

Rhapsody

A Potpourri of the Arts

"They Call Me King"

A king sat on his throne, looking so to smile,
So he called the court jester, to act, to sing, to dance on the tile.

He said dance for me jest, let your heart sing,
Dance for me, act for me, the one you call king.

The king saw a great beast destroying his land,
So he called a court knight, the bravest on hand.

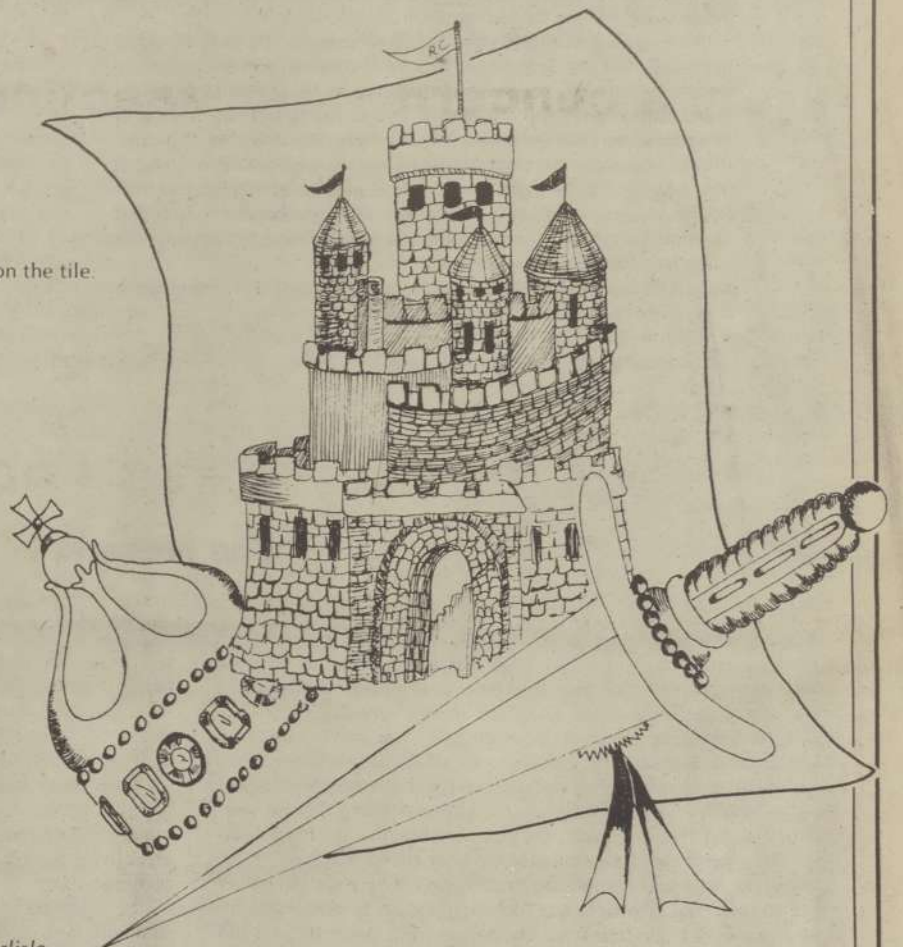
He said kill for me knight, dismiss this great thing,
Kill for me, die for me, the one you call king.

The king, broken hearted from a love he had lost,
Called in the court poet not knowing the cost.

He said write for me poet, let your word ring,
Write for me, write for me, the one you call king.

Found the next morning, with a note on the bed,
Was the king and his dagger, the old man was dead.

It said,
"My knight was defeated, my jester won't sing,
And the poet wrote only, death to the king."



by R.C. Carlisle

"Beyond Sunol"

Beyond Sunol

rolling hills light themselves on fire;

poppies, lupine stirred by breezes

bend and reach up

softening edges of earth

blending again to gorse

and candy flower.

The children make whistles

from broad green grasses.

Small reedy sounds

rise like smoke

from their folded

seedling hands.

by Claudia O'Driscoll

"Your Democracy, My Democracy"

Your democracy includes freedom for all those who worship the
Christian God.

Your democracy includes equality for all those who love their
opposite sex and have the same skin color.

Your democracy includes killing people who try to survive in an
unjust condition that

My democracy strives to improve.

My democracy says all people may worship God, but God is how
anyone wants to interpret Its Being.

My democracy says all people may love who they want to love.
Maybe some day your democracy and my democracy will be
harmony and not a mockcracy.

by The Shrewish One

A Supplement to The Print

