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Esse Est Coesse

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Esse Est Coesse

Cover Page Footnote

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ESSE EST COESSE

David Cleary

People, presenting faces to the sun
apologetic, twisted before reality,
becoming other people
lacking truth so greatly.

Ambivalence becomes itself a "one"—
a union with another self—a single feeling
sensing what indeed should be.

Yet love is lost and cast adrift where
waves, that love and hate, know not each the other.

And such a heritage breeds fear of really giving—
giving self, perhaps for fear the other self be taken . .

SETEBOS TO CALIBAN

Whip-lashed by wind that bit my skin,
Naked and tired, in stench of mire,
Floundered in pride, myself as guide,
Every goal lost.
Curse Setebos!

*Caliban, Look to the mountain,
The sea, the untouched sky;
There's where my shadow lies.*

*In man it's but the phantom scar,
Scratched by a broken mirror.*

Robert Kleinhans