

Distractions

Bar

It is hard to write
Poetry when the sun is melted,
The moon has taken its place
And Eden has turned to ice.

It is hard to write
Poetry when ugly trucks bellow,
Smoke billows
And sirens tell dead men's jokes.

It is especially hard
To write
Downtown
In the ghost-town bar,
Where the wine is tainted,
Women brawl
And outside the snow-capped fool enjoys his fall.

Yet I persist, mixing folly with ice;
Gulping it with a thirsty animal delight,
Stretching taut the inner walls of thought;
Asking the naked-clad maidens to talk
To talk of something more profound than the dance.

They laugh, but they do not talk
The do not talk;
So, I continue writing, writhing and asking
all
To do something I could ruminate thereon.
The rusty jokes sound more sordid than their
mentors;

The beer, however, has decided to claim its
dues,
Sirens bawl again and again,
My head tosses itself to the sound of Blues;
The ice continues to fall, yet I have nothing to
pen!
Oh, how hard it is to write poetry in a bar!

by Mark Ireland

Exhortation

Arise and do your best
To bring the weary sound to rest
Admonish the meek and lowly
That they may no longer be lonely
Through ages the ancestors tried
To bring such souls to rest
Free yourself from the precepts of men
That your soul may rest anew

by George Aid Eguakun

Birds in Flight (for Richard Makone - February 16, 1969-January 16, 1994)

We all are birds in flight
fluttering and rolling with the warm currents
carrying twigs from which board for hopes will be furnished

We all are floodwaters in motion
silent to ourselves, an earthly din to the ear in close proximity
a wave in the surging river of life
a brewing pot of history and legend in a way

We all are with the wind as wafting wisps
the smoke that rises and swirls to be given form by eternal dream
and
memory
leaving an aroma that lingers in time

We all are with the sun, bright as we please
beyond the clouds so full of thunder
we see the earth, drenched with emotion
and legend flowing with remembrance

We all are stars, traversing our own skies in cosmic silence
twinkling at a place in the heavens to where sparks seem to recede
flashes in the expanse of the human universe

A life, a smile, a grin, a breath, away we go
into legend, into history, into time, into time.

by Nlisi Hobona

It was black as pitch

The tears followed the raindrops freely
down her face, falling and
melting into the ground

Slowly she crossed the green, uncer-
tain why she had come.

The magical night, half a century past,
still remembered - in her
mind alone

They had agreed on that night that
they would return

To remember, to reflect, to relive

Alone, she shivered in the darkness,
trying to forget her solitude.

Touching the band which she refused to sur-
render, she remembered

The beauty of the day, the excitement, the love

And she would see herself, the white of her gown, the gleam in her eyes

He stood before her, face glowing and ever so dapper,
"I do", he had told her, "and I always will"

The roll of thunder relayed her to the present

She stood alone, tears acknowledging her solitude

Looking toward the clouds, she allowed the rain to wash the age
from her face.

Feeling a damp chill, she realized that her reunion with time was
ended.

"I do", she whispered with a slow smile, "and I always will"

Turning to retreat from the wrath of the clouds,

A sudden flash of lightening froze the moment in time

And there, in the light before her, he stood.

by Alexandra Michell

See Emaciated Xylophone

Come, Come
Enjoy the sun
the Moon will please you
The Sun will tease you
Bask in both lights
hot & Sweet

by Little Dragon

