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## The Blatant Morning

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## The Blatant Morning

### Refinement

and your words so dull,  
waiting for a single moment,  
a fleeting passion,  
when your clothes won't be so neat  
piled in a heap  
beside your thoughts.  
Tears run from your eyes  
and streak down  
your cheek-  
bone.

Your vengence strikes out at me.

### Complication

is my own doing  
loss of finality  
your undoing.  
Put on your shoes, we'll take a walk.

### Substance

I cannot be clay:  
the imprint of your fingers  
heightens,  
yet mars my temples.

- *phil mercurio '75*

## sweet nothings

sly, silver smile, inspiring desire  
lies in the eyes of the lady  
a platinum princess of mirrored perfection  
reflecting/refracting, the light of men's lives  
crystallizing a moment for each to possess her  
with practiced precision she shimmers the mind  
highly glossed flattery, polished with praise  
shines flawlessly through her mirage

sterling madonna, looking glass lady,  
is it you that you see in the mirror?  
not the face, silver sweetheart, not the face  
but the mirror

classy miss glassy coated thinly with silver

*Linda Anderson '74*