

THE DRIVE by JONATHAN MARK XAGAS

EXCERPTS FROM PIECES OF DREAMS by ROY PARKHURST

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THE DRIVE

The drive twisted and turned like a serpent,
and above our heads, was a great multitude of trees.
whose branches nodded and intermingled with one another
making an archway somewhat like the roof of my church.

She sat in the grass, her slim legs tucked
beneath her, enjoying the early flickering patches
of warm sunlight that would come in and dapple her
with silent gold.

"Am I beautiful" she asked...

if only my eyes could see
the warmth of the day
my hands could grasp it
and pass it to my lips
so your eyes could hear its sound

i've always heard
that when the one you love
has gone
you wish them only happiness
i don't want you to be sad
but i want you to be
just unhappy enough to come back to me

from you i feel love
and it's beautiful
it's something that's mine
(and only mine)
with your touch i quiver
with your kiss i shake with anticipation
eager to open up all of my being
to covet the warmth of your lips

the sky is dark
it's always darkest
before the morning's light
few dew absorbs my footsteps
and the lolling hills
echo my whispered words
i love you

the grass seemed its longest now
the flowers dying young
butterflies and hummingbirds
sang tunes of the times
and only flowers dying young
could understand
only they could touch
and feel
and be a part of your smile

be gentle with me love
treat me tenderly
i need a tender touch
a soft voice
all the love i see in your eyes
but give it gently
please

had it been a day
or a lifetime
since you left me
it really doesn't matter
i still have time to cry

i watched your eyes
as you slept
only mine couldn't understand yours
and i cried
because of your dreams

mary jane
i came into the world alone
i'll go away the same
i'll spend the interlude between in closeness
maybe...
(please come back my mary jane
once again i've lost my way
it's much to long throughout the day
without the comfort of my mary jane)

to: s.

hey i won't apologize
for being hard to know
nothing can change that
but a tender kiss helps
and i'll smile for you if your're soft with me
and i'll give you a rainbow
if in bed
you never turn away

how can we be free
without the chains
that bind us together

kiss me gently
while i'm sleeping
softly while my eyes are closed
leave me thinking
that you love me
tenderly so there's no pain

..."Yes" I whispered. "God yes."

She gently reached out, softly grasped my face and pulled me down upon her. It was so very silent so very still.

EXERPTS FROM PIECES OF DREAMS

I.

by this is love or

the alone
that lives in a place
this place
called
night

silently
where no one enters
or exits
before terror
just beyond
conceptions forever

the stillness
is the caress
all consuming

the window cries
but outside lying
silent beyond eyes
echoes
echoes
down corridors
and passages
long as evers

the quiet canyons
of an empty house
my face
finds itself
looking still
at your eyes

in the dark

for Cindy

II

clothed gently in this
moments of ever
coldly beckoning
the frailness of frail
as such as i stand
swept and dusted
carefully
 as wind allows
 in these
 my images
 of a shattered
 winter night
 (the glistening
 no words
 of a forest
 in ice shadows)
falling ever so slowly
into the dark
 the deep
 da
 r

k

the moon is colder
than the snow is no
much colder than
night wrapped
 around
 me
is so the beauty
of a place we can't
go anytime earthwise
where
 dancing snowflakes
 in my eyes
 remind me
 cut and polished

 precious
 winter
 wonderful
 clothing
 night

III

won't you come
 come
 here

night is a giant
cloth of priestly black
wound so tight

i
 choke

calmly is calmer
than all the calms
of a never-never sea

and i am choking
ever so
 slo
 wly

in a wave
undertoe away
into the
darkest priestly night

birds fly this way
in the morning

come
 coming here

IV

desderata

folded time
complete as wholeness
all at once
stars birthing dying
in each other

colour erupts
paints all blackness

stormwind
splashing time
to and fro

all love in
a single instant
of born to end

such time
forever on to on
a dream
this is dreaming
always never

and you wake
scream screaming

into deathness

and still

with my heart alive

i know

i know

just

listen

it goes the bodily clockwork
finding death in darkest
corners of my raining world

look

stop and look

at rythms ticking inside this
of me me

at this tear encrusted
pane of perfectly mirrored transparent glass

it looks far into

the trees

know i hear

them

whisper

when they die

and still

VI

and calling softly
to me

the moon reaches in
my mistress in the window

seducing the deep
in the deepness
of deep
 deep depth

wind playing ghosts
amongst the drapes

but as it touches
ever so darkly beautiful
gently

seduction is a completeness
and i (haunted is haunted) step
on closely to the edge
and hold out
this trembling hand

 frailness of

but when

VII

and until all these
the movements of love

whispering as tumbling as
light as a feather satin drawn
across the sounds and
do muffle the love

pardon me
as i unzip this old mind
of mine

and let in
the moon

it crawls into the night's room
small hands has she
so gentle small
a laughing brook could cry
and descends herself

down deep
the netherworlds of her light
liquid sunshines drunk
no softly more
 than this my mistress
 of the night

and the moon says ever so quietly

again

VIII

and can i find
maybe)

she laughs through
the haze of clouds
this lady my friend
 she grins
 and speaks
brightly

of course where
this good freind
the glowing in the night
says how i might
make my way
 across the fields
 in winter

cold i pull
my taller collar
just as high
as higher cen be
 shivering

and still she leaves
the forever tracks in
my eyes the lingering
smile of her sliver crescents

walking just for walking
how waking is absence
from those deep deep sleeps

(maybe
a dream in the falling snow

IX

and in these mu
moments many

when night commands
by control restraint
of this of my mind

when winter is too cold
to look at very closely
and autumn
brings more tears than images

but spring
is a wilting flower
in the halls of my eyes
and it possesses
not even

the small hands of summer

i wonder
in these so many
a notebook full of mistakes

when
my moments many
leave me
smashing the nearest mirror

and wonder i wonder why
i always look to you
for another poem

for Cindy

sings a clock
in the clockwork

by a kitten in string
into looking glass world mine
all for the dream
of mist walking
the night with me

and how the curtain
of clouds
could be drawn
for the eyes of the moon
full and bloated
pregnant with the light

i walk
with the black queen
across checker board fields
she leads me
to the halls of the castle
she hands
unto me
a peacock feather
dipped in ink
she says something
about the executioner
in the court of the king

sings a clock
in the clockwork

i must hurry
time is running out

on me