

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 tippy 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.