

DICTES MOY OU N'EN QUEL PAYS

When I see our cities burning
and our young girls drugged
and our young men shot
and our old men dumb,
I want to run away with you
to the old dream,
of course,
to the bed with flowered slopes
and fill your womb with innocents
and say it isn't so
it isn't happening to us.
But we are nearly thirty
and the Age pollutes us
like our air and water
and Villon's lines
are fantasies no longer
and holocausts are happening all over
and wolves are flipping pennies for our children
and we are forced to arm ourselves like heroes
and fight for inches in a stranger's nightmare.

Frederick Feirstein is a New York poet and playwright whose work has appeared in off-Broadway productions and in such publications as CHOICE and UNIVERSITY REVIEW. He has also been active in Biafran relief campaigns.

Lorenzo Vega, a twenty-two year old poet and rock musician working in San Francisco and Santa Barbara.

NOW IN KETCHIKAN

Will this on your Mountain Deer — Ease _____
Not traditional intransigence
Assholes in America/grey in
Artifice.

The last mother raised son of grey ambiance
Is now a rock/rat covered once — only once
By simplistic technology of no vision only
4 to 6 knots tying you at last to that
Canine vision.

The Canine Vision!
Of no quality — lacklove burlesque at 40 to 70 cents a pound
for twenty minutes.
Canine Vision plastering our walls with lacklove.
Deaf harmonies of no discernment and only
The grey mystical light of drizzling dead islands and
All trees eaten by your greyness mother lacklove
In sourdough love of no father _____ fish!

Ojai Ojai Ojai
From where the wind blows thrice.
Ojai Ojai Ojai
Where only the wolves
Chant and recant in spiritual agony
How a single huge raven has taken
The sun.

("Ojai" — pronounced "O'hi" — is a Cachuma Indian word for "that's the direction the wind is coming from, to quote a medicine man, Shamu. — L.V.)