tried to see you on the eve. I'm
looking for the reasons we came together
laughing but you're telling me the seasons
came and went. But you don't believe the
reason is nothing left to live and your
loving is much more than i can spend. So
in question to your answer i will answer
just the same that the feeling can't be kept
within a frame. And I'm looking out your
window to the storm that swept away and the
pictures that you keep upon your morror. And
it's quite a thrill fo see that the shadows
capture me and the sun has left for days to
keep my seeds. And you're looking for some-
one who could be a lot more fun and you're
still waiting for a gift from me, to see if
all the times we slept could last with no
regret and the only thing that's left is but
a stain. Together and alone we dial the wrong
one on the phone and then we still don't know
the honest truth. By the time we find the road,
we'll both be too damn old so let's have it all
for not until tomorrow.

Dancing flowers on the ground
At the turn of water white
Celebrating new spirit at the
Through the warty

LOVE VISION
The day is past,
To pray for you be
Trail the road of
To call my heart

SUMMER VISION
Like the early day
Porting eager on the
Drooping clouds fall
Turning and mixing

My thought decompo
When a slight
Broke through

RENAL
Girls are like
They dance you
They spill you
They float in
Then down you

by: Serge Casado

Like ice on water
We are tumbling in eternally
Floating like a seagull in the immensity of space
Always striking higher than life
But never finding the true whiteness of our blank heart.

MESS-UN MESS

by: Serge Casado

Lose strings
All tangled up,
At the crossroad
Of bleary spring
Dumping flowers on the ground
At the turn of winter white
Celebrating new spirit at the cycle of the sun
Through the weary eyes of silence.

LOVE FINDER

by: Serge Casado

The day is past, today is death
To pray for you be sad
Trail the road of sorrow
To bail my heart tomorrow.

SUMMER VISION

by: Serge Casado

Like the angry sky above
Pouring anger on the soil
Dropping clouds full of madness
Turning and mixing
The fierce water of hell
My thought decomposes
When a slight sun ray
Broke through the sky above.

FEMALE

by: Serge Casado

Girls are like water
They berce you in their waves
They spill you in their mist
They float in your aura
Then drown you in their deepness.

LOSS

by: Serge Casado

Like ice on water
We are tumbling in eternity
Floating like a seagull in the imensity of space
Always striking higher than life
But never finding the true whiteness of our blank heart.

MY MOTHER KNEW YOU

by: Mary Jane Peluso

I know that I know you,
I've seen your face in city streets
And on empty buses to no where.
Don't you remember?
I sat by the bus driver picking at his blue collar
While you stood before me holding onto the silver bar
That dangled above my hear.
You were waiting for me to smile, but I fooled you
(I never had any intention of smiling)
Mother told me never to smile at people like you
But I knew you wanted me to say hello
Mother told me never to say hello to strangers.

But I know that I know you
And very well, (I might add)
I even know where you come from...probably a broken home!
Where you were always left out and that's how you came to be
What you are...
I remember mother's words very clearly, "Stay away from men
that look sneaky and carry crumpled bags."
You fit momma's description to the tee
Upi jave eyes like black cherries...beady and deeply set
You even have a bag hidden under your arm pit,
Just like mother said you would.
Your coat collar is turned up in the right spot
You must be a bad guy.
So you see, I do know you.

I wonder if you have any candy in that bag?
Mother also told me never to take candy from people like you
But I love candy, so don't tease me into eating some.
I've just thought of something else mother always said,
She said that she met daddy on her way to work (She took the bus to work)
Now isn't that funny...
Daddy was a stranger once too.

MY MOTHER KNEW YOU
BY: Mary Jane Felasco

I know that I know you,
I've seen your face in city streets
And on empty buses to no where,
Don't you remember?
I sat by the bus driver picking at his blue collar
While you stood before me holding onto the silver bar
That dangled above my head,
You were waiting for me to smile, but I looked you
(I never had any intention of smiling)
Mother told me never to smile at people like you
But I knew you wanted me to say hello
Mother told me never to say hello to strangers.

C-c-can I have y-you atten-tention pl-l-lease. Da
man is abou-out to sp-speakkk!
"I am here to feel you."

A clouded, smoke filled room. Whispers hung in the air
like Spanish moss. Life after death prevails. Something moves
in the closet. Breathing under the couch. The drapes are alive
with fear!

The door opens. Enter, the Man! Knight in shining armor.
"H—E—L—P Meeeee!! Monsters!! Ooooh! What did I do?!"
Ohhh!"

Poor Suzy, she thought that everyone was looking at her.
They were. She thought the world was against her. It was.
She twisted and turned in her sleep. The monsters kept com-
ing. Closer to her room, t-then to her bb-b-bed. Then at h-her
s-s-s-side! To ea-ea-eat h-h-her w-w-w-wom-omb!!! Aaaaaagh!!!

The C-c-cat conspiracy.
It is surrounding I.
They creep into your life, like voyeurs in the night.
Night time of day
Years spit away—months snap into oblivion—
Can't seem to keep up with the speed that I am traveling
through time-time-time ...

une jour...je vais faire une autre film...une avere vie

For Ralph:

would if you could see
beyond the lives those near
to you surround and
paint your pictures clearer
still of colours free and clear
we'll wait another year
i think you'll find a way by then
to bring to life the images you
seek to make immortal with a stroke
or more of luck you can
reveal to us a man,
complexion golden from the sun
rays pouring in through windows of your
house in paris looking out upon the seine
a dream of two in darkness ever blacker
never meeting endless silence what your seeking
till you're thoroughly distressed
there's a charm in how you're dressed
for the occassion thoughtful of you
to've remembered lapse of memory now
encroaching upon your mild existance
where's the substance to be found
there's still time to turn around
in the maze that you've been playing
where it's hard to see the future
through the efforts of a reader
who imposed an ancient will
soon enough you've had your fill
of descriminate relations through
a hoard of lovely places and of pretty painted faces
calling all and more a lie
i've expelled without a sigh
a teardeop from your eye...

john capozuca

The wishing well will call me back
But I will not return there
The wishing well will call me back
But I will never fear there

For all my friends will pass away
For time on without sorrow
And I will be left all alone
Alone to face the sorrow

The wishing well will call me back
But I will plead with sorrow
That all my penitence are now gone
And there will be no sorrow

The wishing well will call me back
But I will not respond there
Because of all the faith I lack
And all the pain that I share

If God would show me all his love
I'd bid him end my gladness
For I have touched the heart of love
In too much heavy sadness

Sometimes it's better to be a little bit dead
rather than face the pain of life
I had was alone
For all the world to see
But some seeds fall on strong ground
And I am one of these

The faith I had was mine alone
For all the world to see
But some seeds fall on strong ground
And I am one of these

THE WISHING WELL

by: Charles Millman

The wishing well will call me back
But I will not return there
The wishing well will call be back
But I will never learn there

For all my friends will pass away
For time on without sorrow
And I will be left all alone
Alone to face the morrow

The wishing well may call me back
But I will plead with sorrow
That all my pennies are now gone
And there will be no morrow

The wishing well will call me back
But I will not respond there
Because of all the faith I lack
And all the pain that I share

If God would show me all his love
I'd bid him end my gladness
For I have touched the heart of love
In too much heavy sadness

Sometimes it's better to be a little bit dead
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I had was mine alone
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The faith I had was mine alone
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John Capone

For Ralph:
would if you could see
beyond the lives those near
to you surround and
paint your pictures clear
still of colour's fire and clear
we'll wait another year
I think you'll find a way by then
to bring to life the images you
seek to make immortal with a stroke
or more of luck you can
reveal to us a man,
complexion golden from the sun
rays pouring in through windows of your
house in Paris looking out upon the Seine
a dream of two in darkness ever darker
never meeting endless silence what your seeking
till you're thoroughly distressed
there's a chair in how you're dressed
for the occasion thoughtful of you
to've remembered lapses of memory now
encroaching upon your mind entanglements
where's the substance to be found
there's still time to turn around
in the way that you've been playing
where it's hard to see the future
through the efforts of a yesterday
who imposed an instant will
soon enough you've had your fill
of desecrated relief one through
a board of lovely places and of pretty painted faces
calling all and more a lie
I've expelled without a sigh
a teardrop from your eye...

"THE SWEETS OF EVERMORE"

by; Vinny Cuevas

I lay upon my bed of nails
And watch the sails to set a course.
To travel past with mast of silk.
To dream upon the salty air
No sense of flowers anywhere
To shine towards mornings old as you.

The simple life that you lead
I'm in no need of senseless minds.
It's hard to find a place to smell the sweets
of evermore.

You fall through many clouds,
A thousand times again.
You think you've got it made
Upon whose bed you've laid your sorrows not
with me.

Your life is like an empty sea
So set me free and let me sail.
Your plastic mind can not deny
And in your eyes I see no truth.
Another sip of sweet vermouth
And I'll be on my way.

And when you turn to see me leave
Believe in what is real.
The waves will wash your sins to cease.
Start a new life today
Astray from all the different minds.
Your sorrows will then fall like rain.
And they'll dry up in the fiery sun
As you learn I was not the one to love you.

In years to some we'll meet again
My friend it'll be awhile
So put a smile upon your face and look towards
every door.
It's hard to find a place to smell the sweets
of evermore.

Misconception of Truth

By; Lynn A. Lello

There is time, life and places,
Each one a reflection of the other.

People reaching out -
glaring faces.
Withered mouths helplessly cry for their
brother,
Frowning at the truth they uncover.

Then there are people,
"People who need people...
are the luckiest people in the world."
Are they?

Who holds the answer to the rhyme and reason
of it all?
When life is a stage where we painfully fall,
And try to feel the flesh that we molded
Only in another way to be unfolded
We cut deeper into the wound
And let it bleed
Stabbing the heart of a true friend in need.

Perhaps it's too late when we realize
what's been done
So we're straining our eyes to look at the sun

But now the light is dim and it's
radiant face - a frown...a smile turned up side
down.

Beware! For if your eyes have watched cleverly
as you observed
And your ears have been pierced by listening
You now know that this is the clearest vision
through the dark clouds that had you blind
This is the true face of all mankind.

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The
Poets
Collective

an illustration of
creativity

