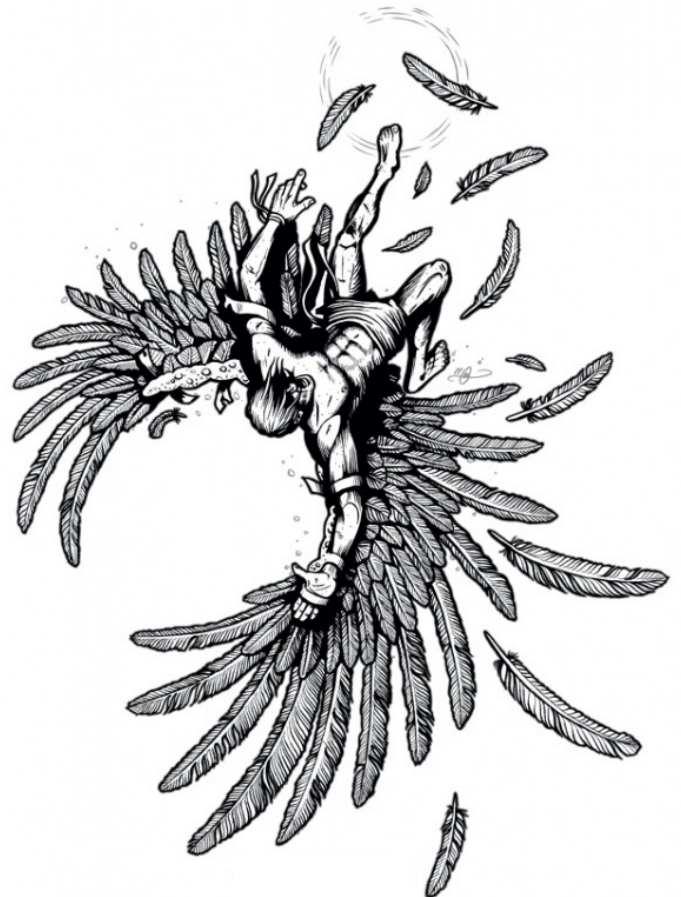


“I, ICARUS” ***ALDEN NOWLAN***

There was a time when I could fly. I swear it.
Perhaps, if I thing hard for a moment, I can even tell you the year.
My room was on the ground floor at the rear of the house.
My bed faced a window.
Night after night I lay on my bed and willed myself to fly.
It was hard work, I can tell you.
Sometimes I lay perfectly still for an hour before I felt my body
 rising from the bed.
I rose slowly, slowly until I floated three or four feet above the
 floor.
Then, with a kind of swimming motion, I propelled myself toward
 the window.

Outside, I rose higher and higher, above the pasture fence, above
 the clothesline, above the dark, haunted trees beyond the
 pasture.
And, all the time, I heard the music of flutes.
It seemed the wind make this music.
And sometimes there were voices singing.



“PITY THIS BUSY MONSTER, MANUNKIND”
E. E. CUMMINGS

pity this busy monster, manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:
your victim (death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of his littleness
--- electrons deify one razorblade
into a mountainrange; lenses extend
unwish through curving wherewhen till unwish

returns on its unself.

A world of made
is not a world of born --- pity poor flesh

and trees, poor stars and stones, but never this
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if --- listen: there's a hell
of a good universe next door; let's go

