

LITERARY SECTION

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Dona Bulgin

Exposed

Can you hear him bark and scratch?
 Can you see his dripping acid drool?
 Tarnishing, gnawing at the silver-cased form.
 His claws are marring, playing tracing mimic games
 In her Mohs's 15 hardness mind.

The solitary; irreversable damage done.
 Is now pressed between her heart
 And Van Gogh's long suicidal existance.
 The flawless silver-plated form
 And heart
 Now dissolved to basic metals----

Driven back to the earth
 Exposed to all airy elements;
 Turned-Tarnished beyond recognition.

by Alicia Greer

maybe the nights are gone away and shall not return
 those nights when i was in communion with the spirit mother
 could the deceiving lover of peace have misled me purposely
 with the promises of my own goddammed salvation
 what or who could i have dragged from the mire
 with my tired and wandering ways
 personal salvation
 and when i've gone nothing
 personal devotion
 and at least i leave the seed of immortality
 to strive for peace and knowledge
 in a world of our own making
 i will depart hence from the world of men
 i will depart soon from the conception of the perfect spiritual world
 and put my fucking hands in the mud
 tear it down wear it down and bury it
 and plant the seeds of rebirth
 and hope i survive the martyrdom of my dream and spirit
 it is only through this blood of bastard killings that we
 can hope to see the seeds move
 you got to plant the thing in the dirt my friend
 if you want to see it grow

by White

No Age

There is she,
 Living in another age,
 Of hats and hat pins.
 Her body grotesque with age.....
 Her heart is free,
 Her mind is clear,
 Of change now.

There she is.....
 Look at me.
 Wearing no apparent cover.
 Bent not of body.....
 In this age of no age.

by Alicia Greer