VENDETTA IN A MAZE
W. Keith Yokley

Patterned irrelevances,
Compendium of worthless mentalia,
Outside-inside nothingness,
Deus est insula,
Time out of mind,
Topsy-turvy tipsy temper,
Guitar strums and tom-toms,
Rivers of words and none true . . .
A soul guttered on walls
For all to view but naught to see,
Sometimes to see but be blind
Unto shellfish-nurtured nature . . .
Detail piles on detail
While outside a world goes on
And on, like a tire with a slow leak.
Patterned insensibilities,
Compendium of strummed strings
Inside-outside void eardrums,
Headache—life—headache,
Boxed inside, so much to tell,
Rivers of words but none true.

SCENE
Robert L. Stallman

A spastic girl leaving the library
like a half maimed insect
mired in her leg braces
(as I remember linemen's hooks)
careening up the sidewalk,
concentrating on a concrete slope
that attention we use
for demanding arts: dance,
piano, diving, skiing, a whole
gymnasium of skills
climbing up a hill.