

long since fled, gone nomad
 with country spirits over
 fog-bound seas, though you may
 sense them at closing time
 if you brave the moon and
 marauding drunks, furious without
 bottle openers, scouring the bay
 for a perfect end.

ONLY THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS DARKLY

R. D. MacKenzie

To be or not to be,
 who is to say
 that is the question
 which faces the churches
 which faces the lawyers
 which faces the women,
 the woman in pain.

Where shall this zygote go,
 bucket or beddy-bye,
 that is the question
 which faces the pregnant,
 question:
 "to be or not to be"
 and the answer is seen
 only through a looking glass darkly.