

# POETIC FRAGMENTS

by VORTEX

## Conscience Money

Those who give money to ease their consciences  
do at least **have** consciences  
of a sort—  
which is better than nothing,  
infinitesimally better,  
perhaps.

## White

Hard hearts,  
thick minds,  
lodged in self,  
stuck firm  
in the rightness of today and yesterday,  
what wind,  
what waters  
can make you sway?  
What fire  
can melt your lead away?

## Those who are aware

Determination renewed again and again,  
Undramatic sacrifice, psychic strain,  
The persistence that doesn't make poetry,  
An attempt to give some meaning to fidelity:  
This is their song.

## A Thought

In this land  
all is tainted—  
the light of sun on trees,  
the shaping of man's art,  
the talk of friends,  
the intercourse of lovers—  
all is tainted  
by the regime of the beast.

### Story

He was born  
in an advertisement for Johnson's Baby Powder,  
grew up  
moving happily from hoarding to hoarding,  
found his every desire answered  
in some colourful depiction and promise,  
for his lovemaking  
popped into Lux or Macleans or Devonshire Stockings;  
but when the time came for him to die  
could find no appropriate place:  
no advert pictured a grave.  
He wandered around lost and forlorn,  
searched low and high  
and at last stumbled, fell and was drowned  
in a big, big Coke.

### Meditation of a White Liberal

Living in a land of greed and exploitation,  
I am half-accustomed to the merry grin,  
the jeer of moral knowingness  
upon the face of one of my several selves.  
Yet still my hope  
that some of the parts I play  
may have some minor meaning in the final scene,  
and still my fear  
that leaving this crowded tragic stage  
may mean to lose the single role  
assigned me by the irony of God,  
have not been utterly dispelled  
by the clear light of common sense,  
which tells me: Leave these dreams,  
these dark and dangerous unrealities,  
this no-man's-world  
of false power and false hope.

### Another Thought

Like a leaf  
like a flower  
like a tree  
like a mountain,  
one makes one's contribution  
to the sum of life—  
life that is beyond one's reach,  
beyond one's power to hold or force—  
then falls back  
silently  
without remorse.

### Prayer

Give core to our caring;  
give drive to our drifting;  
give grip to our groping.□