

scribblerist

STATE OF MIND

Awaiting in a sky brisk and clear
Hesitating with life far or near
Building thoughts, the sky abound
An urgent time, above the ground

Before you jump, a state of mind

Air
overwhelming sensation of speed

Time
a capacity of living

Life
you are giving

A sustained decent is avail
You move, force from a gale
Wonderfully proud, almost home
The wind grips, in the air you roam

A rage against the ground
Your home you have found
A distant calling is coming from the sky
Everytime you parachute you say your last goodbye.

—Adam James Clayson

This poem was submitted in response to the December 6 killing of 14 students at the University of Montreal.

I had a dream . . .
That night had descended
And was mine to take.
I dreamt today,
That extending filaments
Stretched from mouths to ears
—Blasting through bastions
of segregated homogeny.
I had a dream . . .
That overbounded control
Was obsolete;
That frustrated aggression was ostracized.
The day brought back my night,
As candles burned against the robbers
who laughed. And hid
Behind blunting terms, and confused abstraction.

—Lynne Boadway

Standing in the middle of the hall

Alone
People running about me.
I,
inhale my cigarette.
Sweet pollutants fill my cobwebbed lungs.
Insane thoughts,
bounce off the padded walls of my mind.
I single her out
Her, with those eyes
Her, with her "airstrike" smile that napalms men.
Devestates and Alienates men.

I want to
approach her
I want to
ask her
"Take the knife out of my back
Take the knife out of my back
Take the knife out of my back."

—anonymous

Anger

It crawled & sluffed
its way to the surface
past twisted
roots crushing past
antecedent Mr. Corpse
in his worm puzzled box

Sensing the storm on the land
Waiting near the weeds
For the first
tears
of
rain

Tumulous ground rips
at the first clap of thunder
dashing the roots in a tidal
wave of screams rising from
the breast of nature
to tear the soul of
atmospheric flesh

—A.J. Simpkin

If wondering about time, is the
same as living.

All time is movement beyond
possibilities.

—Adam James Clayson

digging

the child unattended
in the garden
labours through dirt

he chews blind white
sour grubs with
a grimace and
listens to the

juicier insects snicker
as they dig
deeper underground

—Josef Boyden

Cathedral of Ice

inside a cathedral of ice
paying homage to the twisted cross
saluting black, white and red flags
the chosen ones
forge their destiny in blood.
mass parades
the triumph of Palm Sunday
a liturgy of life and death
a sermon of violence
followers unaware of their crucifixion,
cheering their executioners
with eyes raised to the night sky
they are nailed to the twisted cross

—Phil McManus

If you are interested in seeing your poetry, prose or short stories (max. 500 words) in print, drop off your submissions in the manilla envelope in the editor's office at 111 Central Square. Be sure that all pieces are proofread for grammatical errors and include your phone number.

creative writers unlimited