

The Hanged Man

The hanged man
is simply falling, but
interpreters gather to analyse.

Some felt assured that
he cursed the hangman
as he bowed his head silently.

However, others indignantly disagreed.
He said a prayer they argued.
Wat his head for proof, because
it will snap upward
at the end of his fall.

Then, a cynic spoke up.
Maybe he simply burped, he suggested.
An unrelaxed last meal was the cause,
and he bowed his head for shame's sake.
But this went unheeded, it was to simple.

The hanged man is falling,
did fall,
very simply with silence and
swiftness to his death.
Wriggling quietly at the rope's end,
he became a poet
because he danced a dance that he knew
others would only interpret, but not follow.

CZ

Mind's Own Deception

Sacred scars of vengeance.
time pressed;
A blood ridden wound
now repressed.
Embedded lines of pain
driven in folly,
lie in shame;
Shinning countenance withdrew,
And all . . .
because of you.

Still when morning dew
Has blanketed the ground anew,
I'll think of you;
In deceiving misty visions
of only good times,
that aren't true.

Sam McCue

Hunting

A break in the trees allows them to pass, over the fence
Out through the field amidst tall brown grass
And so down where the river widens and slows
Past the thatched blind.

Sitting quietly with a mug of hot coffee and rum as
The sun slinks into the morning's misty sky and small
Birds clear their throats, announcing to the hunters
The arrival of the duck.

Beads are drawn carefully; and their imaginations soar
High above their pray, only to be brought back to earth by
The plummeting of the bird after repeated
Ejaculations of the guns.

Roy Neale

Pain

... pain
hurts
inside
outside
pain hurts
deep
long
pain
extends time
time to reflect
time to think
time to learn
from pain . . .

Thomas

will-o'-the-wisp

Etch me,
my ravenous wit.
What is it that disgusts;
who the toadies, the bootlickers?
There goes the parade.
Sewage close by:
dregs and derelicts,
pagan pumpkins;
pushing lies, pointing a finger.

My head aches
with non-understanding.
You're swill, rubbishry
something with no object!

Joes finding realism
in movably doors.
Listless wishers and wanderers;
potential harpies, and clubby prigs
upon the road.
Out tumble ideas;
whimsy vapour cunningly disguised.
Popinjays, fornicating
dead things from dead things.

Norman Fougere

Nature Made Her Mistake Once.
Because She Wrote It, You Have To Read It.
Be Careful Of Metaphors;
Nature Is A Deceptive Lady.
Take Heed Of Illusions,
Play With The Mirage She Has Given You
For Reality Takes All Forms
And Reality Is Dead.

John Campbell