photo essay by Gordon Haff

Snakes are coiled upon the granite
Horsemen ride into the west
Moons are rising on the planet
where the worst must suffer like the rest.

Pears are ripe and peaches falling.
Suns are setting in the east
Women wail, and men are calling
to the god that's in them, and to the beast.

Love is waiting for a lover.
Generations kneel for peace.
When men lose, Man will recover
polishing the brains his bones release.

Truth conceals itself in error.
History reveals its face:
days of ecstasy and terror
invent the future that invents the race.

— Donald Lehmkohl, Relayer
copyright October 1974

When that April with his showers sote
The drogthe of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

— T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land
copyright 1922

Nous sommes du soleil we love when we play
Nous sommes du soleil we love when we play
— Yes, Tales from Topographic Oceans
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Crossed a line around the changes of the summer
Reaching out to call the colour of the sky
Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster than we see
Leaving all the changes far from far behind
We relieve the season only to find out the masters name

Seasons will pass you by
— Yes, Close to the Edge
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