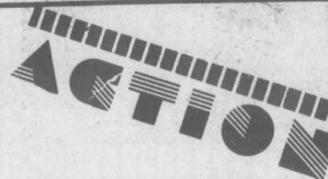




Literary Page



"Hack" at Night

I drive around
this city of stately elms, bare
in winter.
Elms: their towering torsos,
reaching for the sky,
some seemingly windswept
towards each other,
Others solitaire; stand
magnificent,
their elephant like trunks,
withstanding
the chain of carbon gas.

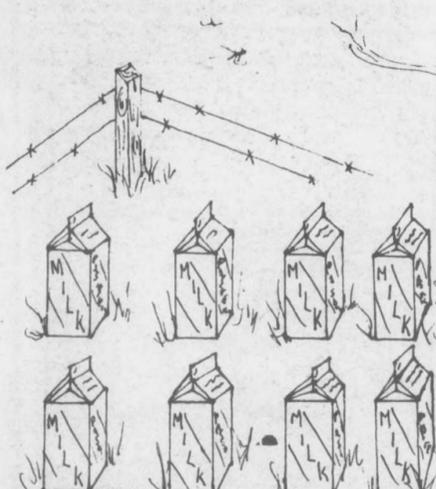
Summer shading
Winter parading
everchanging,
of elms we state our place.

"Hack" at Night 2

Perched atop the parking
lot,
birds eye view of dead
Loyalists,
sleeping in consecrated
graves.
what troubles they knew
what future they laid but, not
to rest.
Time escapes us all.

The elms dark and bare in
winter
their limbs symmetric, like
dark fireworks
exploding in the quiet dawn
of morning.
Silent sentinels that know our
time
and time beyond and past
Quietly marking history in
their rings,
buried yet alive.
Their voices fueled by winds
of time.
Echoes; for our imagination.

S.G. Garland



"PASTURIZED MILK"

Gold Passing

light speaks to me
in later hours
of another lesson
and story
spun
the waves of sadness
bring a contemplative
acceptance
of afternoons' last vain rays
and the teeth of
relentless evening coming
it says in a silent voice
"You will not stop the
stream of time;
and each night
your life ends anew"
I cannot say
what tomorrow
will be like
there is only sadness of a
good day gone
and at the cusp
a strange forgetting
late
night
passing
and all behind
as a new me is birthed
screaming, blind
into the hands of a new day.

Jason Dean



I GOTTA

I got a brand new chemical
weapons factory
You got F-14S
Why don't we put them
together
Set the chaos free.
We got a license for
nuclear weapons
Shut-up and let us be
All that the peoples really
want
Is to set the captives free.
We got a lot of smoke and
powder
Your sitting on a pillow,
slurping your chowder
Maybe the cry need be a
little bit louder
A little more sun
A little less cloud here.
A frowning clown turned
upside down,
Smiles up at me
Turn yourself upside down,
look around
Bend a frown around.

S. G. Garland

CARDBOARD CUTOUT

See the poor boys, on the left side of the street,
Hanging on the sidewalk, smoking on a butt,
Heavy Metal beating in their ears, scrounging up the bucks,
Hoping that some sweet thing gives them a piece of meat,
For a twenty-two dollar exhibition ring.

And the cars go by with telescopic eyes.

Bullies prod the young boys to beat each other senseless
And mom comes home, to children left alone, no senses,
Dishes out the welfare then it's back out on the street
Pounding on the asphalt, she must appear to be in heat.

It's a dog's moan
It's a bare and brittle bone
It's a cardboard cutout home

See the girls dress up in white, almost every night
They're clean, they're neat, they're new.
Daddy busts a shoestring climbing out of bed.
Her home life is a mystery.
She checks into a nunnery.
And cries out every night.

It's a cat fight
It's a sparrow plucked from flight,
It's a cardboard cutout life.

STEPHEN GARLAND

MY HOPE

Life is
But a short breath
Like a glass of sweet wine
Ready to fall
Over the edge

Death might only be
A Heartbeat away
Just waiting around the next
corner
Waiting to pounce upon the
unway
And then?

Generations come and
generations go
The sun rises and sun sets
An ever repeating pattern
There is nothing new

No hope
No-one to help me
No-one to hear my cry
Except God
My hope.

Reuben Dell

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