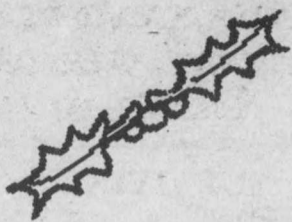


POETRY



PERSONAL LIFE

IMAGINE

Imagine if you would,
A place where the air is pure and fresh,
Where the forests are virgin and strong,
And the water clear and sparkling.

Imagine if you can,
A land where the animals are free and safe,
Where the elephant roams proud and noble,
And the whale swims in harmony with man.

Imagine if you would,
A world where nations are at peace,
Where love and respect are the rule,
And the races live in unity.

Imagine if you can,
A city where drugs and crime do not exist,
Where the streets are clean and safe,
And citizens walk without fear.

Imagine if you would,
A love that is pure and true,
In which tenderness and honesty prevail,
And forever is for real.

Must we merely imagine?

Duke

Subscribed Tribes

spidered historical web encased gravity pulls
clause by clause digging trench
suppressed digressions repeating fleeting
meet me defeat me replete me
i am pooled fooled not yet retooled
times-crossed-roads
fast on internal hungers eternal notions
oceans censure surround suppressed is best
left is right and vice is versa
don't leave me or deceive me i call
as history falls so falls the fallen
subscribed tribes positioned bribes
of death after life

Wayne Egers

DA VINCI'S "ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

All there: the old men on their knees
with naked skulls'
horses' straining;
white hands raised before the darkened rock;
and women carrying tall jars
on their heads;
all those whose only hope
is hope
because all meaning in their life is dead.
They are looking to the infant
who is tracing up the fountain with his eyes
and floats his body on the topmost spray
broken through with light -
oblivious to this prince in black:
oblivious to his small sweet box of myrrh.



Musical notes of a guitar
echoing voices from afar
olden days when life was real
your happiness they couldn't steal
with the secrets in your pocket
as meaningful as a broken locket
and you were safe and all alone
but now it's so hard to even go home
you've fought your cause they do no hear
as though van gogh had cut off their ear
so hard to be different so hard to change
so many events to rearrange
now I ask you this now tell my why
you counter me when I want to die?

MARINA MOLYNEAUX

TRAPPED IN THE SECOND BEFORE NOW

Trapped here alone,
In a place that does not exist,
All knowledge, but a memory,
Life no longer a struggle.
Kept here against my will,
But I do not fight,
For in your time the,
The hell exists.
The physical world,
Does not exist.
I float in a sea of thought,
A ship that can never dock.
In your time,
All meaning is obscure,
But here all is understood,
Far from the barriers of reality.
Never again shall I taste or smell,
Or touch your false world,
Created by mere men,
Trapped in the present.
Your tomorrow shall never come,
The curse of being man.
You shall seat and toil,
Forever in the now.
But alone here I stay,
Safe from all your ills.
Nothing here to fear,
No emotion does exist.
Only in the now,
Does love and hate exist,
Only there does blood surge,
And the mind endure the test.
Your world is so far away,
I can reach it with my hand.
And the peace of all eternity,
I'll give to have that second,
That separates our worlds.
A second away lies your hand,
And the warmth of a human soul,
But never shall we touch again,
For I am doomed to be,
The man trapped in the second before now.

DUKE