

I sit  
vegetating  
staring out the window  
WHEN  
a spider  
crosses my line of vision  
dangling  
in midair  
from a silken strand  
ICK!

Mirage

Otis L'HDC

*I look this night  
To the sky,  
I see an image  
And it starts to cry.  
An impersonation  
Of myself,  
Each star outlines his face,  
Glowing with life;  
Out of place.*

*My universal clone  
Stares at me from high,  
It begs me to stay,  
But I can't;  
As I move each day.  
I say unto my saddened reflection;  
Frowning in the mirror of light,  
'Don't blame yourself  
It can't be changed,  
Go with the Wind  
She'll keep you company!'*

*My heavenly spirit then turned away;  
It could not bear to stay,  
And as it left, I heard it say-  
'I have changed though my world  
Remains the same.'*

*Our tears trickled  
From the clouds  
Lined with lead,  
They poison the ground  
And my world the drowm.*

Jason Meldrum

And Then I Kissed Her

*We walked together in the moonlight  
hand in hand  
on the beach with our feet touching the golden sand*

*i whispered softly to her and she was delighted  
then we laughed and danced  
we were excited*

*If there was a heaven, we had to be there  
just the two of us lovers  
without a care*

*I asked her to become a part of my life  
she just smiled and said that she would be my wife*

*At that moment I held her close in my arms  
I knew this was the girl for me  
I looked into her beautiful young ageless face  
And then, I kissed her*

Tuhin Pal

Today

Today I may choose,  
like the eagle or the hawk,  
to remain motionless  
in this moment of time,  
or to hurtle myself  
into the fray,  
in order to experience  
the stark necessity  
or survival.

Ann Passmore

## Back in School

Education stimulation degradation bore  
Early morning coffee yawning class attending chore  
Taking sadness mental madness take me for a fool  
Me oh me, oh golly gee, I must be back in school

Essay writing finger biting home assignment due  
Introduction in seduction catch the latest flu  
Ha! Balony, macaroni smoking in the snow  
All is well and go to hell and tell them what you know

Transportation regulation stipulation fee  
Realism socialism every ism free  
Life is large and cover charge and take a student loan  
Knocking up a butter cup and take a taxi home

Greasy fries and albies and A's and B's and C's  
Participate and integrate and catch a new disease  
Broken clocks a miles walk and meet me in the stall  
Take a book and take a look and take a Tylenol

Active listening content missing write a page or two  
Catch a wink and drink a drink to things you never knew  
Learning hurts and rugby shirts and shoot a game of pool  
My oh me, oh golly gee, I think I'm back in school

Pat Hamilton

Politics is very much like a septic tank. All the really big chunks seem to float to the top.

Murphy

## The Final Stage

I wake up,  
A whip of fear  
Frightens me to consciousness,  
knowledge its master.  
I open my eyes  
And what I see is hate,  
An extreme bitterness  
for human ignorance,  
My jaw opens in shock  
Only to be forced-fed with thought,  
Theories of great philosophers,  
And the ideas of those long since dead,  
From their graves  
I hear them laugh,  
They know I am their slave,  
As my life was dug only in this direction,  
And the opening filled in by maturity,  
Their sinister books fly above me,  
They land and form a wall;  
A barrier to my real self.

Now, forced into a cocoon of instruction,  
I slowly change,  
From myself to an educated clone,  
Individuality dies,  
It's epitaph invisible to all  
Except my conscience,  
Who still is haunted by its pleading ghost,  
Asking to be released UNTO myself again:  
But it remains unreachable,  
A treasure,  
Buried with youth,  
Never to be surfaced again.

Jason Meldrum

## Three Way Soul Split

*Eventually I learned,  
accepted without question-  
'product of your environment'  
with people  
and animals.  
I also could not argue  
a genetic aspect-  
conceptual molding  
of an individual  
with passed on attributes-  
similar aspects.  
Eventually I came upon  
something else,  
maybe felt it to a point  
I saw it-  
there is abandon  
in peoples eyes,  
perception and attention  
degree of focus  
turn off and on  
to variation.  
'Encounters create  
instant conflict,  
harmony or  
indifference.  
Person and place  
seemingly familiar,  
maybe in body  
or something not easy  
to define.  
At this point I wonder-  
ancestors and druids,  
great men of the past,  
perhaps the future?  
with secrets carried at death,  
knowledge unrevealed  
and plights of joy.  
I wonder and  
I think...  
I think of a person  
hit  
with a voyager soul  
split  
three way  
half way  
or whole,  
the spirits will race  
through the wind hidden  
and to a body  
console*

C.P.