

# LITERARY

## Lament

You  
wrote the words  
that made the nations ring;  
you wrote the truth and still  
they would not sing.

If  
you could just retrace your steps in sand  
you'd see  
today  
that we esteem  
your written hand;  
in your time  
all your tracks were overblown  
and insight  
fought with ignorance  
alone.

You knew the power  
that keeps the temple  
great;  
you saw men come  
to fill their need - insatiate;  
you  
felt the fate of nations hang  
in air and bravely  
stood on danger  
to denounce them there.

When light was banished  
and darkness grew  
too much for guns too much  
for all they knew  
you took you pen and painted:  
the formless law  
was coloured with sagacity  
unknown before.

I've tried to blow the sand away  
to find  
your tread but only found  
the smoothness of their guile  
instead.  
Your lonely echoes  
sit in dust along their shelves  
and bring the judgement of their acts  
down  
on themselves.

I've heard you  
beating warnings  
on your tambourine  
to make them see  
those signs those things  
you have seen;  
but they have seen the world  
their way -  
their way is right;  
and so the sands have blown across the paths of night.

Your day is past;  
your evening seems so long;  
the world revolves and with it  
does your song;  
but comes the dawn:  
the sands have run clean through the glass  
and time has just begun.

Pamela J. Fulton

## Broken Wings

Free butterfly in a world of dreams,  
Beyond blue skies; endless rainbows.  
Happy. Peaceful.  
Strong wings, a reason to fly.  
Sky darkens. Clouds thunder threatening messages.  
Storm fills the sky,  
Dream crashing to the ground. Broken wings,  
Can not fly, do not want to fly.  
Feeling like a useless heap on cold, hard ground.  
Time passing slowly, holding fragile, broken wings.  
Sometimes caressing them softly.  
Other times hitting them ferociously.  
Day by day wings beginning to heal.  
Knowing someday free butterfly will fly again.  
Broken wings teach a difficult lesson.  
Time will heal.  
Wings will grow strong and again dare  
to fill the awaiting air.

Deborah Ruth Wilton



## GOLDEN HILL

Neon signs call out their messages  
To all of those in hopelessness,  
Let your eyes just stare away  
With a numbing far-off stare  
As you contemplate the night's  
Heart chilling air.

Homeless beings sit and stare  
At all of those considered fair,  
As their minds are all a-glow  
With soul-searing loneliness  
Not knowing just how far, how  
Very far they have to go.

No, no, no bread to prey upon  
No gold to warm the palm,  
Meaningless is the night  
The night that falls upon -  
The aimlessness.

Neon signs warn of opulence  
To all of those in-consequence,  
Rotund merchants sense the kill  
Sense the means of their next meal  
As the empty eyes stare, stare  
Into the toxic air.

NAROF

## Oh Mother

The night was cold  
My body hot  
Drenched by the darkness  
In my soul  
Streetlight spilled  
Across my bed  
Played on hands scarred  
With stains of guilt

These hands have held  
Ten thousand guns  
And loosed the bullet  
Ten thousand ways  
Your breast is spattered  
With the blood I've shed  
I've raped the virgin land  
On which you tread

Oh Mother, what have I done?  
I've spurned your comfort  
And now it's gone

Raised on the smell  
Of lotus flowers  
Warmed by flames of  
My living hell  
I felt your tears  
Burning my skin  
I choked on a sky  
Pale with fear

Oh mother, what have I done?  
I've spurned your comfort  
And now it's gone

Past the headland  
I could hear  
Your children crying  
In the sea  
It cut so deep  
I had to run  
But I kept coming back  
Only to me

Only to me

Geoffrey Brown

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