

THOSE DAMNABLE FOOLS

Those Damnable fools
 Let them take their pleasures.
 Let them enjoy their egos.
 Let them dwell with greed.
 I made up my mind long ago.

Our fight will be peaceful
 No violence to be shown
 But they'll hear our cries loud
 Damn them, my life is my own,
 Those Damnable fools!

Lynette Wilson

OH, TO BE A TOAD!

Oh, to be a toad.
 How I'd love to be a toad
 Getting stuck in a hole,
 Getting run over on the road.

Ah, now to be a worm
 How I'd love to be a worm
 Getting pushed on a hook
 Getting bit while I squirm

Oh, to be a child.
 How I'd love to be a child
 Getting part of life lived
 Getting loved before all goes wild!

Lynette Wilson

COUNTDOWN

Abusion
 Beyond
 Control
 Degenerates
 Every
 Future
 Grandevity.

Hazardous
 Infectious
 Jabbering
 Kills
 Liberty
 Magically.

Now
 Overexcited
 People
 Question
 Reality,
 Secluding
 Truth.

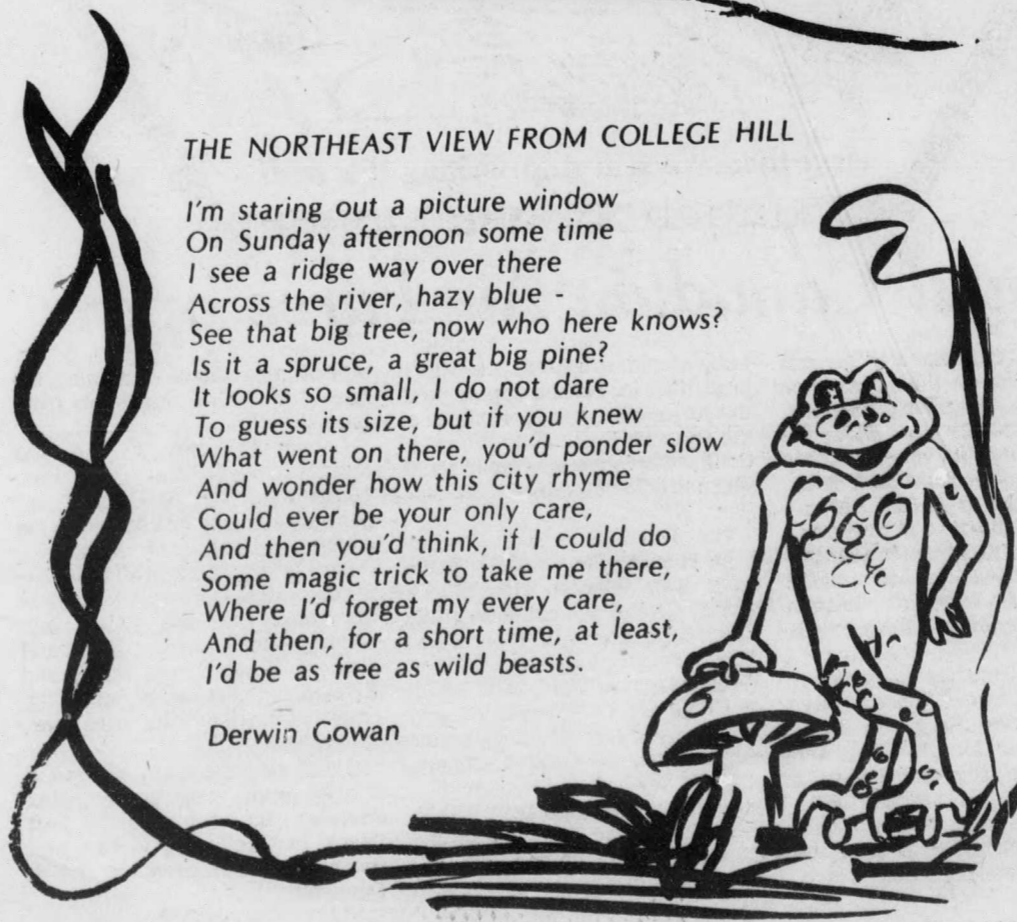
Ultimately
 Vacuumed
 We
 X-humanize,
 Yearning
 Zeroness.

Roger Winsor

THE NORTHEAST VIEW FROM COLLEGE HILL

I'm staring out a picture window
 On Sunday afternoon some time
 I see a ridge way over there
 Across the river, hazy blue -
 See that big tree, now who here knows?
 Is it a spruce, a great big pine?
 It looks so small, I do not dare
 To guess its size, but if you knew
 What went on there, you'd ponder slow
 And wonder how this city rhyme
 Could ever be your only care,
 And then you'd think, if I could do
 Some magic trick to take me there,
 Where I'd forget my every care,
 And then, for a short time, at least,
 I'd be as free as wild beasts.

Derwin Gowan



For Timmy: He once asked if sparrows cry.

Yes, sparrows can cry
 Just like you and I.
 See that one there, that's Jim.
 Listen and I'll tell of him.

Jim and others would often sing
 And play all day in sport
 He felt like he was a king
 Back then when Jim was that sort.

Well, one day his song changed.
 It wasn't badly sung
 But the others thought it strange
 And they said it was wrong.

That night they left the park
 Leaving Jim shivering with fright,
 Alone, by himself in the dark.
 Alone, Jim cried to the night.

Never since have we heard his song,
 No, poor Jim's song is gone.
 Yes, sparrows can indeed cry
 Yes, just like you and I.

Lynette Wilson

