

# TRIATHLON

To Hilary  
Matte

To reach the finish, feeling strong,  
Ride, swim, run with the awesome throng,  
Intent on a personal best  
Accept the challenge of the test.  
Think with purpose, will self-control.  
Heart beats spur the spirited soul.  
Learn, know what you alone can do  
On a long, hard stretch, steady, true.  
Now the great feat is part of you.

*Jackie Matte* October 9, 1982



*Diane Fine*

## Attacked

Your dreams of turquoise rivers  
splash red

beneath you in the  
shadow dance. Last waltz.  
You look up for castle walls to  
climb, groping.

A catapult?  
You are squeezed through  
the mortar, grated.  
One great tongue laps your life,  
fire breather.

Legs melt through the canopy  
of musty weeds,  
soggy cigarette butts,  
old bread bags.

Intertwined:  
your fate

his existence.  
Memories creased with gray,  
steel, sharp silver.

Sheathed in innocence.  
A brain glued to the skull  
by the dry blood of others  
who are now breeding  
in his forest.  
Corpses that dangle on trees  
like empty wine bottles.

He built his temple with  
iron fingers  
after playing your song.  
You dare not let him rape your mind too!

*Ann Stephenson*