

EPIPHANY DAY

Take this day for the amounted one
 "Spare a dime", pleads the village bim,
 His home becomes any empty park bench
 And walking the streets is a body-selling wench

Amidst the restless still stand around
 Seeking to put feet on steady ground
 Still the hustler makes his passes,
 Striving to be seducer of the masses.

Being a man of God, he pours it on,
 Turning his head, all rapidly yawa,
 Climbing out of bed, where he usually spent,
 Laughs about all the money that he's lent.

A negro shouts out, he's no different from others,
 Quickly shut up a group of white brothers,
 Across our vast Atlantic ocean
 Millions of children, stomachs bloating.

Chorus

In this world of man
 Only he's to blame!
 Humanity is losing heart,
 More are going insane!
 Remember the words,
 Of a teacher of fame
 Whose blessed touch,
 Cured helpless lame.
 Said love was the Savior,
 Make us all the same!

Ropeslope



Barred In, Barred Out,
 Up In The World, But You Could Never Figure Out Just How
 Out In The Street, But You Don't Want To Face Why
 You Try To Give The Help You Can Afford,
 But You Can't Afford To Bend Your Pride,
 Take It In Stride, Just Who Is It That Is Barred In, Barred Out

John Campbell

WE SPEAK

Mock us, Neglect us,
 Mistreat us,
 Strip us of our pride
 And culture,
 But let me tell you this,
 When He spoke,
 Our Chief,
 Silence covered the land
 A stillness so real,
 The waters of our streams
 Were heard trickling
 Through the forests,
 And every Indian listened,
 Sincerely, in expectation,
 Depending on this man,
 To guide them,
 And let me tell you this
 It is a sign
 For we nations
 Are the cultivators
 Of a new race,
 We are the Indians
 Of tomorrow.

Suzanne Shelter

MYSTERIES

Creation at your fingertips,
 And you choose to ignore it
 Where is your curiosity - Marco?
 Your sense of adventure?
 Jungles and ocean beds
 Still unconquered, and you
 Venturing to the moon
 In your superionic crafts,
 Valuable bloods hidden by age
 Sleep in your yard
 Answer the questions, herein,
 Before you create more
 Tell me, what is beneath?

Suzanne Shelter

Strum Away, Drum Away,
 Finger Your Rhythmic Sensations Across The Room,
 Plan A Sequence of Words (Don't Forget Of Course To Entertain Me
 In Wash Me
 Even The Words I Can't Make Out, Make 'Out Very Well,
 Stereo Breaks The Fantastically Magnificent Melody (Note The Alliteration)
 (And I Forgot My Earphones)
 Oh Well... Strum Away, Drum Away (Note The Repetition)
 (I Have Heard This Song Before) Always

John Campbell

If
 If life were just a game, to play
 Then people would be cards,
 If love was just a word to say,
 Then truth would not exist,
 If beauty was worth a dime,
 Then Nature would be silver,
 If there were no time,
 Then nothing would grow old,
 If songs could only be played,
 The forest would be silent,
 If summer's days could be made,
 Seasons would never change,
 If happiness could be earned,
 Everyone would work,
 If wisdom could be learned,
 All would go to school,
 If death were the end,
 There would be no faith,
 If peace could condescend,
 There would be no war,
 If man thinks he rules the world,
 Why can't he rule God?

Barbara Bard



graphics by Mac Haynes

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