

OLD AGE

Product of lost dreams of eternity,
 Old age dances like young dreams
 Upon the sores of reality.
 Shut in the sepulchre
 Of a tiring, aging matinee.
 Lost past runs into night
 And awakens to redundant day,
 "Good-bye my dears. Please come again."
 (God! Please, please stay!)

It's raining;
 The thousand tiny hooves of time
 Dance upon the tin roof of life.
 He listens to misty rumours
 Of door bells and phone calls...

— *Charles Smith*

THE ARREST

(a christmas carol)

the police caught up with us
 and there beneath their hands
 on the snow covered parking lot
 we became mute pliable roses
 for their wives

basketballs for their sons
 pop-records for their daughters
 colour T.V. for the whole family

Christmas presents
 finally piled high in the back seat
 of the patrol car.

— *Don Domanski*