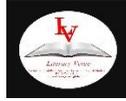


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**CONTEMPORARY POETRY**

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***A Flamenco Chant***

The Dancer stepped on to the stage, hands overhead,  
Face pale, taut, fret with some mournful dread.  
A black veil covered her hair, a coarse black skirt her shoes;  
To the first woeful arpeggio of the guitar her gloomy chant wed:

‘Ah ! Alone I find myself, without husband or hearth  
Struck down was he by a murderer's envious wrath;  
A marriage aborted, and no kin to confide  
My impassioned plight, my hours of solitary dearth.

No word to champion my vengeance, nor embrace vindictive solidarity.  
Will no one pursue the killer of my beloved in the name of charity?  
Ha ! All of them in league against me, those hosts of Death.’  
She sighed, as the last saddened tremolo of the guitar  
espoused her slighted, unveiled Destiny.

***Art is Blue***

Is Art not Blue ?  
Colour of the sky, the sea, a misty mountain view?  
Whose soft, mellow tones never the eyes shall rue  
The azure mornings and indigo nights

The pallid mournings and melancholic plights.

How many really knew  
Of the actor's prompted cue,  
Of the painter's cast hue,  
Of the musician's symphonic debut,  
Of the writer's plotting brew?  
They who foster either a wizened gloom  
Or awaken merriment, a blushful bloom?

For Art is naturally Blue.  
Tinged with the emotion of but a few  
Saddened plots, dreary dirges, dull lieus.  
A crispy mineral blue that fashions Art anew.