

*Forgotten Coastline*

Liquid fingers pulled back to the sea  
Leave glistening silver sand at my feet  
Rock pools, tiny worlds, mark the passing hours  
Foundings of the tide wait like unopened flowers  
Fleets of tall white ships unfurl their sails  
Wind-chased to heavens' rim on lofty trails

Past, present and future collide  
With the peircing cry  
Of a lone gull  
Sea swells  
A crescendo  
In the canon of time

What has me ranging  
This stark forgotten coastline  
Watching my footprints  
Lose their substance  
Then vanish behind me

Dune grass nods at my half-formed question  
Old things I'm starting to learn  
With the evidence  
Which says I may return  
To this forgotten coastline

by Geoffrey Brown

**War or Peace**

War,  
Destruction, death,  
Bombing, killing, annihilating,  
Confusion, hatred, fear, abhorrence,  
Apocalypse?

Peace,  
Harmony, brotherhood,  
Caring, sharing, aiding,  
Friendship, happiness, joy, love  
Peace?

If only it was our choice.

by

Duke

**Dreamin'**

We met  
walked, dined and danced  
talked, argued and fought  
Instant smiles, mirth and laughter;  
a spark, flashing of eyes  
expectations of next meeting  
preplanned questions, jokes and humour  
to engage the attention, to know  
stretching each other, groping limits  
increasing soliloquies - shadowboxing.

A desire in the soul  
of an existentialist - without god or religion  
A lonely heart  
unable to resist to dream on and on  
just on a spark and flashing of eyes!

Sparks to ashes - how quick  
No, No  
No faults, no reasons, no explanations  
Just memorable and lasting memories  
to dream on and on ...

by

Karen Malhotra

**Unsurvived**

Our land  
Vulnerable,  
Defensless,  
An embryo  
In the womb  
Of our Mother Universe.

The sun:  
Blood that nurtures  
Our infant,  
Pure when fed  
Perfectly into this begging  
Baby:  
Creating growth and nature's glory,  
Giving motion to the otherwise  
Still.

Humankind,  
The needle  
Shoved into this womb,  
Suffercating  
Our child,  
Giving it no chance  
And refusing to help it  
Survive.

by  
Jason Meldrum

**TIMES WHEN THE BLIND CAN FIND**

There are times when the blind can find,

And the sighted can't see,

Times for good and bad things,

Then there are times for me.

Times for love and times for hate,

Times for rejoicing and times to relate,

And then there are times for tea.

There are times when the deaf can hear,

And times when the hearing fear.

There are times when the blind can find

And the sighted can't see.

by

Peter Pitre

*To Brothers Not  
Yet Homebound*

Stand straight, salute thy brothers,  
Crossing foreign and unwelcoming soil.  
Fighting cruel, cruel causes of others,  
Entering directly the center of turmoil.  
We must do both our duty and part,  
By providing the flame for faith and hope.  
It will do our hero's no good if,  
We simply sit sulking and mope.  
We must be strong and brave,  
As they are so far from home.  
Fighting an unwanted enemy,  
And feeling so desolate and alone.  
We must let our hearts reach out  
To bring them safely home once more.  
To show their lasting importance,  
Upon their motherland's shore.  
I'm not trying to fool the world,  
That in wars no men are lost.  
For our governments wage the war,  
And we serve to pay the cost.  
But some men will make it back,  
And receptions should be full of glee.  
It is because of these dutiful men,  
Our homeland is still safe and free.

by

Joseph Hillman

**Knitty-Gritty**

We know only  
one end, one beginning;  
one God, one reward;  
all come from one, go to the  
other;  
yet here  
throw sand: blind one another

by

Pamela J. Fulton

**GROWN MEN PLAY GAMES**

Well it's started again  
Is there anything we can do?  
Well they're fighting again,  
Is war something they choose?

Sadam Insane is not so mad  
to know that the media's playing into his hands.  
The camera's on him as he summons up  
the anger and hate from men out of his reach.

"Fight the hate," he says over again.  
"We must stop this hate!" always the same-  
meanwhile, he commands another man's fate,  
the lives affected in and out of the land.

But there's two sides to every mistake,  
and it takes two children to play.  
It all depends on whose side you're on  
and if you're wanting to see the next day.

God Bless America - and all of those dead  
expired because of the madness  
in man's head.

by Anita Connolly

