

Turgenev Dying

Woodnymphs the size of bacteria sit in council deciding whether to abandon his dying beard. He has courage, but no faith, they say. His eyes are slick as moons and he can not decide if the night is a cat's flank, a vagina or just some black paint on the window. His ears are two sunlit fields where crickets chirp and across each a little boy chases pigeons toward the middle of his brain where they fly all at once together becoming a woman. He awakes from the terrible dream which is his life, reaches for pen and paper to write his last truths as the avalanche of cancer rushes to bury his bed.

-- Richard E. Lourie

Cat got the toilet paper again. Looks like a Gertrude Stein piano roll.

An angel is an event with wings.

-- Michael Gregory

Alhambra, California

COMMUTER

-- Gloria Kenison

Harding, Mass.

There was this college boy who had no Stutz Bearcat or raccoon coat, but came to school in a Good Humor wagon. He should have been a genius, poor, but striving for knowledge; but actually he failed the first semester.