

# EYES IN THE DARK

Folio Five/Edition One

The ideas and views expressed in this newspaper are not always shared by the other writers and editor.

## *So you want to be a superhuman*

So  
 I hear you've made big plans for yourself  
 I hear you've found your glory  
 I hear you're all washed up in holy water  
 and you've found your second birth

So  
 I hear you've found your place among the saints  
 I hear you're selling crosses at Covent Garden  
 and shopping in the Red Light District at night  
 where messiahs are a dime a dozen  
 and everyone's already saved

So  
 I hear you sing to Jesus in the Plaza Mayor  
 I hear you don't take orders from anybody  
 I hear you answer to a higher authority

So you want to be a superhuman  
 selling pieces of you on the corner of 31st and  
 Broadway  
 to anyone who's willing to buy  
 and when they crucify you  
 it'll be their way of saying  
 "I love you"

—Vega

## *Now*

Hearts still there  
 Carvings in bark were blood on stone  
 Loved the man now dead with ten bastard  
 children

Remnants of tree house  
 Beloved haunt once  
 Creak

Rope still there  
 In spirit  
 Who knew?

Kids carved supposed longing into someone's  
 Grave sense of purpose

Tromped, friends forever (yeah) on someone's  
 Grieving blossoms

Drive past the house  
 The French Doors  
 In suburban Midwest  
 Where Mother flew  
 Thrown  
 Onto the lawn  
 Are chipped and faded now

In the window, new tenants  
 They are  
 Pouring coffee on memories

— Sir Isaac

## **Duality**

**waiting  
 for nothing to come  
 I know it will  
 but not anymore  
 looking  
 but not seeing  
 simple paths  
 entwined**

**irresistable  
 random  
 unchanging  
 sequence:  
 CONVERGES/DIVERGES  
 trapping me  
 floating in limbo  
 alone  
 like all the others**

—Darks†ar

Snow is falling outside  
I watch through the window  
A white blanket covers the ground  
As I watch the flakes fall slow

For a moment  
I begin to feel  
As though I am outside  
And the vision seems so real

Then - it's shattered  
By a pair of soft hands  
Turning my head to her  
Bringing me back to this land

I look into her eyes  
What was cold becomes warm  
Heated by the passion  
Brought by the storm

We embrace again  
The storm grows near  
And as our lips touch  
She disappears

Into flames goes her body  
As do the walls of the room  
I look into the blazes  
And pray this is my doom

But no, no mercy unto me  
Strip away all I value  
And leave me standing in the snow  
Frozen like a statue

Now I embrace the cold  
Ice is all I care to see  
And yet, I pray for Perdition's flame  
For it alone can warm me

—Maniac

the secret is not  
to be at peace  
for when anyone's insides  
are out  
they are ugly.

the secret is to die  
before the maggots eat through.

the secret is to die  
before your insides  
are out.

—Invisible Man

### Quote of the month: (centennial edition)

*The old Testament says it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.*

*Life magazine, 1896*

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