

Same Old Tracks

Wandering the empty streets,
His breath a fog around him;
Seeking a final answer,
His world is upside down.

Gleaching aching fists,
His eyes see only red;
Trying to escape the pain,
His heart is hurt again.

Cursing his stupidity,
His lips move in silence,
Burning mental energy,
His feet carry him onward.

Striking out again,
His fists bear his fury;
Hating his foolish heart,
His shoulders sag in defeat.

Closing weary eyes,
His mind reflects on poor judgement,
Resolving to wait awhile,
His soul begins to heal, slowly, again.

A faraway train whistles, sadly,
Forever following the same old tracks.

Steve Boyko

Hurten

Desperate despair now clouds the
air,
a broken winged eagle who flew
to near
to all the forbidden skies of flame
and tears.

Desired by the beauties of the
kind words of love
Seagulls are mistaken as the
sacrate dove

Tears of the sky now flood the
earth,
drowning the species
and ending new births

Now the darkened skies
as seen through miles eyes
serpents with venomous
deep inside.

Now in a frame
is a picture of pain,
designed to stand out from
the shadows of doubt.

Forgotten were the promises
made several times
about the hurt
inflicted by lies.

So demoralizing is the beast as he
plays his games
but considers he not their
feelings of pain?

Tracy Underhill

The Glass Presentation Sacrifice

I stand in front of the world
I am to be judged
on my knowledge and presence
also my ability to acquire such
things.

I find these regulations in hell
the entrance sign
decrees - "Library"
I enter with caution.

The servants of Hades
are to appear as
inhabitants of assistance.
Fear them!

They are mere illusions,
hallucinations from hell.
They are purposely placed there
to tease, to provoke and infuriate

the already lost and tortured soul.
I manage to try the maze alone
with my own strength.
The cargo I capture
is placed upon my back
thousands of words weigh me down
yet I still manage
to quickly escape.

I enter my temple
familiar faces
encompass me.

I am a sponge
sprawling hopeful
over pages,
details and data
slowly seeping
into my brain.

An eternity passes
or is it longer?

I transform,
my anomalous nature
surges forward
and I no longer
passively wait.

I become a
gluttonous animal
gorging on knowledge,
Tear and mutilate.

My cargo from hell bleeds
and I stand in triumph.
Sleepless eyes
and tired bones

drag me dedicatedly
to stand

in front of the world
They are waiting now
to devour me.

My words are spit
and I drool upon my critics.
Time ends.

They simultaneously
clap their hands
and I duck
in fear of

also being clapped.
Questions of acid corrode
my flesh.

my veins are severed
with tongues of razors,
and my bones are pulverized
under tons of anger
and frustration.

I quietly lay in a heap
as the next homeless victim
rises and stands in front of the world
ready to judged.

Trish Graves

Sensual Despair

A hopeful poem to the one
I want and can't have,
Jim (Giffan's room mate)

Romantic rows of roses
Sway in the swooning wind
Their scent sends shivering
sorrows

To my unsmiling soul,
That sweet smell reminds me
Of your lingering absence.

My every day dies in despair
If my eyes don't lay sight
On you goddess-like glow.
Your smile smothers me with
Sensations of sensuality.

Your sun-filled hair smiles
And laughs with fovliness
As you blow untargeted kisses
To anyone, it seems, besides me.

I dream daily of being yours,
Hoping, wishing to God
That you will approach me
In a manner of unmodest love,
Similar to the love
I feel for you.

Or leave this life,
So that I may fool myself
into believing that a perfection
Such as you,
Can not possibly exist.

Another Romeo

Glass Barrier

I see you on the other side
everything looks clear
your every act and deed
I know what they mean.

You see me from the other side
the transparency reveals me
my every move and gesture
you know my deepest desires.

You held out your hand
I ran out to it
I realized it is the barrier
that forbids us to meet...

The sand in the hourglass
is swiftly seeping
we can't stop it
not I, not you...

You walk alone
I envy you
You have no fear
but I do.

Fear that I have left my heart
in the sky where I have no part
I want to go where my heart belongs
but I do not know where to start.

Tell me, can I overcome this barrier?
It is glass, I know...
It cuts, it bruises and it hurts
but my FREEDOM, it cannot be curbed.

Terri Kadazan