

The Rape of the Mind

I'll rape you.
 I'll pry open your mind
 And violate your thoughts,
 I will seed what ideas I wish,
 You will no longer
 Have a will.
 I'll control you,
 Do not try to abort;
 You simply can't afford to
 For if you destroy the mind
 I shall graciously give you,
 You will have nothing left
 As I have already stolen
 Your originality,
 mentality,
 And your ability
 To create another of your own.
 You are mine

Jason Meldrum

The Poor Wish

Death has come much
 Too early this year,
 His frostbite hands,
 White as Hell,
 Sprinkle the black magic
 That freezes the water
 And stops my penny short
 In the wishing well.

Royalty and diety
 Imprinted on my coin;
 The copper, green and old,
 But its promises in their ideal, better
 Than those of glittering gold.

The Marxian scrooges lustfully grab
 For my lost change,
 Hoping to add it to
 Their pleading piles of
 Stored misery.
 Many lean too far
 Over the edge of the mildewed
 Wishing well's walls
 And fall in head first,
 Breaking the ice,
 And inadvertently
 Making my wish come true.

Jason Meldrum

Defeat

Marching across the open plains
 The air hung heavy with the stench of blood
 Marching on despite their pains,
 marching on, through the thick, black mud.

Gas clouds everywhere, choking and gagging
 Left behind are the wounded dragging.
 Lying in trenches, in ambush the enemy wait
 soldiers face the inevitable.
 A horrible fate.

The enemy is closing in, their men are drawing
 near
 The brave young soldiers swallow their fear.
 On they march though standing proud and tall,
 And one by one those brave young soldiers fall.

Amanda Franklin