

Lonesome Hour

Drunkard dreams, far fetched reality
 we speak of blissful lies
 to attract each others company.
 Your poison I swallow
 the heart, could flesh-so hallow.

Take another drink my friend
 I wish you luck all the way to the end.

Squeeze my hand, the gentleman's fee
 the enemy betrayed, keenly rattled and empty.
 I fondled your ghost in my sleep
 my sinister soul arose to catch a peek.
 Chilly streets-peace frozen
 I stand alone-Identity withdrawn.

Take another drink my friend
 I wish you luck all the way to the end.

A kiss, soft and exaggerated
 broke into this deviled dream-crippled kid.

Come, sip delicately on your inner faith
 close your eyes and ride the hate.
 Silent cries fall against the curb
 I'm alone with a ghost-selfishly disturbed.

Take another drink of death my friend
 a unison journey, see you in the end.

— Jason Ross Surendranath

First Person

To be alone... you grow. The real
 dichotomy, is wide:
 whatever you can value, will
 repeat itself. To hide

the child you remember being,
 watching while - today -
 you live alone, revives your own
 (the skills you've thrown away).

— Stan Burriss

Heat Wave

There is a touch of cool
 now
 In the breeze
 this afternoon
 Signalling relief
 From this Summer
 heat wave

Unusual/in/Seattle

— Marion Sue Fischer

Piasa

As I dance within the circle.
 My moccasins beating a soft rhythm
 Upon mother earth,
 My Mind and Spirit,
 calls the great Piasa,
 whose image awaits
 on the cliffs of the
 wide Missouri...;
 Painted there for eternity
 by my forefathers,
 with the power
 of natural dyes.

Hear me, oh Piasa!

I am in need,
 of the strength of your wings,
 And the Truth of your vision
 during ascension,
 into the realms above.

Oh Piasa!, - hear me now,
 And lift me swiftly,
 into the skies.

— Janette Moening