

Untitled

Dead air
Filled with words
Time folding in on itself
A child's laughter
The only honest noise
You always told me some day I'd go too far
This time there is no bread crumb trail
Leading home

— Sally Johnson

Traditions

Small hands and faces hidden,
underneath the masses, unseen.

Treasures buried underneath
the deforming weight of Greed.

Unbalanced powers veer and
miss, the target of progress.

Patriarchal orders from a
religious catalogue; dominations
blessed.

Hierarchy preserved, traditions
distorted, embellished, for control.

Undiscovered (profits) in the
eyes of small faces,
undernourished souls.

— D.S. Kent

Tired

My very HAIR
Is tired, today

...and it is no wonder

In this Summer
heat wave

— Marion Sue Fischer

Untitled

It doesn't help knowing
that others have had it worse
right now. It increases the horror.
Hope is pretty handy, without it
I'd go to a bar and hustle drinks
until I was too drunk to think.
And then I'd let some gun-collector
take me home.

I'd prescribe for this
resigned and local pain
a temporary anesthetic,
and learn one more thing
I can't look back at
without that one more step
away from forever.

Strikes, layoffs, unemployment,
welfare vouchers, loans.
Crack the code for me,
Give me a spell,
Give me some money,
I'll buy us some drinks
and bring back all the change.

— Elizabeth Romero

New Prostitute

"I would like to," she
said... and, turned
away. Not
far
enough to be considered a
threat by
other

sources...
while she wears cloths from
the top up.

— Stan Burriss
(at: Jazz Club, Olympia, WA)