

What Do I Crave For

What Do I Crave For
 What do I crave for,
 in this ism anxious world;
 I crave not for power,
 nor for fame, nor wealth
 I crave only for people's health,
 freedom and for PEACE of course.
 Those ism anxious great nations
 their craves for power and for fame
 trying to turn the left to the right,
 and the right to the left,
 spending millions to kill,
 just for their isms ruling.
 Let's why not put like this
 the East is East and the West is West,
 the right is right and the left is left;
 And let alone their own isms
 rule for their betterment.
 But now, it's not the way
 I long for.
 They're fighting for their isms rule
 both in the mid-east
 and far-east afar,
 causing friendly neighbor's love
 tearing apart.
 I want not, to see soldiers smiling
 and holding grisley trophies
 of Human Heads from their victories.
 Oh let me crave only,
 for the health, freedom,
 and of course the Longing Peace,
 for Mankind all,
 in this ism anxious world.

Khin OO Oung

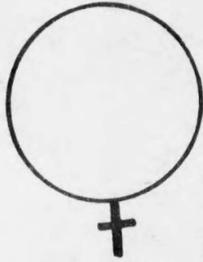
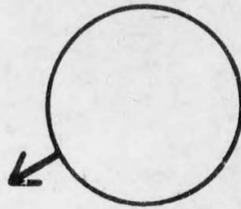
Action at Tenderness Junction

Entering a cave of warm delight
 With a rubber suit,
 I probe in the musky darkness,
 And hear aphrodite's lute.

Plunging deeper then pulling back
 To the fleshy lip,
 My mind swims in colours,
 As the cave takes its grip.

Into the velvet cave I'm pulled
 By reasoning mute,
 I die completely spent,
 But why a rubber suit?

Gary Constantine



the land of LAUGH and YES.....

in the purple land of laugh and YES,
 sat the man of colour and NO.
 is there peace in this place, he screamed.
 only for those who know, came the calm reply.

i know where i am but i don't
 know
 why.

peace and pleasure are all i ask
 i need it all so bad.
 i've spent a lifetime searching,

for the thing you claim to have.
 i've had many a vision of what you speak,
 but i just can't grasp it.
 is there any way i can do it.

you have to KNOW came the reply, it's in your head.
 there is a time,
 there is a place,

but both must be one and the same.
 this riddle is complete and true,
 and man will always seek,
 to find the answer,
 to this age old riddle of time,
 the answer is there i know it,
 it must be found,
 and time is growing short.
 i can find the land of laugh,
 and KNOW it's occassional joys.
 but the land of YES is,
 far away,

and alludes my every prod.
 i will keep on searching but,
 my hopes are dim,
 and life is to short to
 go on like this much more.
 i'm tired and weary and i so want to

rest,
 and KNOW peace of mind.
 it isn't here
 and
 it isn't there
 and i'd pay a fortune to know, just where it
 has gone.

under which rock,
 behind which cloud
 inside what mind..

Gary Constantine

Someone

- Andrea Smithe

Day is done - twilight falls
 Beyond the shore the river crawls
 my window reaching for the sun
 And I there calling for someone

My desk is tired my eyes grow weak
 I turn to find the will to speak
 -The door is wide, the weary hall
 will beckon not for me to stall

The light is dim, the room so drear
 My word are silent - hid by fear
 -My window reaching for the sun
 And I here calling for someone.

Andrea Smithe

The Battle of Virginia Vagina and Peter Penis

There was a battle yesterday
 or maybe sooner
 They laid upon the battle field--love.
 They came
 They fought, stabbing and moaning
 Then they both died.
 But they will fight again,
 And again,
 And again:
 Till the end of time - or longer.

Gary Constantine



Today

Remnants of my past reveal
 A crumpled memory:
 Fringes of eternal dreams
 And blurred reality.

Flags and signs and calendars
 Will swallow attic dust-
 Corkboard and mirrors
 Will appease another's lust.

I own no promised destiny
 But to recall today;
 Tomorrow hinges on some deed
 Unknown along the way.

To Whom It May Concern

I knelt on stones
 To tend a weed;
 I nourished it with tears
 And hoped to see an orchid
 Kiss the sun.

Maurice Spiro



Graphics by Debbie Pound