

Blackout

Dwaine Marvick

Blackout the world:

Leave it groping, clutching our earth-colored lives
With iron fingers.

The night is black, a shadowless wall;
It broods above the tortured land.
A storm-sick day has passed away. I stand
In rough-cut stubble
Where the night is like a pall.

Spin the world

Like a coin. Shall fate decide our lives
With gambling fingers?

I stand in the raw and ancient cold
And think it my Gethsemane.
My lips are silent—clay of old—
The ground that God above once told
To live and breathe and be.

Tame the world:

Destroy the beast-man, clawing at our lives
With greedy fingers!

A dirty glory was born in strife;
The molded clay that God gave life
Became half beast, half man.
Brute strength bled the weaker sand:
The beast grew thirsty; red blood ran.

Paint the world:

Hide the shame with hot, red blood; daub it on our lives
With bloody fingers.

A counterfeit dawn has blanched the night;
A brief deceit to hopeful man.
It's darker now—no sign of light—
The living clay pursues the fight
In black, unshadowed night again.

No!
Build the world:
Let men choose Men to guide our lives
With pointing fingers.

A torn, red dawn will bring cold light . . .
To show a man washed clean of clay?
Or just to show another day,
A brief, shining minute in a mortal way
That ends again in night?

Satan and God

Barbara Barry

Hate:
Grayness of snow
In late winter;
Ice in the soul;
Black poison
In the arteries;
Dark in the night.
Love:
The softness of spring
In its glory;
The warmth of a heart;
The blood-red wine
In life's storehouse;
The light in the dark.