

EYES IN THE DARK

Folio Five, Edition Three

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

Trust

'Tis a fragile thing

To be trustworthy
Is a valued, honored thing
When trusted, one must be worthy
The worthy grows, when fed by trust

Yet what happens to worthiness
When it is no longer trusted?
Does it wither and die?

To die a ram,
rather than a lamb?
To live down to expectations,
as well as up to them?

Whither shall I go?
What shall I do?

'Tis painful to be hounded,
Bespattered, by imagination.
Constrained, restricted,
to appease unruly fancies.

It seems I can not return
To worthiness in your eyes.
Yet I have been worthy,
Despite your imagination.

But why should I continue to try,
When all I receive is venom?
Shall I just walk away?
I cannot fight your poison.

I am in Agony
I can not fight
I can not win
I REFUSE to continue this war you've started.

Choose – the peace of truce
Or win – the emptiness of desolation.

– Kodiak

Sleepers on a Bus

sleep well, little ones,
and dream;
I watch the sheep you will soon consume.
they lie in green fields
not knowing the grass they chew
serves but to enhance the flavor

sleep well, little ones,
and know oblivion;
blinded, dead, unconscious,
yet still you move
heads rolled to one side
breathing quietly, desperately.

sleep well, little ones,
and choose;
there is life, and there is slow death,
consumed day by day,
eaten by time from the inside,
self-sacrificed on an altar of green.

sleep well, little ones,
for it is a taste of death;
this mass hearse will arrive
soon enough;
you have built it with your hands
and set it on its path.

– *Invisible Man*

The snow begins

A swift blinding blur

It masks that which is

Giving form to that which is not

Master of illusions

Weaver of dreams

Winter's minion

A part of all, the color of none.

– *Lord of the Mind*

Fog (I & II of VI)

Part I

Footsteps echo in the glowing darkness
In which I stand.

Voices travel in unknown directions
Blurry figures go by
Everyone is lost,
Comfortably lost.
Nothing harsh
exists here.
It is surreal,
Unreal,
But real.

I add my footsteps to the others
And walk off
Into the fog
into the light and dark
into my soul.

Part II

The dark trees frame
glowing air
As a figure runs off into it.

Headlights
of a car coming over a hill
light the fog
all around.
I struggle to see
through the fog.

I can see my feet take each step
but I know not where I am
Or where I'm going.

A small group gathers,
Concealed by the fog.
Strange disembodied voices
carry their meeting to me.

— *Maniac*

—*Et de longs corbillards, sans tabours ni musique,
Défilent lentement dans mon âme; l'Espoir,
Vaincu, pleure, et l'Angoisse atroce, despotique,
Sur mon crâne incliné plante son drapeau noir.*
— *Baudelaire, Spleen*

To Mountains Unseen

I want so much to be the strong one
The one for others to turn to, to lean on.
But I am still shaky, weak-kneed,
Unable to exist without support and approval.

So, instead of being a pillar,
I am one of the mass that drags down
The tallest human monuments
Holding them to the mundane present.

I want to fly, like an eagle, above the crowd,
But I can't let go of the ground.

I can't support myself on air—
I need company to share my misery
And to admire, love, flatter, despise—
To hold myself to this all-too-human Earth.

When will it be my turn to be the strong one?

— *Darkstar*

Thoughts of Helen Keller who went blind and deaf when she was only 19 months old.

One day I asked a friend of mine who had just returned from a long walk in the woods what she had seen. She replied: "Nothing in particular".

How was this possible? I asked myself, when I, who cannot hear or see, find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch.

I feel the delicate shape and design of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly over the rough bark of a pine tree. Occasionally, if I'm lucky I place my hand quietly on a small tree, and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song.

All this had convinced me of one thing: the greatest calamity that can befall people, is not that they should be born blind, but rather that they should have eyes and yet fail to see.

— *Ed.*

warning/prayer

warning: define yourself or drown.
an unmarked grave, a blank tomb,
is no romantic notion here or anywhere...
no more rest in this dead theatre, a torn seat, a blank screen, a
wasted sky...
angels, I call on you to name these children and hipsters, etch
us in
stone and song and the click of the movie reel
one name to be solid in the clouds of smoke and music, meat
and metal,
flesh like flowers
call us out of the blurred chorus and into a light like that
dust-filled
pinhole stream capturing all light and motions, drugs and
visions,
sins and sinners and the sum of human lives.

— Kuroi Ayame

*Black on purple
fire leaps past ebon swords
clash silent in the maze
of the night
whisper still
effervescent smoke trails
as they spin and swirl
in the dance
feet stomping bare on worn stage
silk swirls and the fire sprite
is made real with the music
pouring through the soul of the infinite
into the fragile, frail, ephemeral flesh
vivid
like a Phoenix, to burst to flames
in the death agony
as if to defy the end
with an act of purest creation*

*Judgement Day
and the earth crumbles wide
soul spirits cry out
for the truth to speak
once and final
to cut through the tangled lies
and lives
that have grown up over the truth*

*like dead brambles that have twisted
around the gate
that once as the passage
home*

— ChrysM

A Friend's Farewell

When all this is done
And we've moved on,
The doors are drawing closed,
Remember all you ever knew
And all you'll ever know.
For memories are all we have
When else has gone to dust
Remember me; I'll hold you dear
In memory, in trust.

— Hunter Rose

The New York City Trilogy

1.) *The Subway Poem*

Flashing lights
Click-Click-Click
Sound of moving metal
Traveling souls on a dead-end track
Melding briefly on the subway

Eyes vacant of feeling
Focusing on some far-off reason
Some reality that exists only there

Why do we walk separate?
Minds never touching
Souls never shown
Why do we walk separate?
The wind's so cold when you're alone

2.) *Dreamless Sleep*

Lying on a bed made of clothes
A well-worn leather jacket
Black, of course
A shirt – an overcoat, not mine
A small cleared space on the floor
Where I can curl up
and rejoice in the cool embrace of friendship
Sturdy armor against the piercing javelins
Of an everpresent loneliness

I wonder, as I sit here
Bathed in noonlight streaming through the window
I wonder, as I sit here
Listening to the city's quiet—cars and trucks and sirens
I wonder, as I sit here
Watching life's breath move the three companions
How much of the game they will play
How deeply enmeshed they will be
in the tragedy necessity of Calix Stay

These thoughts are not for now

A wise man has told me
That now is a time for rejoicing in life's simple pleasures
Reveling in the sweet beauty of a simple joy
So, I embrace the cocooning mantle of friendship
...I embrace the silence before the storm
...I hold close to me their bittersweet breaths of life
(my accursed eyes showing the end so clear)
...I pull it all inside me, deep within the pain-filled shell
that is my soul
...and rejoice

3.) *No Negoku*

Crashed out by the micro venders
Two friends discuss God-Knows-What
Crouching near the pile of junk
The music pulses through my veins
Like a drug... a poison
Once again, the loneliness is my companion
A shroud for a little girl who isn't

An earnest face, sincere and beautiful
Simple joys...
Simple trues...
Simple joys...
Join the crowd
Dance out the demons
Try to be free within and without

Stand slowly, hesitant but wishing
And follow without being led
Deep into a seething mass of humanity
The music creating a fellowship deeper than words
Closer than kin
Begin to move, letting the music
Momentarily exorcise my soul

The earnest face urging me on
A companion friend
Far from reach or touch
Though near enough to kiss

— *Jaguar*

"Eyes in the Dark" is published occasionally by:

The Editor

Writers — Jaguar, Maniac, The Invisible Man, Kodiak,
Kuroi Ayame, Hunter Rose, ChrysM, Lord of the Mind,
Darkstar, Prometheus, Sir Isaac, Vega