

magazing five



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FUTILITY

Take your degree, and if you qualify,
You'll be a smart cadaver when you die,
Design machines, become a millionaire,
But when the worms have eaten you, who'll care ?
Get married to a lovely girl and true,
She'll die and turn to dust the same as you,
Have sons, and sell them half your selfish genes,
They'll pass them on to thousands of terrenes,
But in the end, your genes as well will pass,
For how long did you think our kind would last ?

Or build a granite pyramid instead,
Cleopatra and her kin may long be dead,
But pyramids have stood the test of time,
When man is old, they'll still be in their prime,
But every artifact, however grand,
Will be reduced eventually to sand,
Even the Earth will slow down and decline,
When aeons hence the Sun disdains to shine,
And when the Sun becomes a shrunken shell,
A white dwarf in the void, as cold as Hell,
And when all Suns are white dwarves or black holes,
The Universe, futility extolls,
And there is darkness to infinity,
What will have been the point of you and me ?

CITY KID

Lost in the subway; wandering in circles ever wider,
Upon, above, below the busy roads,
Later the night bus disgorges its solitary rider
who treks home past a myriad abodes.

Key in the door at 5.30a.m. then sitting thinking
About the things he did the day just gone,
Scratching a hasty meal, and in the semi-darkness drinking
An ice cold coke; watching the lights come on.

Museums on the morrow, then the South side of the river,
Then back to Soho and the wild West End,
The City Kid turns off the light and with a sudden shiver
Climbs into bed till half past nine or ten.

A family of one, so what, who needs a wife or lover ?
No one to crowd him or bar his way,
The 'Smoke' is both his undemanding mistress and his mother,
And all he wants this week long holiday.

THE GAMBLER

Orpheus descending;
He knows the chips are down,
But all the same the gambler can't resist another round.
Madness never ending,
He antes to the pot,
This man is never satisfied until he's done the lot.

Once he was a winner,
He had a home and car,
And spent the winter evenings with his children by the fire.
Now he is a sinner,
To them and to his wife,
For throwing away everything they'd worked for in this life.

Now the deal is over,
He needs to draw an eight,
Just two of these left in the pack with which to fill a straight.
Four pieces of clover
Are showing to his right,
He knows he's beaten, but still calls, now the end is in sight.

The black man shows his hole card,
And gives a knowing grin,
The gambler tries to smile back, but his mask is wearing thin.
The game has been long and hard,
The pain shows in his face,
And all he wants now is to get the hell out of this place.

No money in his pocket,
He's blown it all again,
He hasn't eaten, so he'll walk home hungry in the rain.
Tonight he's lost a packet,
But he'll go on and on,
He'll keep returning till the day his final cent is gone.

He makes it to his bedsit,
And in the dark alone
He thinks of all the things he's lost, friends, family and home.
And then with his desk lamp lit,
He studies his account,
His savings now are almost gone, but debts and bills still mount.

Orpheus descending;
It's nearly over now,
A look of tranquility has appeared upon his brow,
At last the nightmare's ending,
He won't lose anymore,
He lies motionless on the bed,
The counterpane is damp and red,
His fingers part, the knife drops to the floor.

CREEP

'E was a right creep 'e was, Maureen,
Not so's most people 'ould notice like,
You couldn't tell at a glance,
But the way 'e followed me about - wiv 'is eyes.

Smartly dressed, 'e was,
Tall, blond, well blondish, not bad lookin' really.
Kinda stocky,
An' 'e didn't wear glasses or 'ave spots,
But 'e was right creepy.

Came up t' me as soon as 'e saw me 'e did,
An' you know what 'e said ?
Good evenin', 'aven't seen you 'ere before.

Startlingly original, I says t' meself.
I could tell right away what 'e was like,
I always can.
So I blanked 'im.
But what did 'e do ?
'E followed me around all night 'e did;
Wiv 'is eyes mostly.

Oh, 'e did come up t' me once or twice before
'e left.

Are you sure you wouldn't like to dance ?
Certainly not!
Won't you tell me your name ?
I 'ad t' laugh aloud at that one.
Please have a drink with me.
'E sounded like 'e was beggin'.
In the end I 'ad t' tell 'im t' push off.
'Cept not in so many words like.

When 'e did eventually leave me alone
'E chased a couple of uvver girls until they got
sick of 'im too,
An' told 'im t' ... uh huh, huh,
Well, you know what I mean.

Anyway, the last I saw of 'im it was about
eleven o'clock.
'E was sittin' at a table, by 'imself, naturally,
Drinkin' shorts.
'E must 'ave left soon after that
Cos I don't remember seein' 'im again,
An' I would've remembered if I 'ad.

Course, by this time I'd got talkin' t' this
lorry driver,
Big bloke wiv tattoos all down 'is arms,
Bit of a dreamboat 'e was.
Well, I asked 'im back f' a coffee,
An' 'e stayed f' breakfast...

I'd clean forgot about the creep until I picked
up the paper
this mornin'.
Shame really I suppose, even f' the likes of 'im.
I mean, 'e was only twenty-four.

They reckon 'e must 'ave been dead a fortnight
before the chap next
door complained about the smell.

I wonder why 'e did it ?