

Another Drunk

You fool . . .
 You've ruined my life!
 Oh, but a Freudian slip
 That one surely was not.

The dregs of that bitter tea
 Must now be drunken.
 By mal design, not miracle
 Hath the wine turned to water;
 Foul be Adam's ale!

Today, six years has it been
 Since outside the pub you stood.
 Six years has it been
 Since that ruinous encounter.
 Six years and a day
 Since twenty shillings were borrowed
 To secure at least a beer or two.
 For six years since
 Have you been down this road;
 In faith, it has been SIXTEEN!

Today you are drunk
 As you have been a day 'fore;
 As you were on Monday noon,
 And Sunday night.
 You are drunk tonight . . .
 This be not planned - no, not foresight!
 You are within these walls
 of the local pub
 Not by accident, you now know.
 For never should those twenty shillings
 Have been dearly sought.
 Perhaps you ought never to have sold
 Your books . . . for such a meagre sum:
 Twenty shillings!

You are now
 Like a worm on a fisherman's hook,
 Wriggling for but a while.
 For when you be tossed into the water
 Swiftly will you become morsel
 Of a tiny little fish . . . hungry . . .

Another is caught
 In the backyard pond.

Mark Ireland

Genetisis Esoterica

Lady I say to you, believe it or not,
 Language is a reluctant she
 (O potent mother tongue)

Premise:
 XY&XX
 I will split with you
 three X's

Do they not make a why of words?
 three X's = Y
 Kaballah says, the perfect triple male:
 Maybe, yes, or no or Y
 (X if you cross one
 marks the very spot).

D.W. McDougall

Lost Souls

There is a man
 By the window
 Of the empty café,
 He sits alone.
 A faceless silhouette, he blows
 Smoke that curls over his head
 In a solitary dance.

A man of the streets
 In front of me
 He counts his pennies.
 Clad in the filthiest of rags
 He carries a matching soiled bag.
 People stare sadly as he leaves
 The liquor store with his cheap wine
 Where will he sleep comes winter?

An old lady
 On the bus
 All dressed up
 In hat and gloves.
 She has nowhere to go
 But cannot bear to stay home
 Where the souls of dead beloveds
 Still echo in the night.

Abandoned child,
 He pushes away
 All who try
 To uncover the soul that lies
 Deep within those sad eyes.
 For he knows no family,
 Has no friends
 And refuses, ever,
 To be hurt again.

Will they all die alone?
 Each is a small part of ourselves,
 Like souls lost in time and space
 In a world where no one sees
 The misery of the sad and lonely.

April Snow

PROSECUTED INNOCENCE

Today, or yesterday,
 Her empty body will be found,
 She died from starvation
 from addiction
 from suicide,
 So many ways to be driven to the ground,
 She suffered from all
 for survival
 for life
 for nothing.

Jason Meldrum

Bio-Benediction

Every blessed one of us
 has this:
 a glory-be-to god cell
 ringed within the bone,
 hermit hidden in the heart;
 sometimes a beam from out the eye
 or a hand extended open and warm
 smiles us Thou-the-great-I-AM.

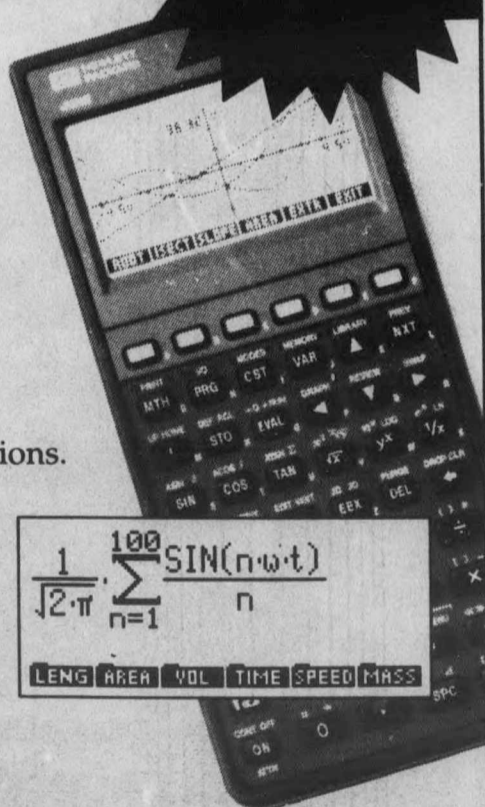
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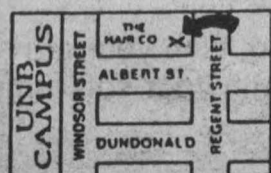
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