

THE HERON

Raul Furtado

In slumbrous lucubration he rests
 Upon one leg; the other is pressed
 Against his panting heart.

Memories of fish and things
 Crawling, creeping, sliding
 On silver sheets of lagoons
 Cross the electric circuits
 In the desert of his cortex.
 Those dim chambers in his brain
 Are now populous with ghosts,
 Morsels of living flesh rising
 From swampslime and scum
 Of twenty defunct millenia.

From nature's cloaca he emerged:
 A fusion of atoms and love.
 Now the scum is gone.
 Only his thoughts scatter
 Random gossamer and cobwebs,
 Precious specks of nothingness.
 He rests—a one-legged monument
 Solemn and beautiful in the twilight.

POEM

R. D. MacKenzie

I stand in the room where the painter was.
 Ceiling blue with white
 Down to where soft white
 Hardens, and blue purples, greys to greening
 Floor with bright yellow.
 Grey stands a chair here and another there
 Where a man can be.
 The room is empty;
 How can a room so empty seem so full?