

scribblerist

creative writers unlimited

Adam James Clayson

Peace is derived from nature
I cannot give justice to such reality
cannot recapture the moment
through mental envisionment
More than scenery — it is feeling
A feeling embedded deeply
One of peace,
complete self unification

This other world;
Perpetual seperation,
invokes unease
I am unsuccessful
isolated amidst anxiety

Only amongst the trees;
the ever-changing waters
do I flourish
grow within
Peace and harmony, mine

Once returned
the world of falsivity
drains me
Devoid of meaning
I exist to get back,
amongst the trees.

Naida Harris

Furnace Cities

Furnace cities
rest on shores
Acidic rivers
draining at will
out of crumbling pipes
to rat infested sewers;
Where maggots feed off flesh
from shattered homes,
Where factory workers beat their wives
who beat their children
grow up
to run
Furnace cities

A.J. Simpkins

your sexy belly
is already beginning
to puff
you explain to me
it's your stomach
being pushed aside
by our tiny creation

me a thousand times
its size afraid even
to tell my mother
two hundred miles away

and you
with your sexy
bloated belly
your insides a construction site
your movements so calm
i want to whisper
into your belly-button
send a message
along that life line

child grow strong!
healthy and straight
you are the miracle

but you know that
don't you
already moving her insides out
to make yourself more room

Josef Boyden

Fire

Place another log on the fire
Orange sparks pop and crackle
As you disturb the greying coals

Relight the torch
Flames dance
Drawing you closer
Keeping you warm

But look past . . .

Carelessness
Unextinguished embers
glowing

Flames spread
Rapid blaze
the sky, a haze
thick, black smoke
choking

Melting
Cremating
The flames engulf without sympathy
Enjoying destruction

I am burning inside
My heart is on fire
My eyes swell up with tears
From smoldering wet coals

I am confused
Such beauty
Such danger

Chris Lindsey

If you are interested in seeing your
poetry, prose or short stories (max.
500 words) in print, drop off your
submissions in the manilla envelope
in the editors' office at 111 Central
Square. Be sure that all pieces are
proofread for grammatical errors
and include your phone number.

Playmates

Fall out of your chair
and call from the floor "I love you"
crawl to me
wash the kitchen floor
with one hand
scratch my feet with another

Carry me to the bedroom,
far-aghast you'll be at my
patterns of devotion
scratch my feet with one hand
pull out your hair with another

Lean back out of a window,
worship me through stained-glass
make valiant efforts to clean the glass
then pull your hair out
with one hand
and wave goodbye with another.

David Lewis