

ISSUES

Our Macro Incubator

Men need women
As breeders
Like fruit flies in biology class
They need to create more life
So that they will have things to
shoot, choke, poison, imprison, maim,
torture, pollute, hate, slander, blame,
enslave, mutate, oppress, dominate, explode,
rob, assault, attack, smack, despise, corrode,
kidnap, abuse, kick, exploit, burn, slowly & secretly beat to death
Exhale, inhale in one breath
The wind of death
Sex, pregnancy, labour, huff, puff, snuff
Out, out spot of life

Woman maketh so that man can take away

Jane Langille

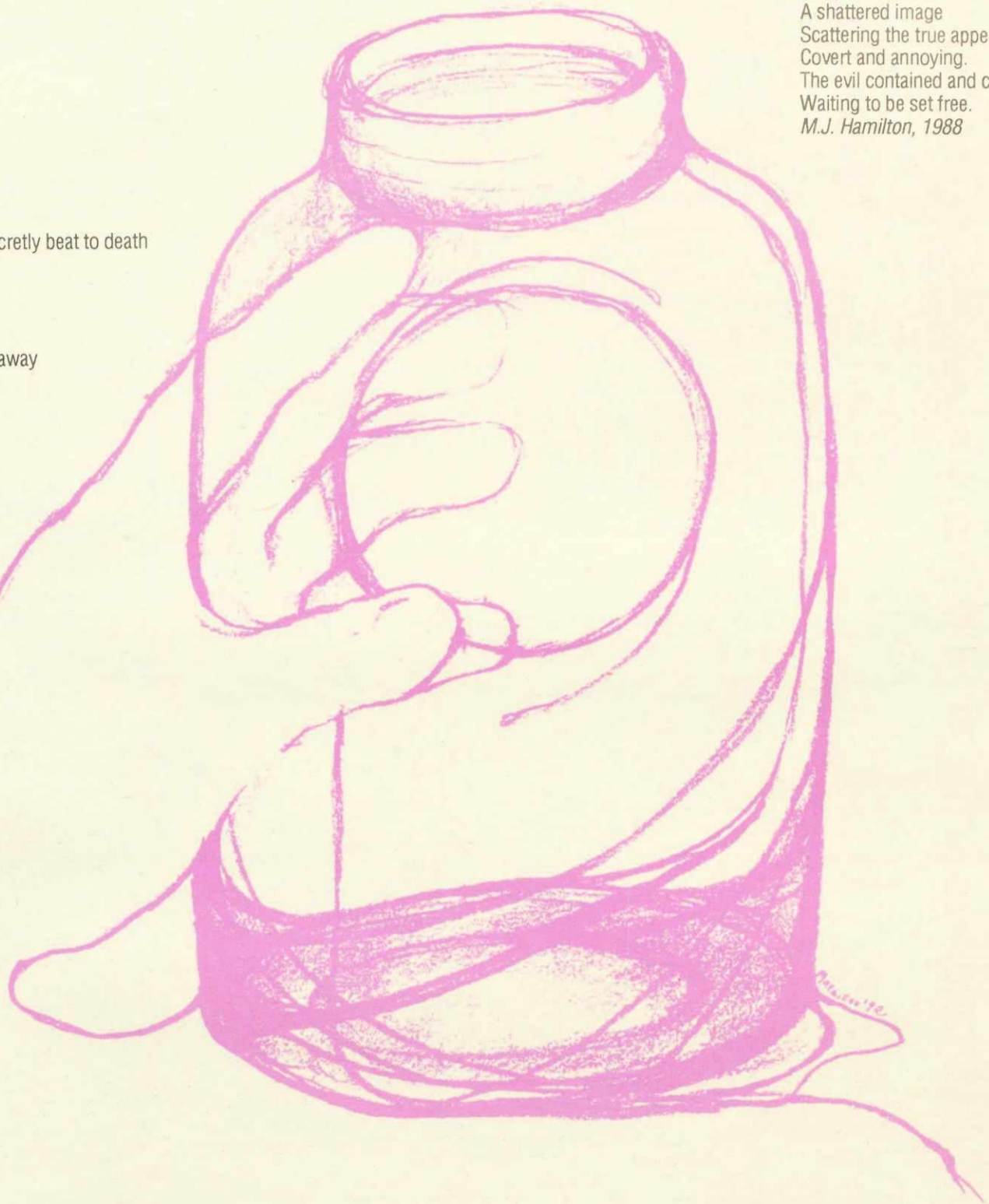
When half mankind yawns slow alive
Then half the dark do weary seek:
The pause of introspection thrives
When flitting in the ceiling peak
A world of wide-eyed wakefulness
Exhibits arching canopies
And curtains, left drawn in remiss
(Or pulled wide to let restless eyes
Find new escapes from waiting dreams)
Show moonscapes, where in exile tend
The breath and beat of history
Whose pulse and tide we cannot end
Nor comprehend. And this we see:

*The ivory dust of pearly wings
And peaceful, serene shade of host
Throw mantles wide to lace the air
Entrapping listless, drifting motes.*

*The transient choirlight washes us
With trembling moonblue rinse of flame
And echoing tiers of empty loft
Shape Silence in a whispered name.*

The hopes that beg within us, cry-
We can't deny their just release
We stand as one, a world alone
We touch the glass and raise our eyes
They rage within without surcease-
How can our strength of silent tone
Stretch binding in a boundless tie?
How can our hearts, devoid of peace
Dare share this Eden turned to stone
And crushed beneath the heel of lies?

To every window's oblong dawn
Returns the moon in opal shade
And every question, morning pawned
Leaves hiding with its night-face raised
And never softens, never fades.
J. Beck

**Behind the Smile**

Mask
Secreting, covering, camouflaging
The part of us that is evil.
A shattered image
Scattering the true appearance,
Covert and annoying.
The evil contained and controlled
Waiting to be set free.
M.J. Hamilton, 1988

Shhhhhhhhhush

Shh
Do you hear it?
Try again
You're not listening
It's there
If you know how to hear
Peace
Jane Langille

Little Cracked Horner

Little Cracked Horner
Hunched in a corner
Hiding from the soldiers.
He stuck out his thumb,
And pulled back a stump,
And said, "What a bad boy you
are!"
M.J. Hamilton, 1988

A Piece on Peace

It begins like a microscopic dot
Deep within our center spot
With some work it can ignite
Similar to a glow of light
To form a large, radiating ball
Circling the planet, grander than us all

The Earth today is seen
A sickly, haze of nauseous green
Dying forests
Slimy waters
A planet of inhabitants on the run
To sado-masochistic destruction
As the ozone slips away bit by bit
Tick by tick
It becomes the zero (0) zone
The time place

Where the destruction bomb reaches zero detonation
And explodes us all into billions of tiny particles
Which is how we started

Piece of Peace
Jane Langille