

The Tire
Poem by Rod Stewart

Don't get me on
About déjà vu,
My whole life
As it is,
Spinning in nothing
But circles inside circles,
Around and around
In a breakneck blur,
To get myself there
In time to see my shadow
Slip away into smoke
All over again.

I used to be pumped
To tear away wild,
To the dark side of nowhere,
Perched on a moonlit shoulder,
Among murmurs and moans,
Mixed among cricket songed air.
Hot breaths, cold asphalt,
City lights and stars
That blinked back at us,
All blown into dust
Of a memory, maybe,
That lingered longer
Than laid rubber and sweat,
On this one time go around
That we've been riding.

Go Fly a Kite
Haiku by Richard S. Payne

Love flying a kite,
and feeling God's gentle tug,
a divining thrill!

Dress...
Poem by LeeAnn Wallage Brown

What's wrong? He keeps asking.
Wrong? You say.
Why, the mountains are still left to climb.
The rivers left to fish.

This agony is spilling from my guts.
Cutting me open. Spilling out empty words.

Why?

Do you call to me when the moon is home.
Stay and play where the sun warms my Earth.
Words are weapons that slice at my head.
Sticks and stones.
Breaking all my bones.
My muscles are weak. Left heavy.
Weighed down by rusty chains.

I need to escape the dragon.
With fiery breath.
My knight is no longer.

I am a damsel in this damn dress.

Early Riser
Poem by David Mac Eachern

Looking forward to mutual bind
Through word and visual art
Window opened, view of mind
Facing wilderness, the daring part

East granted sun to rise
Into eye of grazing deer
Brightening by plan, social cries
Sky over all, storm clear

Where picture of horizon shined
Wildlife adventure having its say
Exploring land, love to find
Beauty ranging each blossoming day

Neptune's Nectar
Poem by Melissa Boland

Neptune's nectar pours
drips, flows.
Like wine around a bowl
its legs lace my window.

Birds, animals, plants... Rejoice!
Humans, by contrast,
wish for another choice.

"Wash Shoe!" Or Not To "Wash Shoe!"
Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

Some people say there are alternate
universes, and that everything that
can happen, does happen, somewhere.
(It's in Star Trek, and elsewhere.)

Is it only our decisions that shape
the universe we're in, or do things
independent of decisions cause this
universe to differ from other ones?

I have fallen while skating on ice,
or walking on an icy sidewalk, more
than a few times in my life so far.
Is there a universe out there where
it's never happened, not even once?

Each sneeze I have prevented merely
by telling the person I was sitting
with that I might sneeze - has that
ever happened to you? - actually is
sneezed another place: "Wash shoe!"

Ezra's Instructions for Loving Without Bruising
Poem by Normand Carrey

Phase One (Bodies)
Think about Janis Joplin...
Now she was the greatest lovin an bruisin
woman alive.
Unfortunately medicated herself
to death with Southern Comfort;
Lower the entire weight of your body over mine,
Stay there for a while.
Don't do anything, just relax.

Phase Two (in orbit)
Now let me pass my hands over your spine.
Apply your supple lips to mine.
Squeeze me, apply more gradual force,
Love is not only physical, (it is mental also).
Are you relaxed, is your fear going away?

(entering) Phase Three
Adjust your position,
Make yourself comfortable.
There's a certain rhythm you need to focus on,
(like this, like music).

Phase Four (a collision)
Linger a few moments more;
Get off when you feel like it.
Stay in bed, relax, hold my hand
I'll try not to bleed too hard, (next time).

Tempo
Poem by Robert John Schwarzmann

Time, a fine mist, near-microscopic,
Primordial fog drifting in
From the cold grey sea.
Time, raindrops pattering
In microseconds, an urgent rhythm.
The swollen river of time
Always rushing forward,
Cresting its banks, carrying debris.
Finally, the slow oceanic waves,
Thundering onto shore and back.
Majestic, beyond time,
Existing without end.

pro cra\$ti nation pro gressin'
Poem by Harry Wayne Mah

inside grainS of hourgla\$\$. . .

. . . SomewheN to cook

. . . to write

. . . tight pig\$kin \$piral

. . . run ivory keys

. . . perhaps canvas.ab\$tract that offset\$
the \$ofa
ju\$t \$o.

but grain\$ aplenty
always aplenty

\$o

calculate π
for Guine\$\$ Record.

. . . abacu\$ await\$
in \$unlit shadow\$
of duS+ . .

Gift of Shadows
Poem by Gordon Young

It is light that throws
Upon the living, shadows.
Shadows cast upon us...
...Cast among us.
It is in the darkness of shadows
The soul dilates and grows.
This is the gift of shadows.
Let not wit or honest doubt
Put out,
That which throws,
Upon the living,
...Shadows.
For in the absence of light nothing grows.

fold here

fold here