Remember no going thru houses

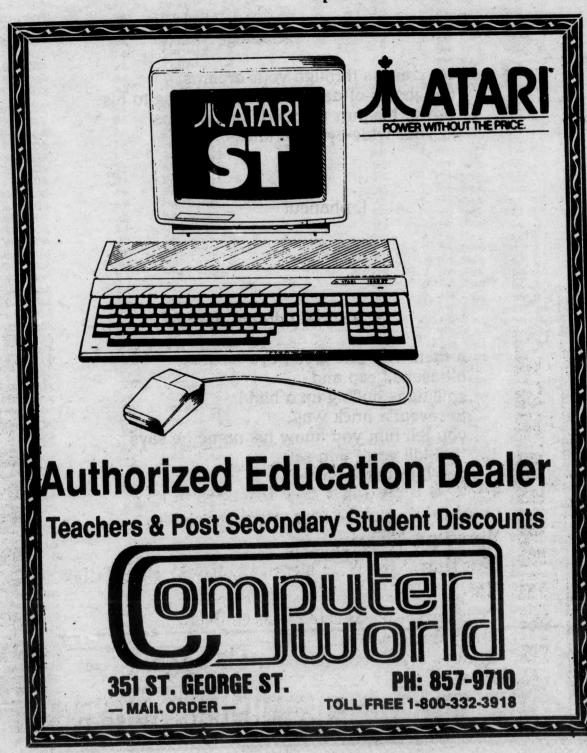
Literary Page

Giddy kids charged on cost accounting gismo electricity sparks ewww check my cost of goods sold inventory turnover tables and chairs turnover stuffed with our butts but this is cost and taxes are real not us or questions about our butts really stuck here don't you know you know

total cost of goods sold
gotta know what you gotta include
payment periods calculate
renumerate regurgitate
then meditate on the many cornered
void where shortcuts are a way of life
for people with paths to make
from here to there this box to that

rats rats better than rats who just wind their way about a maze these cost accounting guys let me count the ways compare ratios to the industry while adjusting for inflation

By G. L. WAITE



unease unease please please no questions asked just answers to prayers unleashed unleashed walls fade into clouds in touch as if the wall marks edge and not limit

G. L. Waite

Dampen Those Hills (a prayer)

dampen those hills with rain.
let the clouds split,
call the lightning down.
Pour. Pour oceans on the world
and drown my home and car
so I don't have to go out tonight.

Richard Thornley

Some Kind of Hope

To reach may mean to touch him soft and yet To reach may leave me all alone in dust So dry and hardened like my scale-tough feet That shuffle slow and steady to that place.

So step by step I walk this beaten path
A road that cracks like skin that's void of blood
Toward the bobbing crowd that sways and groans,
A leaning wall that utters loud the threat
That if I dare to bring near it my sin,
the daily curse of ever flowing blood
that normal women have but once a month;
The stones will spill my blood unto the stones,
And end this cursed limp and twisted walk
That I now walk in this unhealing land.

Yet what is death to those whose life is death, Who only know the distant eye and frown Of those who take the soft of human hands Upon this flaking skin and greying hair And curl it to a fist that batters hard? No one knows the curve and dip of bones That lie below my tattered saddened face, And no one knows the roundness in my hips That still grow soft with longing for some touch; So what is death to those whose life is death?

To touch is all I seek before I die,
So touch I must beyond the growling throng.
And even if the crowd screams blood and stones
And tries to quench the hard earth's thirst with blood
I'll know, I'll know I tried to reach for hope
On this short crawl from loneliness to him.

To reach may mean to touch him soft and yet To reach may leave me flesh and blood in dust With eyes of hope still asking for his touch.

Kwame Dawes