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Monk

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Monk

Cover Page Footnote

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Monk

ascetic Monk
as old as earth
of all ages drunk —
no sign of mirth.

so cold the breath
 breathing death
through naked limbs
 singing hymns:
 shamless cants
 courageous won'ts
 lulled laments
 useless don'ts . . .
 death.

Ashen-White One
o sterile Pharisee
walking the sun
into your grace froze sea!
 where a Holland tulip's yawn
 and a forgotten summer's dawn
lay dead 'fore their prime
in the tomb-womb of time.

FRANK DELLY

THE RENT

By RAY PAVELSKY

they had screamed their throats into the chalk of ash-gray violence, their eyes into deserts dry with click of salt-mad teeth. a stink in the room of total chaos. in midword he had gasped his eyes apart, gripping his statued self, fossilied with the pain that it was *she*, this well of craze before him, whom he had touched once, and by whom, he.

his hand finched toward her, but she beyond the space of any inch, beneath forgotten morningfuls of time. he out the handworn whimperdoor, away, leaving her in curls of antique anguish, aimless in her islanding.

not any sound. and it is he carried by the flower in a stem-strange grasp (carried, back to the prodigal porch saging with the wait of bastarded black night. and always it was plasticlimax of heronoon that put the lie to mist-dressed mistressed mornings.) ache eager he enters, greeding toward hoped sight of her, yet she is on the finalness of floor, alone, complete.

the flower gone and in the swift ebbs of dawnwind past the handwarm door a small pulp of blood and bud drinks into petaltarnished table where knuckle has mixed clustered tears. the room smells of sacrifice.