

A Black Soul

Could the uncertainty I feel be a blackness trying to communicate with me like the sun to the moon ?

Could my black neighbor, who lives three houses down know what I feel anymore then the man next door who lent me his shovel last winter to battle the encircling snow storm ?

Must I start near the bottom where my people are treated with persecution to rise above my other self ?

I came with resentment my own whiteness cherishing the black culture.

Do I feel free on this mountain or in that ghetto which has no white extremists only a black heart?

by Andy D.

Kristen Called

"Hello?"
 "Hi!"
 "Well hello there!"
 "So..."
 "How are you?"
 "...good..."
 "Oh, that's g -"
 " - well, so-so..."
 "...so-so..."
 "um."
 "What?"
 "Oh. Sorry."
 "That's fine."
 "I hope so."
 "Everyone misses you."
 "...about ten-thirty."
 "...pardon?"
 "..."
 "Are you there?"
 "OH! Urh (cough)...m-hm."
 "Need anything?"
 "Geez, I dunno..."
 "Don't worry about it."
 "...uh...thanks..."
 "(ahem)"
 "(cough)"
 "Have you stopped smoking yet?"
 "...you know how it is."
 "Well...take care of yourself, ok?"
 "I'll try."
 "...love you - see you soon..."
 "...d - d - d - ..."

They Were Wrong

I dreamt last night of you,
 It was so real, so true, I knew.
 In my mind you were alive,
 Although they said, you were dead.

I dreamt you were with me, then
 We laughed, just as we did when
 You were here, far or near.
 Before they said, you were dead.

I know now you ARE alive.
 I cannot see you, but you are beside
 Me still, as you were before they said,
 So stupidly - that you were dead.

by Hilary S.



For Ang

Slink was my gal's cat
 She was furry and really pretty
 I miss her tongue on the bathtub tap
 And I really want her to come back.

by Marky

<<<CLICK>>>

I love you too.
fin.

by A.T. Madsen

by Nina Fotten

DISTRACTIONS

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste..." - The Desiderata



by Marc Landry (He's the reason God made Calvin Klein underwear)