

Want

It's raining out.
I want to go out
Walking
In the rain
Scared to.

With water comes moods,
emotions, cares I wanted to forget
With wind comes wildness,
joy, hair blowing.
With pitter patter comes calmness.
Urgency, wanting.

When the wildness comes,
I crash out the door
And walk
for miles
Taking my heart with me.

Down every street
I walk
With arms outstretched
Past all the houses whom I love best.
My heart screeching
Let me come in
I'm looking for someone
I love,
to talk to.

All you have to do
is
See me and say
Come on in
And give me a warm cup of coffee
And let me feel your love
Then I'll be satisfied.

Funny though, it's never happened.

I'll walk past all my houses
And slowly realize
That's nobody's going to see me
And if they did
They'd probably think that if I wanted to see them
I'd ring their doorbell.

But I won't
I'll keep on looking,
reaching,
Crying my heart out,
Because I want them to want me.

-Thomas Mitchell



Pro Homo Sapiens

It makes me sick
To realize
That all of us
Will multiply
The existing superfluous supply . . .
Thick and fast
We come at last
And more, and more, and more!
Scrambling and squeezing together
We only supplement the score . . .
Individual value
Topples prostrate
As we struggle to get
Our piece of the cake;
Dominated by others
Forced to conform
Afraid for our lives
To deviate from the norm . . .
Take me away, far away,
Where deer and antelope play!
(or is it deer and antelope
season today?)

-Cathy Baker

Her seated form became more distinct, but not entirely clear as 2 moves through the morning fog toward the shack. The old woman's unkept hair hung lazily upon her bosoms, and the only places visible on the face were two black holes, which 2 suppose were her eyes. In her arms was clutched a violin, played rather haphazardly, but intensely, each note being ground out of the depths of hell. The strings were named "always," "eventually," "distantly", and "contradictory". Breaking them one by one, she retired into the dwelling to cook some hamburger for breakfast.

-Barbara Baird

Memories

Damp air and cigarette butts,
Dusty bottles and dirty walls,
Old books and ragged clothes,
Faded posters and cobweb strands,
Cracked hearth and empty glasses,
Moth-eaten blankets and battered couch,
Memories.

-Knot Walspake

In Flight

If I were a bird
I'd fly away . . . no,
I'd soar away . . .
from where I got my wings.
I'd fly in circles
and dive in spirals,
and other crazy things.
My wings would take me . . .
no, they'd race me . . .
in daring blindness
across the skies at night,
when the only sensation
is the wind
on my wings
while in flight.

-Thomas Mitchell

I suppose some people can still
Remember the good old days
When pop cost a dime
And a buck would do you all day
At the fair.
Now a buck is the fare.

-Leni Masspon

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