

CONDITION III

J. McLeod

pushing up the winding path
 along the windswept, brown
 and crosspocked mounds
 the mob is choosing
 its place to crucify
 not dreaming
 its actions will
 deify
 the God

sing, fat little angels
 saturate the void with
 sounds of bells
 open sky
 separate scudding clouds
 nothing fall gently about my head
 in living crucify
 in living deify
 the
 God

KOAN

E. F. Weisslitz

And if brook
 brook my mantra
 brook brook low-lying
 brook in whose
 sunlight cows pasture
 brook my brook in
 whose kind shade
 flowers bloom brook
 O brook if my brook
 such is your happiness
 brook why do I
 breathe as though
 I am grieving?