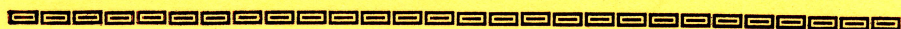


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Volume 3

September 1978

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IDLE IN THE MIRE

R. H. SHERMAN

*Idle in the mire  
of ego revels,  
tied transient self  
scoffing and yet awed  
by personages  
sadly cognizant  
traversing the worlds  
as a fragile bridge.*

*University bred and  
resident  
while deposited on shelves  
undusted.  
Bogged in the stagnant murk filled  
low notions,  
running spectrum's end potted  
and hung on.*

*The bridge is drawn down.  
The path mapped and sealed.  
If I lay cross stream  
and be suspension  
which to tread divine -*

*Is there no ferry  
to cross me past  
the eddy of self?*