

To My God

Grace comes
 In the middle of the night
 My physical drags
 disappear
 And
 All that's left
 is
 Sweet Breath
 ... my writings
 fill the void ...

— Marion Sue Fischer

Without Blues

*For all those who have seen drugs, alcoholism
 and abuse tear their families apart*

Without the stub of crocus,
 the breeze through cedar
 and hills to climb
 in the soft light of January
 I would be lost.

Without the picket lines'
 "How you doing?"—
 friends sitting around the table
 while November rains,
 I would wash away in tears.

Without my pencil,
 the work that must be done,
 the brothers and sisters
 in the strong August sun,
 I would go over the edge.

— Lonnie Nelson

Spirit Lives!

The machines gear up
 and Yet I Live
 They deny their Senses
 and Yet I Live
 They poison the ground
 and Yet I Live
 They poison the water
 poison the AIR
 and Yet I Live
 They conjure up fearful imaginings
 to poison their *minds*
 and Yet I Live
 They *dishonor* themselves
 others of their *kind*
 Earth and God
 and Yet I Live
 They make monsters of themselves
 and Yet I Live
 I give them Life
 which they destroy
 and Yet I Live
 I Overcome
 and Yes, I Live
 Spirit is the substance
 On which I *thrive*
 Spirit is the purification
 Spirit is the Sweet Spring
 of Essence
 and
 Spirit Lives!

— Marion Sue Fischer