

## I Slept in Peace

A dedication of love to the one I love most, Gillian Taylor

Before you,  
I slept in peace.  
My dreams were grey,  
Unvivid and dull,  
Nothing to keep me awake;  
Now my sleep has changed.

I tumble in my trance,  
No comfort visits me,  
You keep me at war  
inside  
Each night as  
I lay down,  
Pictures of you fill my head.

They invade my privacy,  
They share my bed,  
I don't mind.  
Though I am weary,  
My new dreams give me hope  
And a different,  
better,  
Sense of peace  
As now I know  
I have you,  
And nothing will change that,  
In my imagination,  
Or in reality,  
Cruel as it can be.

*Romeo J*

## Harlow's Monkeys

Males aggress  
the girlies choose  
both abuse.

Both attend to the mounting  
on the head  
and through time's course  
lose their claws  
to gain invectives.

After six months pass-  
he's succumbing all abashed  
and twelve months now  
pulling tufts from the brow;  
kill him they would,  
but these  
are a modern ape.

So still they attend  
to the curious self-play  
the distance from the horde  
and in some wistful, oblivious way  
may consider fair trade  
for a day,  
an extra inch of nail  
for a vague battle howl.

*Chris Penny*

## The Janitor

He is a janitor of circumstance  
Hops from one classroom to another  
Careering along with his mops  
And other janitorial tools of trade

Now he dry mops then he wet mops  
Mopping from the main entrances  
And even the washrooms  
Dejunking the whole environment

What he experiences at the washrooms  
Speaks volumes of unspeakable sights  
But he has to desanitize the rooms  
And get them ready for more garbage!

Thank goodness there is no inscription  
On the faces of the dollar he is paid  
That tells it is a janitorial dollar  
Even then, who cares?

Tell not my wife and my children  
Not even my close friends and associates  
That with two graduate degrees:  
Their idol is a janitor of circumstance.

*Envinda N. Okev*

## Clichéd Ignorance

Roses are dead,  
Violets are few,  
The world is dying,  
Poison in the dew.

Roses have died,  
Violets are dead,  
Acids in the air,  
Rain lined with lead.

Flowers turn brown,  
Trees no longer green,  
We don't give a shit  
As long as its not seen.

No more roses,  
No more violets,  
No more silly rhymes,  
Everything is dead.

*Jason Meldrum*

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