

**Samson: Skidrow Ulysses**

The wounded have been covered by Salvation Army clothes,  
An overgrown graveyard keeps two weather-beaten crows;  
Samson reads the faded names as he wanders through the rows  
Of angels that are rotting in the ground.  
He questions his rewards for the evils that he's done;  
A government reneges on the war he never won;  
And everyone he passes seems like deserts 'neath the sun,  
But a dry place is nowhere to be found.  
The missions are still flooding with forgotten wars;  
When it rains it pours  
When it rains it pours

Tomorrow's vicious daylight says it's time to taste the street,  
He joins the winos and the junkies with a truth he cannot beat;  
They would not dare to judge him by the shoes upon his feet,  
Only cut him down for one redeeming swallow.  
The roof above his head, it might protect him for a week;  
He could stay another day if he'll hear the reverend speak.  
The basement of the church is filled with voices of the meek,  
But the echoes in the shelter are hollow.  
The missions are still flooding with forgotten wars;  
When it rains it pours  
When it rains it pours

He dances for the ignorance that's in a stranger's eyes,  
He dances with a passion that has crippled him with lies.  
His pockets, they are empty, and still he never tries  
To fill them with the gifts he does not need.  
Does any prophet know if hell or heaven holds a place  
For a god-forsaken soldier that the world could not embrace?  
Samson folds his hands as he weeps a beggar's grace,  
Knowing that his sins cannot be freed;  
Waiting for the darkness to recede.  
The missions are still flooding with forgotten wars;  
When it rains it pours  
When it rains it pours

**Phil Sedore**

**WALKING DOWN A LONELY ROAD ALONE — IT'S NOT WORTH IT.**

elite means cheat beat. make me sick. cross your heart and hope to die — why? you'll die when you're supposed to. the blind leading the blind is a frightful sight and it's much of what I see. I smell the berries. I believe in fairies. you live in the quags of deceit.

black and white can only fight but why is there no right. excuse me I think I'll go fly a kite. with glass embedded string? even there there is war. don't sell yourself you won't be left a core. wine and dine, drunk and fat — o my o my how very that. glutton thief whore cheat are you all some none or do you just stab in the back? rat fink liar yes no?

**irfanahmedmian 1989**

**THE ALARM CLOCK IS SET FOR EIGHT  
YET THE CANDLE BURNS  
A LIGHT ENVELOPES THE ROOM  
AND A SHADOW IS CAST ON "WOMEN IN FLIGHT"**

**AS THE BODIES SLIDE ON THE SHEETS  
THE DECLINE OF AMBITION GROWS HARSHER  
AND AS THE BODIES SLIDE INTO SPOONS  
THE ALARM CLOCK MELTS IN THE HEAT.**

**Mare MacBoyce**

**dough**

they deny the right to free existence  
with handcuffs on our minds, they cage  
us like birds, but they give us no seeds.  
they chain us with unwanted books,  
beat us with tests, burden us with facts,  
figures, philosophies.  
I am my own philosopher.  
I could say that I hate Plato — but  
I never met the man.

**irfanmian 1989**

**Blind**

Another seven hour sleepless night  
That's what I'll have tonight  
The nights are getting longer  
They're getting longer than before  
The days are running together  
I don't know what day it is anymore  
I look out my window and the snow is falling down  
Looks like a long winter this time around  
In the morning I won't see the ground  
I cover my eyes from the snow that has fallen down

I lie tonight in my unmade bed  
The pillow is coming apart underneath my head  
I'll get up with the sun and start my day  
But in this bed is where I want to stay  
I don't get myself up anymore  
It's all those things outside my door

The truth now is hard to find  
Too many things are clouding up my mind  
Tomorrow the truth will leave me behind  
I cover my eyes and I go blind

My boots are back where I left  
Outside there is a snow drift  
I am lost in my own world  
A world that wasn't made for me  
I am running from who I am  
Running to find who I want to be

I am sitting in a messy room  
But only part of the mess is my own  
The chandelier will fall down soon  
I feel like there is nothing I can do

**Robert Keeler / November 1989**

**hope**

3 knives coming toward me  
eyes weeping  
blood in a puddle  
june bugs in may hit the glass  
my heart beats louder faster  
music in my ears beats beats

take refuge  
stranded on an island  
waiting for a message in a bottle  
I hope the sea doesn't fade it away  
I hope it's written with indelible ink

**irfanmian 1989**

**L'Amour de Noel**

The warm colors of fall are gone  
The cool colors of winter are here  
As far as the eye can see  
Mother Nature's magic  
A white silk covers this earth  
The breeze of happiness and love  
Is in the air  
Sparkling crystals in the windows  
Of warm, loving homes  
Glistening gold and silver jewels  
Among the evergreens  
Red ribbons dress the gifts  
The spirits sing of God's love  
'Tis the season

**Erika Pare**

**A BIT OF LIFE**

Rye left that day  
After the news  
I tried running after  
Though she took my shoes  
We couldn't live together  
Cause of seclusion we made  
Time couldn't mend things  
It was much too late

We travelled on some earth  
Yeah, we fought a lot  
But our home was together  
Now she is and I'm not  
This hole in my chest  
Shows me it's true  
I've experienced love  
So what can I do

I can think and I can walk  
And I can tell what I have done  
I can play my guitar  
And sing to the sun  
I could get a job  
I could rent a room  
And have a messy floor  
And take off my shoes

Guess I tried too hard  
In my everyday ways  
To put my Rye  
In a utopian haze  
She said I gave too much  
She wanted something, less or more  
My love drove her far away  
Back to her front door

I apologize  
To ears that won't hear  
My wound becomes worse  
Now to me pain is clear  
It's not good to be home  
I'm the cold colour blue  
I've experienced love  
So what can I do

I can think and I can walk  
And I can learn from what I have done  
I can play my guitar  
And sing to the sun  
I could get a job  
I could rent a room  
I can hang up my clothes  
And eat with a spoon

I can survive for eight months  
In filing cabinet ways  
And learn from books  
To give my emotions a break  
Then I'll go again  
In my Oro van  
I'll take what I love  
And leave what I can

I know I'm alive  
And there's so much to do  
I can always get to sleep  
After a good song or two  
But no longer does my mind lighten  
With the change of scenery  
I've experienced love  
As of now I'm not free

I can think and I can walk  
And I can tell what I have done  
I can play my guitar  
And sing to the sun  
I could get a job  
I got a room  
I can paint pictures  
And I can eat food

**Benn Ross, 1989**

photo: Rochelle Owen