

LITERARY

Ballad
 The man in the cafe
 Wanted a notion
 Settled for the paper
 Trolling for dreams
 In his alphabet soup
 Got four-letter words
 When he lifted his spoon



Reporters were ready; cameras were rolling
 The pictures were the greatest they'd ever seen

Corporate response team had no explanation
 Corporate lawyers hoped for litigation
 In the end it was blamed on Asian trade relations
 And everyone was happy
 Everyone was happy

Enter the singer
 Made new sound familiar
 Reached for the spotlight
 It burned up his inside
 Nothing could soothe him
 So he sought cooling water
 By leaping from a bridge

Vultures were ready; cameras were rolling
 The pictures were the greatest they'd ever seen

Record executives has no explanations
 Lawyers examined his silent valediction
 His label released a greatest hits collection
 And everyone was happy
 Everyone was happy

Man with scars on his hands
 Sitting with winos near a mall
 Said, "I can see by these temples
 You've forgotten who you are
 But my word is still good
 The second time around"

Reporters were ready; cameras were rolling
 As police came on the scene
 "Disturbing the peace and threatening the nation"
 The man declined defense to the lawyer's consternation
 The evidence was damning without qualification
 All agreed his troubles were his own creation

His fated was sealed
 By the last witness
 Who swore, "This guy's never
 Owned a wife or a business!"
 The judge asked the man
 If he had anything to say at all
 He only smiled sadly and said
 "I've been through this before"
 "Repeat offender!" yelled the judge
 "Let the punishment fit the crime!"

The judge paused for deliberation
 "There's been nothing good this week
 On my favorite TV station
 Therefore I sentence you
 To public crucifixion"
 Someone read in a book
 That you needed a cross
 The one thing they could not find

Things looked bad
 The crowd wanted action
 So he was nailed to
 A billboard sign

And everyone was happy
 Everyone was happy

Geoffrey Brown

Recognition

A part of the whole,
 alone amid vision;
 cursed by the heart
 and saved by ambition.

Living as aged,
 Seeing as youth.
 Crying alone
 For something with truth.

Fragile the heart
 Whose thoughts are so tossed;
 Threatened the soul
 Whose boundaries are crossed.

Yet my thoughts meet yours
 in resonant tone -
 For we both are poets
 and are never alone.

So if of such thoughts again you're aware,
 Sigh so soft and soon I'll be there.

F/X

Spirit of the Wolf

Spirit of the wolf,
 You are my brother,
 And I walk with you,
 As you have walked,
 With my people,
 Since the time,
 Of the ancient ones.
 I feel your passion,
 And share your struggle,
 As we fight to survive,
 In a world,
 Where we are outsiders.
 Our minds are as one,
 On the raising of our young,
 In the ways of their ancestors,
 and fiercely protecting,
 what is our own.
 We take from the land,
 Only what we must,
 And kill,
 Only for survival,
 Or when the enemy,
 Gives us no other choice,
 Not so for "civilized" man.
 I feel your torment,
 As our forests disappear,
 And share your sorrow,
 With the agonizing death,
 Of mother earth.
 Being of a time,
 Before the current "civilization",
 You are misunderstood,
 And wrongly hated,
 You to shall be gone,
 Even before the trees and lakes,
 Killed by the pollution of "Progress",
 And the stupidity,
 Of creatures who,
 Destroy your home,
 Kill your brothers,
 And who still dare,
 To call you the "animal".

Duke

DITTIES FOR THE FOURTEENTH

There's love for an hour,
 There's love for a day
 And love that is never ending;
 I'm done with the first,
 I'm done with the next;
 It's the last that I am sending.

* * * * *

Lovers will blush on St. Valentine's Day
 And proclaim they'll be always together
 But true friends will find
 It is love that will bind
 Their lives to each other forever.

* * * * *

Roses and chocolates are all very fine
 And cards are an ultimate gift;
 But all that I have
 I have put in this poem -
 I hope it will give you a lift.

Pamela J. Fulton



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