

SAMANEANS

The sensate suck the hot papaya pap
 And, flaunting bursts of florid crimson, swell
 And droop in lurid-carpous luxury
 To drop corrupt through black primeval ooze
 And glut the gnawing roots of knotted time;
 But tropic branches grayly hang with monks
 And epiphytic monkeys caged in Spanish moss
 Who do not openly defile their clay with earth
 But dangle in the sunlight by the tail
 And, flexing creaking bones in baleful chant,
 With abnegation's rusty siren lure
 The hot-cross-bun and hotdog homage of the herd
 And then descend like vampires with the dusk
 To rape the universe and eat her flaming flesh.

—James Cooper

FLYING TO FORT MCMURRY

flying over cumulus country
 hills roll, valleys slip down
 with their fluffy vegetation

& "the river that circles the world"
 a thin shadow surrounds
 the white crumpled landscape below our wings

the sun shines
 over all
 till we sink
 into it

vision lost land
 grey snowy clouds only
 spraying beside the window

& then it slips behind us, we
 land, are landed
 immigrants
 once more. "

—Douglas Barbour