

POETRY

Death of A Poet

Poets cry for every word
That's ever spoken and never heard

Scratchy Smooth Politicians reek calm
With stormy unintelligible words
That rest in the mind
Like a fleeting bird

While cons who quote the holy handbook
Induce Ignorance and mute belief
By transforming words of love
Until even death is no relief

And scenes of horror are rendered
Palatable thru the words of scholars
While the Deaf Toungues of commoners
Can only scream and holar

But simplistic thought in it's most complex form
Should not be raught upon the masses storm
Or else to the sea the world will go
Lost forever, an irrellevant show.

Souls then to will lie embraced
With memories gone to waste
From poverty of words
And the richness of poor taste.

And poet, die with every word
Thats ever spoken and never heard.

P. Coulson



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The Song

In, take me in; The Dark
The Light; away, away
Where does eternity stretch?
"Only till tomorrow."
Ah! that's just fine, But
why does the caged bird sing?
"Because it can't cry".
Thank you; now may I sleep
and pray the night
A song for tomorrow
and eternity

Jay Elbee

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