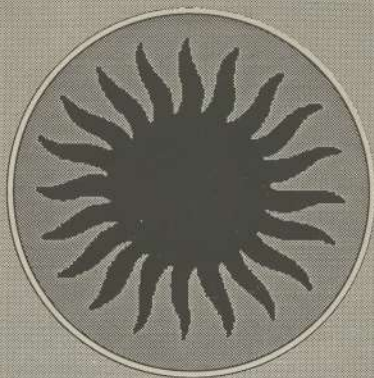




THE MIND

My mind is like a flower.
Thoughts blooming all about me,
like a tornado, ravaging the land.
Pictures fold in my mind,
reforming new shapes with different
and wonderful meanings.
Dreams encompass me like
The universe about the globe.
As I see the vast possibilities
of unknown intelligence
dancing around me.
I am but a speck of dust
In the sea of reality;
But with in my own mind,
The power is unlimited.
I explore its depths
with awe and wonder;
and just as I reach the peak
of the mountain that is the mind,
I look up and find,
that I have climbed only a bolder.
That to reach the top,
I must continue to climb,
continue to explore,
continue to learn...

---Jaunita D. Garrett

Hope Can Hardly Keep Me

Darkness is all around me, consuming my very soul.
The blackness of night has alluded the peace that would
flow through my heart.
Every muscle tenses
As the trembling fear of understanding confronts me
where I am.
And Hope
Hope can hardly keep me.
No, I am not able to walk or stand, or rest in the
peace that once I knew
I want to go back; back to the womb and even before
Terrified of the memories and what may lie ahead. It's
the stench
That may lie ahead that I fear.
What is near but fear and death
Who hears the cry of one so weak and frail?
I cannot hide.
And hope can hardly keep me.
The lying jackal laughs at me.
He wants to see what's under the next tile turned.
My mind is plagued with visions of blood stained ruin.
Oh, soon let it come to an end.

Darryl W. Bruinier

A New Skin

*I sit sweetly
juggling plastic parts
that pass through my fingers
faster than trains raced
on country roads.*
*I swim softly
gargling black bubbles
from ocean depths
beneath my chin,
as if indians' signals
were any clearer
than smoke rings thrown on walls.*
*I creep down
dusty stairs that stand against me,
old wood alarms that scream with every step
echoing through the house,
bellowing and halting my escape.*
*I kiss shoulders
bare of hair,
but the soft and smoothe purple bruises
are raised just enough above the skin
to trace along with my pen.*
*I have drank
high octane and flown with birds,
they say they were never dinosaurs
just birds,
that aim for cars.*
*I fainted with pleasure
untied and unbound,
I have rescued myself
from homemade frail pink pedaled band-aids
without strength,
showing myself that I am not my only villian.*
*I have always longed
for hairy floors
that breathe on my back,
staring at Hollywood lights
fading my complexion,
slowly the skin rises in laughter
and squints its cells
towards the sun,
bathing in a melting pot
boiling in air
the skin begins to burn
and I can finally see through
to the light outside of this house.*
*I am hit hard across the buttocks
my new skin breathing
my new eyes crying
my new body
aging towards death.*

---Christopher Haberman

