

## The Vision Of Word Power

All the words have been written down.  
If you don't know what I mean  
stay where you are, don't move.  
The words won't run away. To see them  
is to face them. Be prepared  
for temptation. Your body may shrivel,  
the mind will disappear, but the part  
which is you will hear me. If  
you don't already know, you will find out  
that you have been reared in chaos.  
You have grown used to pointless labor  
and the bite of your fellow man.  
Your lives swirl in the eddy  
that betokens nothing. You have love,  
money and mindless leisure  
but these are lost in a moment.  
Your whole life is a hope  
that something good will stay  
and you arrange yourselves accordingly.  
But this can't work. Good  
does not listen to entreaty. It doesn't know  
from money or calculated pleasure.  
It has nothing to do with romance  
or becoming famous. It fastens itself  
to a single atom which I extend to you  
right now. It's the hand of peace,  
the vapor which we breathe. It cuts  
thru the stories and the lives  
that we live. It's the other side  
of this side. It's what you can't imagine,  
the only hope, a house full of words  
and no one to speak them.

## It's Time To Fight

Men are understandably lazy.  
They have nowhere to go. Or  
they're energetic, developing  
long ears and bony fingers. If  
they put those fingers in their ears  
you've satisfied them, made  
their whole life worthwhile. Before  
you know it, they're asking  
for privilege, and insisting  
on what's fair.

Our enemies have refused  
to bargain. We have been given  
no choice. If we lay down our arms  
we may never see them again. Honor  
dictates a quick solution. For these reasons  
we have decided to fight the last fight.

Where mystery ends, forgetfulness begins.  
Give up your search. You don't know  
what you're looking for. No,  
don't listen to me, keep looking,  
who knows what you'll find. On the other side  
of this province lies an oceanic playground.  
Take it or leave it. But be serious.

-- richard snyder

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Epigrams

Arthur

I

The difference between  
childhood & maturity  
is the love of money  
& the fear of death.

He never sold  
his paintings  
even though  
they're pretty good  
I asked why not?  
He said  
I like to see them  
If I sell one it's gone  
You're lucky that way  
being a poet  
You can sell and keep too  
Well I  
never thought of it  
that way  
but it's a pretty  
consoling thought  
if I sell one.

II

The thrill of  
not being pregnant  
is comparable only  
to the thrill of  
not being killed  
in mortal combat.

III

While I am typing  
don't look too close  
over my shoulder  
these poems  
are my maidenhead  
you are parting the hair

-- Gail White

New Orleans, LA