

The road beckons, the world of cloud with its valleys and mountains beckons.

She stares out into nothing her children or her loves can see. She ignores their worry but turns when they speak her names, "Mamma." "Love." "Rei."

And finally, it happens. The great cloudy eagle appears again above his white-and-grey domain, and this time his attitude is welcoming, and the road gathers about her, whispering to her of infinity and of the world she has been waiting for.

Shedding all names, all ties, she takes a step, then another. She reaches out and infinity, that elusive creature, takes her hand.



SquawDecker
by C.M. Lewis

Infinity Beckons

by A. Rhea Gray

She looks up to the landscape of cloud above her and sighs. The eagle above it, guarding, seems to say "This is not your time. I cannot allow you passage." But his world beckons. The road gathers around her feet, ready to send her on into infinity, and this time it is she who whispers, "It is not my time. I cannot go."

But the road beckons. The seasons turn, the whispers sound. Still she lingers with ties to the world in which she was born. She knows, with a knowing deeper than words, that her time will come.

Don't Look
Issue #5, July 2007
<http://www.dontlookzine.com>

Creators, Editors and Head Crazyes
Jack Lee & Mary Lewys

Please distribute this magazine. Print off copies. Leave it in your favorite coffee house, music shop, library, repair garage, waiting room or bookstore. Pass this far and wide and share with your friends and total strangers.

Submission guidelines:
<http://www.dontlookzine.com>

Contact:
dontlook@dontlookzine.com

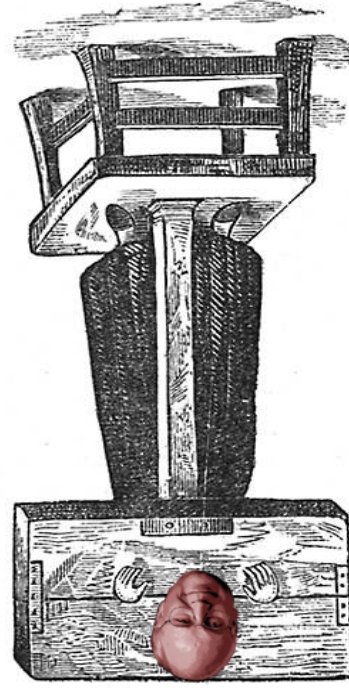
Submissions:
submissions@dontlookzine.com

Cover by:
Mary Lewys

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 2.5 License
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.5/>

SOME RIGHTS RESERVED

DON'T LOOK



Sample Here

**U
N
M
K**

By: Randall Moore
<http://www.xkcd.com>



Hello

by Tobias McVey

Is this it? Yes,
It must be so.
All around me
Is a gloating
Smile of the same
Known reflection.

"Hello" sounded
A dull answer.
As though depth would
Rationalise
Experience,
I remember.

Now I see in
The same visage
Questionable
Expressions, though
Very human,
Seemingly dumb.

This chamber of
Dark lightening
Unveils before
I realise
I have reached it.
The last bottle.