where

ming

oat

le

Ш

## **From The Wonder Box**

2 The need for knowledge has brought photographers instantly within the hour to capture populations cased in mud or groaning under pancaked buildings' floors. as fresh as ever it can come It's news not fresh enough but still

The Gulf: in history And now no more than just a blip along the line of Time but for the media no gulf no time between the cause and its effect. T.V. cameras ride the jets and zoom in full like hell hounds pointing to a blithe-doomed bird; and we at home explode as bombs burst on the buildings down below and bring the gore and death from "live" crews on the ground within our reach at last within our touch. It's more than instantaneous: are in control home as if we and push the pay-load as we channel-change in hyper-frenzy for the latest strikes

The Wonder Box that ruled us half our lives and taught us most of all we know: what price for give and take and worth of thought and family shows expressed as sit coms ads It's Plato's cave again all fake! both two dimensional again and all in vain

> To us the Box is real that passes overhead: our first recourse and last face A billion people know

as real as sun of reality. more or less

what it says is so; we are reveivers all and so just like our box

Will we continue to be fed till we're dead? pet-like and docile Or will the image of these deaths from this engulfing war Cats

Cats are notorious for finding the best place to sleep. In spring the white cat sleeps in the full sunshine, on the stone, sun-warmed, sun-dried, warm and waiting.

In summer she sleeps in the shade shadow cooled, dark in its denseness no longer white, mottled now by the seasons growth.

In the fall things change, and drift apart. Flowers from stems, leaves from trees, green from grass, hope from love. The cat sleeps outside by the chimney breast, late sun and early fires have warmed the dark earth.

In winter she sleeps inside by the fire, her mistress sits nearby, but she is cold, alone now, except for her cat.

Ann Passmore

## True Friendship

To all ye souls believing they are lost, It is high time to stretch out thy reach, Findth true friendship at solitudes cost. The times are growing rough for thy heart, Sometimes too rough for yet one to handle, Yet two make it harder to fall apart. Seek within true friendship the other, Yearn not seeking yourself within them, For those friendships eventually die or smother. Do not expect the world from them. Except understanding and kindly support, In return wisdom, you will understand them. Hear their words and share their sorrow, But do not let depression live too long, And advise salvation, always a tomorrow, Hold friends close and allow friendships growth, The sharing and special times will bloom, Bringing forth healing for the heart to both, And to them listen to their dreams, For your dreams they will thus yearn, Only open hearts will bring forth such means. Be grateful for friendships sudden creation. A composition that shall eternity last. If the seed breeds gracious untaunted relation. Do not lose site of this friendly instruction. For at one point all need someone, To prevent soul's death and self-destruction.

by Joseph Hillman

SINS

Cradles of ice carrying souls through freely flowing crystal waters only to be tipped by harsh winds and the souls slowly drowned with no one around to hear the sounds of desperation

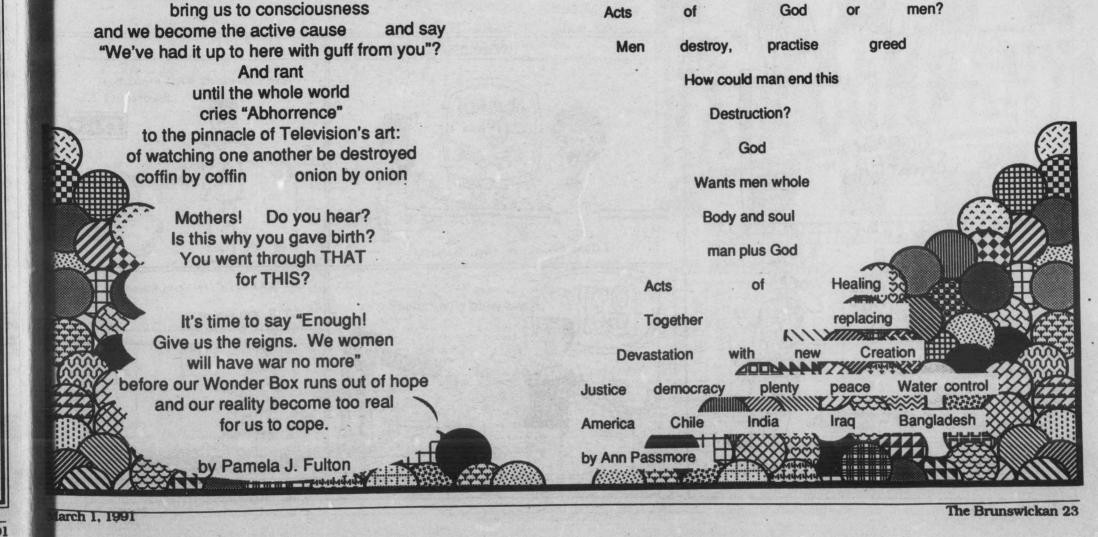
by Trisha Graves

## The Table of God

Bangladesh Chile India Iraq America Floods War **Riots** Dictators Famine

Slowly the sand drop from its Isolated chambers into memories once seen but twice forgotten If only the direction might be altered of what a feat it may be, but not one that need be conquered, for one should dwell in the latter moon but, open thine eyes upon the morning dew. For is but one apple on the tree or for but one leaf to act as chameleon as mother nature takes her course If so life would be so lifeless to the.

Kevin Davidson



8476

March 1, 1991