

By the Gulfshore

On the boulevard by the Gulfshore
we're moving, time-separate from
these sun-seekers. Like a slow movie

Lives relive familiar fears,
paper giants germinating in these
weary souls, these somewhat hollow souls. As we

Wait for dawn, Time screams,
while we hold on, chain-bound to earth,
fraying rope flung 'round bright Star - and we're

Climbing.

Stephen West

The Holiest Sabbath

O
Children, let us rest a while,
And in the forgotten lap of our Father let us sit.
For on this day He brought us out of the land
Of the high-rise buildings
And the automobile covered turnpikes,
And into a land flowing with milk and honey.

O
Children, let us break this bread
He gave to us so long ago,
And let us take the cup of forgiveness
To water our ancient religion.

On this day the trees will bow down to him
And all the mountains will crumble beneath His feet.

Simon Williams
15 years

Intensive Care Bed

The last bed
filled at midnight's empty hour
The play in three tragic acts,
moribund... humanity.
Bleep, bleep...bleep,
monitor marks time with impassivity
failing-heart's fibrillating, syncopated requiem.
Actors white-stiff-starch coated,
green-draped sterility blood-stained
furrowed brows,
sick smell of latex gloves,
on talc-white hands and sweat.
Clock's falling hour-
the foe

and dawn's rays that lie beyond the east.
Shameless tubes and plastic probes
in fading flesh.
Fatigue plays
a solo oboe song-
a fugue-
Blood's slow red-brown ooze
in yet more plastic tubes.

Orange dawn
pierces wounds in sorrow's sombre sky,
the Universal tide runs low,
life ebbs away.
Ventilator alarms...
no bleep...bleep.

Love weeps-
and solemn, sighs.

Last act,
chart's last entry-
... "Bed One empty".
Fresh clean sheets-
...the body gone
not unlike that Easter morn
- the morning shift come on.