

SUB-CULTURE

John Garrett

The animals enter one by one
But they leave in twos and threes,
Indicative of the successful con,
Hereditary handout foisted on
The bashful birds and the bees.

And the buzz of the boys, and the languorous noise
Of Dylanesque drones from above,
Are leisurely ploys
To libidinous joys
Disguised in the language of love.

Of love we may speak, and believe what we hear,
By the grace of self-salving distortion.
But look at the wall:
It's inviting us all
To a lecture on free abortion.

THE SIREN

Cherra S. Ransom

Oh, yes, Odysseus, the Siren song was what you learned at last,
Part of the courtship that never ends
Until the final conquest,
The long love match with that alien seductress,
The soldier's special temptress—
Who might too generously grant his wish for early rest—
One whom he may elude,
But who always waits for him.
Even the retired soldier returned swaggering home
She finds at last—
To take him late in life beside his wrinkled wife in bed—
Or if she is delayed, he calls and calls her name
In dream or in his pain till she makes him hers at last,
And her cold kiss brings peace.