

My Grave of Gluttony

I stand on the edge straddling the fence. The right side of the edge wondrous, alive. I struggle with the faces of my soul grab it ... yet ... The left side of the fence wondrous, alive. Desires, devotions, destructions, feeding, needing, the greed of it all. As I strain with choice I slip on my selfishness my bones snap and my head collides with the tip of the edge. So here it is my destiny written to lie worm eaten, flesh rotten not on the right or the left but on the edge.

Trisha Graves

(all is fair in) Love and War

They meet as one, on the same plane, Circling, they test each other's strength. Who is the predator? Who is the prey? Equals, they come together In a mutual challenge. The dance has begun It will be a fight to the death.

Hanging dangerously over a cliff They strike out savagely at each other. Both feel respect and admiration For their opponent in their play And almost wish there were another way. But the outcome is inevitable; The precarious balance existing between These two equally powerful players Is easily ruptured and the lethal blow is dealt.

Still wondering what has happened, And the reason for this cruel game, Their eyes lock one last time But without anger, only sadness. Too late, they come to the realization That none of this would have been necessary But such is the cruel nature of love.

April Snow

Robbing The Cradle

They say you'll never miss Never miss what you never had And the profit-addicted Will make sure we never get the chance I hear the arrogance of a child's lie When we claim to know what to save We only rob the cradle of the earth And dig ourselves a deeper grave.

A death knell is heard But scant are the protests Money always speaks louder than words And so schooled to inaction We keep turning our eyes away From the robbing of the cradle Only to dig a deeper grave.

Geoffrey Brown

Amethyst paints the sky I raise sad eyes as evening falls Where should be a bristling of stars Drip pale islands, lonely and small A sign of the crossroads I fear we've noticed too late As we keep robbing the cradle of the earth And digging a deeper grave. From the swift-marching shadows

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