

From The Wonder Box

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

And now The Gulf: in history
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:
as if we home are in control
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
expressed as sit coms ads and family shows
all fake! It's Plato's cave again
again both two dimensional
and all in vain

To us the Box is real as real as sun
that passes overhead: our first recourse
and last face of reality.
A billion people more or less
know
what it says is so;
and so we are receivers all
just like our box

Will we continue to be fed
pet-like and docile till we're dead?
Or will the image of these deaths from this engulfing war
bring us to consciousness
and we become the active cause and say
"We've had it up to here with guff from you?"

And rant
until the whole world
cries "Abhorrence"
to the pinnacle of Television's art:
of watching one another be destroyed
coffin by coffin onion by onion

Mothers! Do you hear?
Is this why you gave birth?
You went through THAT
for THIS?

It's time to say "Enough!
Give us the reigns. We women
will have war no more"
before our Wonder Box runs out of hope
and our reality become too real
for us to cope.

by Pamela J. Fulton

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

Slowly the sand drop from its
Isolated chambers into memories
once seen but twice forgotten
If only the direction might
be altered oh 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

The Table of God

America Chile India Iraq Bangladesh
Riots Dictators Famine War Floods
Acts of God or men?
Men destroy, practise greed

How could man end this

Destruction?

God

Wants men whole

Body and soul

man plus God

Acts of

Together

Devastation with

Justice democracy plenty peace Water control

America Chile India Iraq Bangladesh

by Ann Passmore

Healing
replacing
new Creation

