

A Beauty's Creed

Cheapness lies beneath
 My veil of beauty
 Instability is my paradigm;
 Secured I shall never be.
 I'm blinded by lustful desires,
 Shamefulness trails my path.
 Confused I am, I swear.
 Yet nefarious are my motives.
 The handsome birds flee
 When I give them the familiar whisper.
 The cows look on me with suspicion
 In my attempt to milk them clean.
 Father Bacchus, on your prayers do I lean.

george ato equakun

Bad Night Sleep

A sleep packed with nightmares
 that you hope to be forgotten in the
 morning

Nightmare that flash events
 no order no meaning no truth

Events you know would never happen
 But for a second possibility crosses
 your mind

Nightmares that awaken you,
 you pause to figure out where you are
 or have been.

Then a sudden shock is revealed
 My nightmare just crawled out of
 Bed and said
 "Good Morning"

Jalb

The Manipulator

A small metallic pan
 Shades a single bulb
 Above my head
 If I could look up
 I could see it flicker
 But that doesn't matter
 I can see its reflection
 In the mirror in front of me
 And watch their eyes light up as it fades

Finally, it stops
 The people around me nod
 They know it's time
 And so do I

I can feel their eyes
 Staring at me with disgust
 From behind the mirror
 They know it's time
 And so do I

They finished with the tests.
 Now all they need to do
 Is pull the hood over my head
 But before it comes down
 I have one more chance to smile
 To say good-bye
 One more chance
 To torture the souls
 Behind the mirror
 I won't be back
 But they don't know that

Joey Moore

The pain silenced his heavy
 heart. Now he walks as if bur-
 dened with an unobtainable
 taste weighing him down.

Ice flows through his veins. Her
 very erotic touch makes
 him feel like he's burning of
 frostbite.

Can't... don't understand what
 or why she says it.

Before, it was easy to block her
 out, you didn't have to stare her
 in the face. Until she made you.
 Damn that frown

Similar to dust.

Like before innocent blood was
 shed upon my face so shall it
 be again.

"What is it like?" I ask her
 "Like to be what?"
 What is it like to create a new
 life and have it grow inside
 you?"

It's really parasitic. This un-
 wanted child leeches my very
 flow of life so as to sustain it's
 existence. I can't expel it from
 my body until it has taken what
 it wants.

It's really all a selfish proc-
 ess isn't it.

By Spongey

Distractions *i.e. Something Distracting*