

TICKET TO NOWHERE

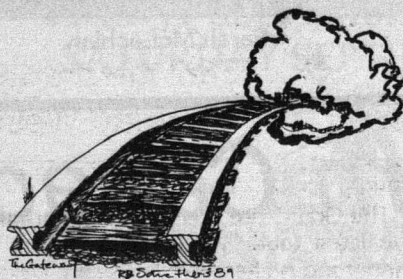
A gloomy track of thought
suspended
on a silver trestle
traversing
the valley of death

Pins and needles
in the brain
wreckless pain
abandoned on a train
on a bridge over shadows

There is no other side
a ticket to nowhere
leads its aimless travellers
to somewhere
never seen again

In the heart of the engine
a fiery furnace roars
the agony of coal
black and burning
life of death of life
no more discerning
once the wheels are turning

A shrill whistle of steam
issues its plea, its final warning
the train will depart
from the station
passengers wave their sad farewell
to relatives and friends
not always aware
of the perilous journey



Grey screaming steam
means there is scorching
inside the cylindrical iron soul
of the engine
pistons avenging
the fierce emotive force
ready to explode

The wheels begin turning
furnace coals keep burning
passengers are yearning
for an escape

Shouts from the station
floodlights on the platform
red stoplights on the doomsday track
regate the destination
barricading the train
with frantic communication

A breaking jolt in the brain
static in the mind
the electric tunnel of time
sparks from the wheels
of an engine
grinding to a halt.

Michael Shane Lambert

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETS

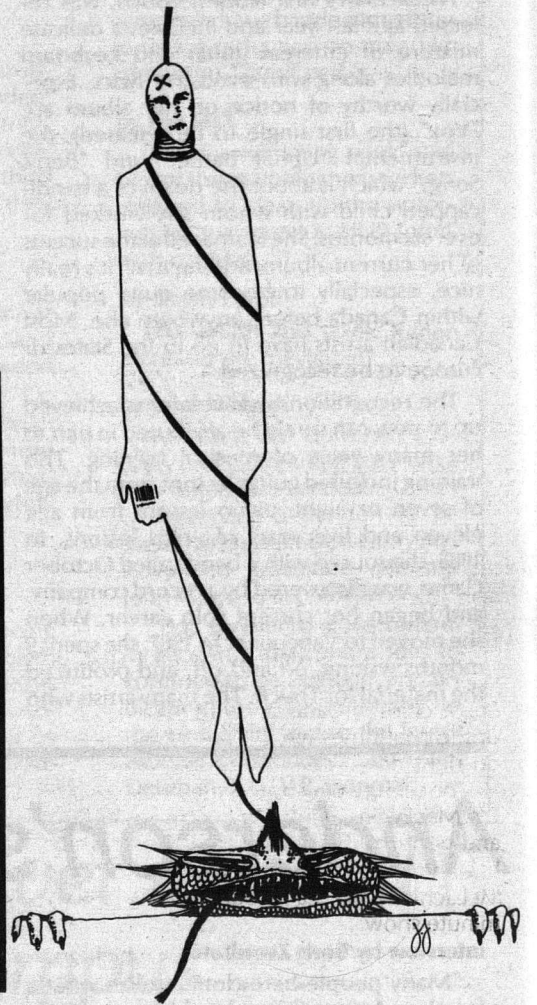
Poetic truth is trampled by the scientific
and industrial youth —
A human race in technological pace.
The electric sweat of binary beasts
Program static minds and frictional feet.
Carpeted data banks compute athletic gold
In monetary marathons of human fiscal
flow.
Vested interest is charged on nylon socks -
The achilles' heel of culture shock.

Poetry is now conceived in laboratory
fumes,
In test tubes of knowledge and theoretical
proofs.
Mathematical equations and abstract
inventions
Calculate emotion in the n^{th} dimensions.
Headaches, heartaches, and contaminated
wills

Are cured and prevented with colourful
pills.
Imaginative lotions and sensitive potions
Comply with the inward eye and nose of
the mind.
Poetic truth and societal delusions
Are dissolved in the solvents of chemical
solutions,
As doctoral poets conjure a creative birth:

Witchcraft! Sorcery in words!
Polluted minds vomit in verse.
Terse plastic tongues belch and burst
Synthesized expressions of the chemical
universe.

Michael Shane Lambert



BUREAUCRACY

O cruel, o hungry
monster for red tape
enravelling our bodies
like mummies
the beast salivates for the dead
tearing at the tape
ripping loose our identity
the secure covering of our skin

Its digital teeth
its political jaw
powered at the speed of electricity
the push of a button
processing control

Who can compete with its efficiency?
its lazer eyes scan
the marx on our foreheads
the prints on our palms

then eats from us
our laborious muscles
once flexed toward production

From each of us our abilities
to feed the demon's need
a bureau of informers
employed to count
the drops of sweat
and of our blood
ensuring our productivity

But who will ensure the ensurers?
all of us hired
as watchdogs
each a leash and set of teeth
a world where nothing is secret
yet nothing is achieved

Michael Shane Lambert

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