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Untitled

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**The Achievement of Love**

Bingham: Untitled

**Haiku In 4/4.**

Seventeen syllables.
Can I say anything worthwhile?
I doubt it.

Staccato profundity
Or spastic pretension?
Who gives a damn?

Let's give it a shot.
Try to fill up the void.
I'm ready if you are.

"The girl smiled and handed me a weasel sandwich.

"'Haiku.'

"'You're welcome.'"

by Tammy Wyenott

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**Frigidare**

I opened your door with tenderness
Pulled at it with style
Anticipating all the while
To find within your hold
The fruits for which my labor's sold
Soothing wine to quench my thirst
Food for which my hunger cursed
Light to guide my hand within
Power to let my life begin
The feast I sought
The one I miss
Only to find cold dark emptiness

Scott Barnard

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**SCIENTIFIC CHALLENGE**

O men of science, please find a placebo,
Sedation for an overworked libido,
A wonder drug to heal a wounded ego,
Dream up an unrequited — love injection,
A cue not a cold bat cold rejection,
An antidote against man's non-affection,
Forget the smearsproof lipstick, smoothing lotions,
Invent, instead some good face-saving potions,
Unguents and oils to smooth disturbed emotions.

Come, boys, concoct a cooling balm
To guarantee platonic calm,
A numbing shot of anesthesia
To offset masculine amnesia,
Vaccines that might inoculate us
Against the male who would deflate us,
To counteract a potent lack
. . . and anti-aphrodisiac.

Get with it, friends, and give us, for a start
A tranquilizer for the troubled heart.'

Kathy Schmidt

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**ONCE CONDUCTOR**

Frank, the craggy skin-stretched skull
who is all arms, brain veins,
and a bundle of ageless nerves.
A portrait of mine own,
most eccentricly.
The conductor, in 50 years, I will be.
Timing every anthem,
checking off every item
on the master rehearsal plan
as the symphonic chorale of 6
wonders.

"All right, now, people, you see, watch
me, up here, you see, for the phrasing and
don't taper off . . . "
The flail with a powerful
full handed tremolo
and the necessary delusions to proceed.
And still rasping.
50 years from now,
at the 4 altos, 1 bass
and one experimenter,
and a young eye and ear at the keyboard.
I will be free, you see, to proceed.
And not taper off.

Lee Kesselman

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Sing praise to the power of coffee!
That oh-so-refreshing drink,
That clears early morning cobwebs,
Enabling the mind to think.

Were it not for this wonderful beverage
How tired, how droopy I'd be.
It gives a dependable leverage
'Gainst the sluggishness plaguing me.

A daily excuse for a work-break,
and the donuts we all consume
This medium for friendship and gossip
adds warm fragrance to any room.

So, sing out the glories of coffee!
Let your pancreas do what it may —
There's no better swill, say what you will
to help me through the day.

Judy Hess

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