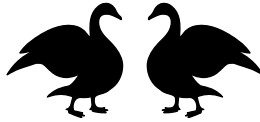


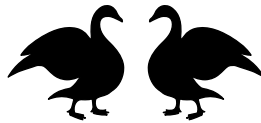
CARNIVALE



Kick up your heels;
Put on your mask,
Sweet pleasure's now
Your greatest task;
For soon enough
Each man's compelled
To shed his tawdry finery
And say farewell
 To flesh
And all the rich feasts
Whose fragrances
Will still assail
The world when we
Are in our lenten season.
And quiet prevails,
And passion must concede
 To reason.
For gray's both on us
 And around
To dim the color and the sound
Of that brash and garish past
And fade the days
And plastic masks,

And carnivale will end
At last.

THE HEART OF THINGS



Obsidian
Offspring
Of a most-furious fire,
A volcanic fury.
Vitreous stopped-fluid
Child of the earth's unrest.
Hurled upward fast and freezing
Into a mirrored keenness,
Outcast from the latticed
And crystalline forms of
Your mineral kin
Conceived like you
In the planet's white-hot
Heart.

Rainbows may occasionally
Dally across your brittle face,
You may glow with
Golden glossy sheen,
And your hard clarity is
Sometimes softened by
Sugared-crystal snowflakes
Suspended in the blackness
Of your glassy
Heart.

Or in your dark and clean
Precision you may cut deep
As the surgeon's knife

And to the
Heart.