

Sketch

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S.R.V.

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The Streets of Vienna

Cem Pasinli

I look for that color and for that voice.
Maybe in the cafes in between the 15th century
That shadows the narrow streets.
The impeccable monument facing me
Is a stream of feeling and a shiver in me:
St Stephen.
All church people chic and elegant but also naked,
Like some nameless shadows penetrating in and out.
The divine satiation strips everyone to the skin.

And I, at my corner in a cafe;
I am incredibly peaceful and content.
A lady goes by, freeing her perfume
Towards my direction:

With that voice in her mouth,
With that color on her cheeks.

S.R.V.

Jerry Archambeau

Soft wind
White specks of snow
Across the colorless night

Alone
Atop the mountain run
Giddy screams of laughter
Fade into the night

The wind
The only thing to be heard
The soft, cold, confetti-rice
snow
The only thing to be felt
The shadow of the helicopter
His helicopter
The only thing to be seen

Its massive body permanently
etched
Etched in the rock cliff below

A lone sign of wood stands near
"S.R.V. lies here"
Engraved in two-by-four art

Our hero
Our legend
Burned by hot, unexpected
flame
Only to freeze later in the quiet,
soft snow

