

**In Memoriam**

Look at those heads, some bald, some grey,  
Old and forgetful, here to remember their friends,  
dead in old wars.  
And soon they will be joined by those with full  
heads of hair, and memories, of young men  
now dying in new wars.

*Our Father  
Which art in heaven,  
Hallowed by thy name*

*Thy Kingdom come*

*Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.*

*Give us this day our daily bread.*

*And forgive us our trespasses  
As we forgive them that trespass against us.*

*And lead us not into temptation  
And deliver us from evil  
For thine is the Kingdom  
The power  
And the glory*

*Lord we ask for peace.  
For ever and ever, Amen.*

Their friends are dead!  
Are they in heaven with You?

And what about those we all forget,  
their enemies, are they there too?

How could they know if you  
approve of war? They believed it  
to be just, what else could they do?

Do we eat our bread  
because they once kept the enemies  
away? Today, we question did we need  
that war to end all wars?

Even our enemies? Is this the core  
of peace? Should we forgive:  
Even in war?

even those we fight for?  
to win, or lose?  
and did they think as they fought  
and died, that they would share the  
glory?

*A. Passmore*



**Lonesomeness**

You are lonesome just when  
You swim in the ocean of humans  
And you hear the voice of others  
But none identifies with you  
And you are just a statistic

Soliloquic pressures mount  
You feel like exploding full blast  
As you are caught up in a hysteria  
Hysteria that is esoteric  
You become full of your only self

Introspectively you start to move  
Along spatial philosophical lanes  
Asking more questions than  
You can ever provide answers for  
As a reaction to the state you are in

Lonesomeness is a relative thing  
It is also ecological  
Meat in culture A poison in B  
Somewhere else you can never suffer  
From the disease of lonesomeness

Lonesomeness could be both  
dehumanizing and threatening  
Only those who have been to it  
Will appreciate the experiencism  
That is lonesomeness.

*Enyinda N. Okey*



**The Hourglass of Life**

Life is an hourglass,  
Each tiny fragment of sand,  
Representing the infinite number,  
Of actions, precesses and parts,  
Of each of our lives,  
No single being can control,  
The many grains that fall,  
To make up his particular life.  
The people we meet,  
The things that we do,  
The problems we face,  
The choices we make,  
All fall into place,  
In the hourglass,  
That is our life.

When times are bad,  
The particles fall painfully slow,  
Yet, when our lives are full and rich,  
Each granule seems to race by,  
At a cruelly rapid pace,  
In either case,  
There is nothing we can do,  
To stem the flow.  
We must merely pray,  
That when the final grain has fallen,  
The results are to our liking,  
And if not,  
Simply wait,  
For the hourglass to turn,  
And for a new hour to begin.

**DUKE**



**No One Home**

Stares of emptiness  
with hollow eyes  
Black and deep  
rumming and rocking  
our walls, choking air  
white yet stained  
Scars of pain  
Head banging  
Hand slapping  
Whimpers and cries  
yet never tears fall  
from the hollow eyes.

*Trisha Graves*



Slowly the sand drop from its  
isolated chambers into memories  
once seen but twice forgotten  
If only the direction might  
be altered oh what a feat it  
may be, but not one that  
need be conquered, for one should  
dwell in the latter moon but,  
open thine eyes upon the morning  
dew. For is but one apple  
on the tree or for but one  
leaf to act as chameleon as  
mother nature takes her course  
If so life would be so lifeless  
to the.

*Kevin Davidson*



**Valentine Hamlet**

Valentine. . . Hamlet  
unspoken thoughts  
stuttering and faltering  
yeah's and nay's in  
webs and circles of words.

To say or not to say  
to act or not to act  
to be or not to be.

Steams of desires  
may or may not be  
clouds with torrential rain.

*by Karen Malhotra*



*Remember kingdoms to be won  
From wonder forts when you were young  
Musty smell of bark on sap-stained skin  
Blind to walls closing without and within  
Summers marked by pools of shade  
Branches tamed the sun's cascade  
St. Francis' ghost weeping Labour Day  
I realize what you meant, too late  
Yesterday*

*by Geoffrey Brown*