

On Hearing a Racist Speak

The beast
Has found a home
In the sewers
Of human philosophy.
Claws hand me pain
As they attempt
To free the
Real?
Me.

Kill me
With my own bloody hands
If they are to be nailed
To this burning cross
(of jealousy).

Split open my bowels
Eternally
If false prophesy
I believe;
And silence my tongue
With the stench
Of my foul guts.

Pierce my sight
And dam my ears
So this evil
May not fester its way
Through the maze of my emotions,
Puncturing the centre
Of my very being.

I shall not fall
In your line
Of headless sheep
Stumbling towards slaughter.
In ignorance you
Dwell,
And may it be
Your bigoted bliss
In Hell.
Rot.

Jason Meldrum

Neck

Living and breathing.
Like Jude, it will always lose
And never be loved.

For all its flesh and blood,
Pale and red,
It will tell us nothing of love

Garp

Down the Alley

her cough is a rattle
she sits like death
above the prattle
i hear her breath
heavy and strained
it whistles now
like when it rained
wind blew a bough
from a lined old tree
it crushed the grass
and really crushed me
a tangled mass
is her silver-string hair
tarnished with brime
her face was once fair
Dire was the crime
that shackled her back
to this stone wall
Its jagged crack
there to appall
the crack grinned at us
I scrawled down and vowed,
"Stephen Dedalus,
I'll make you proud."

Sherry A. Morin

