Fish-Bowl Logic

Around, around, mindless motion eyes wide mouths breathless

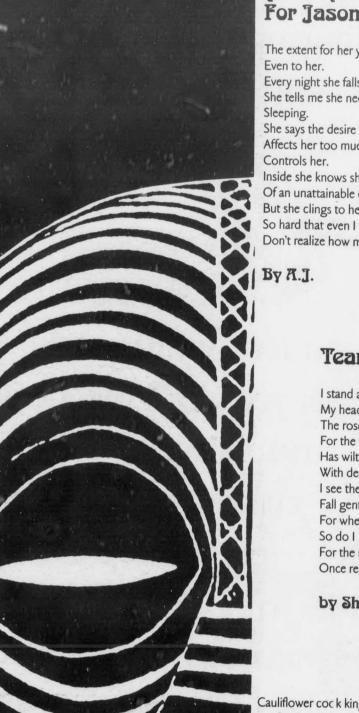
the giant eyes loom outside the eyes of a bratty child look, he presses his nose what's that? what's that he's doing? listen, he taps the glass to shock us we're too underfed and overtired to flinch

around, around we go when we stop, nobody knows bound to be soon the stuff that we breath is soiled and opaque we move through it like shadows on the moon

noone cleans our tank no one gives us oxygen but we've got ample water how can we perish, then?

we start to eat each other just to live if only we could break out of his glass... is there anything beyond?

a lone fish in temporary madness breaks the surface propels itself outside it thuds when it falls the foreign air against its skin is like knives the child cries and claps his hands in delight the fish convulses on the floor its eyes peel back like the old skin on its sides its scales make noises and form a glittery mosaic across the the floor as it struggles but no sound from its throat and the ancient reliable structures



stacion

Questioned Poet (or "J have This Friend ... ") For Jason

The extent for her yearning is not fully understood

Every night she falls asleep dreaming of his face. She tells me she needs to feel him beside her

She says the desire to hold him, touch him Affects her too much and her need Inside she knows she's only dreaming Of an unattainable end But she clings to her vision

Don't realize how much I need you.

Tears of Petals

I stand alone My head bowed The rose dead within my hands For the rosebud that had blossomed Has wilted and died With deep sorrow I see the bruised petals Fall gently to the ground For where the rose petals lay So do I For the rose Once represented me.

by Sherrie Hudson

Cauliflower cock kings cry out with lonely minds; for them life is non-essential and mundane.

that let it breathe, let it live, are rendered useless

"if this broken fin could be a hand... if only I had legs then I could stand if I could just adapt to breathing air if I could..."

in its last moments the fish is dreaming of an ideal world and fish-wishing that it could be human just once... while the child looks on and laughs

through his glassy eyes

the child looks out through the glass what's that noise? it's like a thunderous tap there's something outside the window something getting larger a huge black fist reaching into the sky brandishing itself at the tired, silent sky seems to loom closer, closer air pressing against the glass the blast blows in and throws him to the floor he flounders on the shards beside the fish as the foreign air burns his lungs the blast is he heard for miles but the screams are drowned and the reliable structures that they had built to sustain themselves to shelter themselves from death were all rendered useless.

by Sherry A Morin

Their purple majestic like septars ressemble coral reefs;

damaged and dying, Life as they have known it is now over.

by shaggy

Embered Emotions

My soul longs for thee My heart weeps for thee Tears of many always begging for release The memories they haunt me so Timelessly I wander through my loss I do pray for the darkness of oblivion Yesterday echo within the shadows Ever wishing that thee were here Yet knowing that thee loves another I feel no shame still loving thee So I shall wait for thee Unto the beyond.

by Sherrie Hudson

Two dogs dancing on as ashphalt smile, the trees bow down in despair, everything is a whisper's ear.

by Shaggy

