

Distractions

Forest of Life

Through the rich green forest
Full of life and mysteries
Beauties found in every twig
When looked upon in search of them.

Endless choices of where to go
And what to do
But all directions looking similar
From this vantage point
Because I am inside the forest
And I don't know my way.

Darren Elliot

A Modern Symphony

The conductor raises his baton
The musicians respond to his action
Playing their machines, tunes of havoc
Leading without emotion
And the music begins
The sea of sirens and children
Each one of the same
Each one of the other
Each one of the name
In another place, the music continues
In an apartment, two people argue
She turns to leave
But he grabs her roughly, fighting
and throws her to the floor
He beats her with a rhythm that
molds well with her cries of distress
Elsewhere, the moanings of a whole
complement the creakings
of the broken bedsprings.
Aspiring to a climax, the quiet resignation
of a suicidal drug addict's death seems
in opposition.
So the carnage of the death of the drug lord
will take the front page
The machine gun rhythm beats out
around the world
exhilarated, exhausted, wounded of dying,
the pawns of war
hide behind their emotions to escape
the horrors
Those that didn't are already dead
Finally, the conductor lowers his baton
a signal for the final drum to sound
First there is silence,
A distant rumble
then a rush of hot air
scorching
And the audience's last realization
is that they only watched
as the end was unleashed.

Nicholas Beckett

Voyage

My whole life is a brief and simple as
the window besides which,
I wait hours and hours
for your passing by.

The Blueness of your eyes is where,
every lonely night,
my mind goes for swimming.
Oh Lord, I wish I sank in the infinite blueness.

Every birth is a mirage
like the moment that
a new born child opens his eyes
to look at the blue sky,
for the first time.

And,
every death might be like,
the resting of a terrified girl from a nightmare,
sleeping in her mother's arms.

The birth of our meeting,
was the death of my hearth's comfort and peace.

Who believes in leaving,
in staying by mistake.

And,
who has faith in staying,
will go by accident, anyhow.

"Reza"

Transcendant Reality

for Graves

I have seen the demons in your eyes,
who long kept your truth from me.
They once held you,
but now you hold them
in memory,
in obedience,
in fear.
Their wings have you binded,
blinded,
so that you may not see.
But I see.
Beneath this forged shadow your heart still beats;
gentle and pure.
I ache to unveil to you
the light beneath your darkened shroud.
But you hold back in anguish,
afraid of my angels.
If, but for a moment, you could reach to me
you would release the demons you try to hold.
And if in that moment I could hold you,
there would be no need to forgive,
to forget
only to embrace
the innocence inside of you.

K.

The Boy: Searching

Perched upon a grassy knoll, the small, male child
squints against the glaring light of the sun. His eyes
scan the turbulent waters of an eternal sea. He traces
each white capped wave with diligent accuracy,
searching for ... something.

He stands motionless, his loose brown shorts torn,
and whipping violently in the wind. His hair is black,
and thrown about his tanned face by unseen fin-
gers. There he stands, a watchful pillar of flesh, his
eyes scanning for ... something.

The boy is not turning, only his eyes move, even
though he is surrounded by endless water. What
he seeks could be behind him, but he never turns.
Only his eyes are active. Only his eyes are alive. He
seeks, forever ... something.

Far away, a bottle floats. Sunlight dances off the
many facets of the bottle's wrought glass. Glitter-
ing green, the bottle is visible only as a twinkling
sparkle of light in the endless sea. This bottle, small
and delicate is ... something.

Confused in its prison of light, a beetle crawls end-
lessly along the slippery treadmill of glittering green
glass. Its strangely iridescent shell refracts the green
light into a fabulous array seen by no one. The bee-
tle is ... something.

The boy still stands, not moving, except for his eyes,
on his little knoll. He is looking out to sea, for it is
there that what he seeks is found. Behind the boy, a
small, green, glass bottle is carried onto the knoll
by the sea's impatient swelling. The sea retreats, leav-
ing the bottle, and the beetle trapped. And the boy
will never find ... anything.

Dana Nielsen

Jason M.

It was fate that brought us together that night
The stage was set for our performance
I approached you and made my presence known
You responded in ways even I didn't imagine
Through the night we grew entwined
And felt things we never could before
You showed me how it felt to touch a poet's soul
I want to learn to touch the rest of you
I need your help to guide me through
This labyrinth of words you have chiseled on my heart
To create the poetry that we compose together.

A.J. Chesnut

Words To Live By - V

Look for the good in others,
You can find it in everyone.
By your actions,
Help them to find it in you.

Darren Elliot