

The Storm  
Dan Lukiv

At the scarred table in the gallery  
A deckhand sits and sleeps,  
Crammed into a corner,  
As his mug vibrates,  
Spilling coffee down his fingers —  
Newly black-grained  
From handling tow-lines  
And rope.

The tug,  
Hauling an oil barge,  
Dives into another  
West Coast-valley, and  
Then soars up,  
Up another wall of jade.

He sleeps for an hour  
In the bawl of diesel-pistons,  
Rattling dishes,  
And a pot of roast beef that  
Clamors in the oil-fired oven.

Suddenly the wheelhouse door  
Springs open:

"Asleep?" the skipper yells.  
"Get up here and steer this boat,  
Ya bloody college student!"

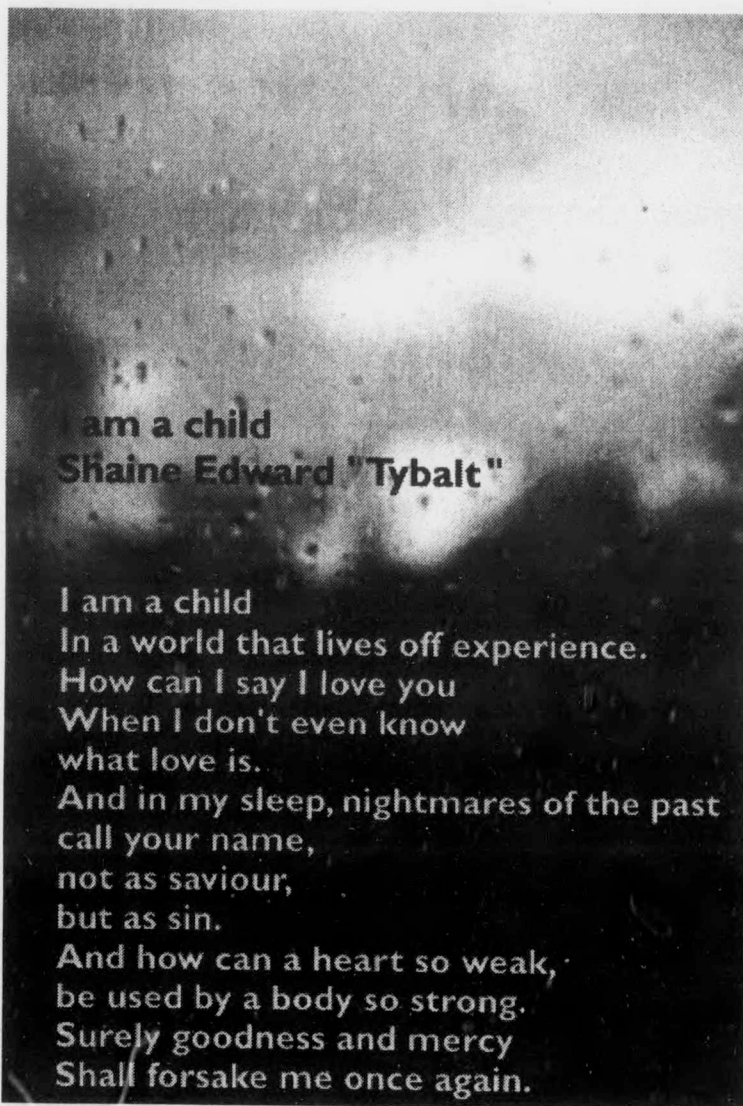
Like a confused snake,  
The deckhand's mind reacts,  
Slides into a blinding landscape.  
His eyes are volcanoes  
In his pale face.  
His stomach fights hard  
To throw up.  
He steadies himself  
As another blast  
Throws the boat up and down  
As if it were a toy in  
Angry hands.

Trembling,  
He leaps for the outside door,  
Dives for the rail, and  
Adds his own bile  
To the great gall bladder  
Of time—  
And sweats.

Jade water and rabid foam  
Roar past.  
Wind yanks at his hair.  
Salt-air drives itself  
Up his nostrils.  
Dizzily he walks,  
Like an unnatural drunk,  
Through the roller coaster-room,  
The sea-tombed galley.

The wheelhouse door slams behind him  
As the tug leans  
Hard to starboard.  
The deckhand takes the wheel  
From the bloody skipper.  
His stomach sucks his strength  
Into an angry, fear-soaked ball.  
He feels faint;  
He stares wide-eyed  
Through wet glass  
At a crashing world of  
Madness.

*because  
there is a  
word  
for  
every  
sigh,  
and a  
sigh  
for  
every  
word*



I am a child  
Shaine Edward "Tybalt"

I am a child  
In a world that lives off experience.  
How can I say I love you  
When I don't even know  
what love is.  
And in my sleep, nightmares of the past  
call your name,  
not as saviour,  
but as sin.  
And how can a heart so weak,  
be used by a body so strong.  
Surely goodness and mercy  
Shall forsake me once again.

I Like Your Coat  
A.T. Madsen

You know,  
I like your coat.  
I've noticed something;  
everyone stares at it.  
Some murmur  
Some laugh out loud.  
I like your coat.  
It has many colors.  
It has many patches.  
Is one sleeve longer than the other?  
Still,  
I like your coat.  
No one else has your coat.  
I've wondered why;  
They chuckle.  
They roll their eyes.  
But they don't wear your coat.  
Made of colors.  
Fashioned from extraordinary fabrics.  
One zipper holds together a lifetime of repair.  
You hold your head up  
High  
You look everyone in the eye.  
And you know?  
They'll never, never own your coat.  
Yes.  
I like your coat.  
You wear it so very,  
so very,  
well.

Unnamed #1  
Tim Tedford

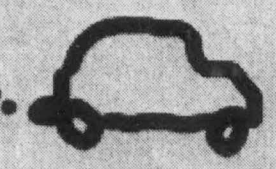
This isn't even a real poem.  
My pen doesn't want to bleed.  
Where is the anguish and frustration,  
Why is there no pain and sorrow?  
I am alone in this place;  
utterly devoid of feeling.

This isn't even a real poem.  
If it was, I'd write it for you.  
Instead, I am writing it for me;  
I want my muse, I need to feel.  
Where is the familiar roller coaster?  
Maybe I'm in a trough, about to  
climb some thrilling apex;  
or maybe the ride is over.

This isn't even a real poem.  
No truth, no love, no hate.  
Mired in mediocrity and boredom.  
I must break these chains  
and find my words again.

This isn't even a real poem.

**Edna and Bob**  
by The Drive-by Poet



**Fucking moron  
Tuesday  
Than most people do on Saturday.**