

### Graves

The mound on the ground  
That takes a ridge-like look  
Is a housing for carcass:  
Of beings who once had  
A life and a hope but now lie  
Prostrate to the ground.

In every land and clime  
Evidences abound  
Of these inflated grounds  
Embowelled with coffins  
That provide final apartments  
In the form of graves.

To the society of the dead  
The grave is the solitary confinement  
To all who stand erect today  
The grave awaits one and all  
My father took his turn  
To this mother earth's final abode.

*Enyinda N. Okey*

### Mourning Mother

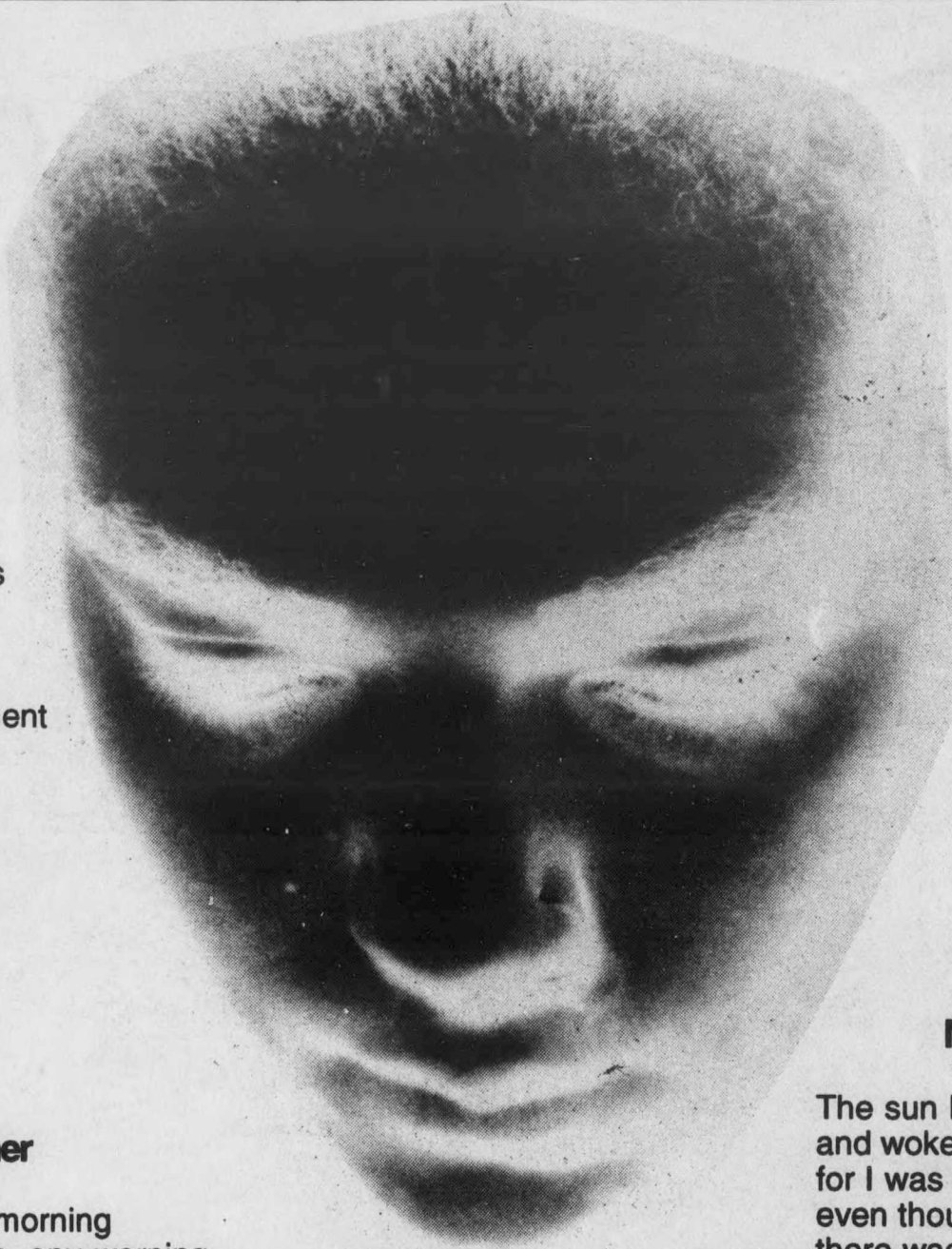
You slipped away, during the morning  
You really didn't give us, any warning  
I wanted to hold you, so close to my heart  
And now that you're gone, I cannot start  
To tell you how, I really feel  
Now here I mourn, it's like a squeal  
But the suffering is over, and that's the deal  
You slipped away, during the morning  
You suffered for, one year  
I stayed around, and felt the pain  
But now you're gone, you're at rest  
Now God is looking after you  
You're finally at peace, no longer in pain  
You slipped away, during the morning

*Peter Pitre*

### Quest for What is Sane

I am not  
Where I was tomorrow  
When the sun sunk in the east  
And my eyes  
Faced my thoughts,  
And not your ugly features.  
You grimaced up-side down  
and laughed unhappily  
As would a toothless sow  
Being suckled by the fifty models  
Of Mount Rushmore.  
A bat hangs itself  
On the roof of Gandhi's hungry mouth,  
And as JFK arm wrestles with Jesus  
For control over the pool room,  
We remember what has never been.  
The world sways on a razored pendulum  
As the rats look on;  
They wait for the corps of sanity  
To decay fully,  
So that they may feast on the fetal remains  
Of what never was.  
Sanity is the birth of tomorrow  
And the spade of no future faith.

*Jason Meldrum*



### A Man of Conscience

A man of conscience  
What does he do  
Works for his pay  
Loves for his strength  
Shares for his friends  
Thinks for his soul  
Prays for his past  
Looks for his road  
Listens for his sense  
Talks for his peace  
Crys for his pain  
Runs for his pleasure

*Jamie Hamilton*

### No justice in a Barrel

The sun lit up the village square  
and woke me up from my misery  
for I was to be hanged today  
even though I committed no crime  
there was no justice in the system  
"guilty until proven innocent" they said  
they laughed and mocked me  
I would avenge my death  
and when I die  
I'll return for the slaughter  
haunting those souls who tormented me.  
they'll pay dearly !!!

*Tuhim Pal*

### Suicide

It was black before birth... but if I could  
Fly from here and walk a zephyr

Like Christ's waters,  
I would dance on the clouds and thus proclaim my  
Freedom.  
Except Like Peter I would always need a

Master to free me from my pains.  
And if I jumped from here I would call  
To some God who would  
Tape bungy cords to  
Each ankle and wrist and snap me to safety; but in  
Reality I would then be his dancing marionette,  
Even when the strings cut  
So deeply into my wrists.

If I gracefully dove from here I

Would that the ground could swallow me  
In like a warm blue  
Shimmering pool of the purest water.  
However, I know

That in Truth  
Once my fingers have snapped, this

Leaves my wrists to break open, and race to see  
If my arms fragment before my  
Very brains become bone fragment soup.  
Everything becomes black, before rebirth.

*Richard Floyd*