

Grandmother

Paused near the gate
She squints upward at the gathering clouds
Feeling that tired ache
Of changing weather
Measuring the dullness in the skies
Her monochrome countenance
Reflects the severity of decades passed
Since this memory
Of one
Who splashed in the puddles
Dancing
through the rain

Jen



There is no Window,
There is no Mirror

Some people say
the mirror reflects
my feelings,
my thoughts, my heart,
my soul.
The mirror reflects only
what I show it.
It shows only
what I have
on the outside. It
will never be able to
reflect my inner self.
Some people say my eyes are
the windows to my soul.
They are wrong.
My eyes show to me what
is outside others. They do
not show what is inside me.
The only thing they see in
my eyes is their own
reflection.
I know what others have yet to
discover - there is no mirror
to my soul, there is only my soul
itself.

Cori Kargel



The Mad Matters

Jarred from lustful thought,
the beeper rings round and round
the daisy patch. Motor gears of birth; hackle, clack inside.
Joey is thin-framed, from eyes to toes,
flowing along the sheepskin shores of the couch,
he is thick with the accent from the city,
thick with smog and dirt,
many motorists have evaded his dirty rotten path.
Jewish Protestants sing on the phone,
the dial tone clearing them out.
Come Christians, come home, none of this matters,
only the mad matters.
Throwing boxes and shelves into the blazing, black fire,
destroying the phone, punching, biting---holding you down, holding
your tongue spitting on your nose.
Wait right there, while I kiss you goodbye for the last time.
No fancy rhymes, or rhythms to keep you dancing. No tomorrow plans.
The cigarette grenades, the misted morning arena,
fresh air in hock for post-apocalyptic pneumonia.
Caught and bought, then sold. Cold, damn river of cement,
rock bottom of toxic refuge. Fuck the city and its rug hole.
Bring me down, and stop that torrid spinning.
Stop that grinding noise. I've written every word I know, and
nothing is complete.
I can hear the hinges in your legs, and the cracking of your smile,
roll over and die, so I don't have to marry you.
Please sister, brother, or patron
please suck solace in another bed another job another task.
where the carpet is clean and the bed isn't blood splotted.
Retire from this madness.
Only the mad matters, don't you see?
You can come knocking any time, but who'll decide who's home?
Spoonfuls of dreadful flour-based cooking crumple my taste,
smashing the table over your head, sleeping over you,
to rush to the bathroom,
climbing, climaxing to catch AIDS,
hastily exiting through the window,
many floors up and many floors down.

Christopher Haberman



right wing march

walk with your eyes closed
even crossing the street
walk with your eyes closed
and you'll never be beat

talk with your mouth closed
if the talk's too personal
talk with your mouth closed
so you don't risk telling all

walk with your eyes closed
and with a clenched fist
walk with your eyes closed
so they won't get pissed

think with your mind closed
so you'll never make waves
think with your mind closed
so the road's always paved

- Matt Russell

