

**THE UNKNOWN IS KNOWN**

Sounds of silence  
breaking my soul  
Repeated thoughts  
invade my mind  
reminding me of days  
and days to come  
Why they happen  
and not disappear  
Broken promises  
fill my heart  
tearing this sadness —  
Rushes with guilt  
Time has come  
and come again  
Unpure thoughts  
to overwhelm  
curse me and break me  
I do the same  
Take all these lies and unjustified ways  
My karma has come  
and come a long way  
I feel it's time to release  
this pain

~JACKIE SMITH

**MICHAL TOCHINNI**

1948-2001

Your voice  
clear, intelligent & warm  
vibrating far out beyond  
the shrill babel of this noisy planet  
to reach other sentient ears  
among the oscillating spheres  
as our introduction

~MICHAEL McCUSKER

**ADDRESS SEARCH**

And you will find me  
any night  
now, try  
at the motherless sky.  
com

How dare you  
interrupt  
me.com

I'm sorry  
I was ever born.com

No doubt  
you can always find  
me any  
time, any  
where

in the damned world

~FRANZ WRIGHT

"My mind is so big,  
but my brain is so small."

~CARSON WHISTLER (AGE 4)

**GOLDEN MOMENTS**

A blazing path swathes  
the Columbia even  
as we drive westward.

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

**A MOMENT OF LUCIDITY**

Schizophrenia needs some room to live  
if you're going to stay detached from it.  
Grounds for sanity and  
the freedom of this client.  
If he takes his medication  
and doesn't get into trouble  
with police very often.  
What ideology promotes  
one of the many schizos  
to be able to think enough  
to take care of themselves  
and not endanger anyone or  
themselves?

~PAUL EVALT (9E2X)

**A TENDED FIRE**

Dark was coming on, a cold rain falling.  
The low glow of sunset held no heat  
and then was smothered under black cloud.  
The last of the maples' flicker and flare  
had been snuffed out, scattered by the wind,  
drenched in the downpours, drowned in the run-off.  
No live ember remained.  
The fire was out.

Then we see the lights of the hall  
across rain-soaked pastures.  
When we arrive the doors are open,  
the radiating heat invites us in.  
A host of scents and sounds welcomes us:  
wet wool, split wood, food set out for the meal,  
the click and pop of the wood stove,  
laughter, young voices, old voices,  
those in between, blending  
in the murmuring warmth of common speech.  
This is no wild fire that devours all in its conflagration,  
no blaze set to fill the arsonist's destructive need,  
no artifact of gravity like the hot molten core  
at earth's center,  
but a tended fire.  
And while anger may spark us out of smoldering complacency,  
or the lightning strike of inspiration ignite creation,  
or passion burst our bodies into joyous flame,  
it is slow-stoking love that sustains us  
through the cold, the dark,  
that keeps this fire burning.

~JIM DOTT



PAUL EVALT (9E2X), 'CATS IN BOTTLES'

**POETRY**

**A PASTORAL REFLECTION**

All is not peaceful in my being  
(not the way it's supposed to be)  
as the moon skims above the ridge  
its beams shining down the valley floor  
to light up the shadows of images  
moving noiselessly across  
the faded landscape that comes with night  
under a lunar sky.  
Who knows why this phenomenon is?  
Possibly, a wolf howls somewhere  
(in Orlando?) and stalks hapless souls  
in the wake of the waxing Luna.  
Or, maybe, there's a nocturnal emptiness — a  
void in the night — where hollow cravings  
reside.  
Joy is out there somewhere, but not here,  
and a bat's caught behind a screen window!

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

**GIFTS**

For every tear you cry for a friend,  
I promise you love that will never end.  
For every smile you put in a heart,  
I grant you a star that will never part.

For every fight you walk away from,  
I give you peace in endless sum.  
For every day you cherish and hold,  
I swear your heart will never grow old.

For every loved one you say goodbye to,  
I promise you kindness, blooming anew.  
For every time you comfort a child,  
I promise no hate, and anger ever mild.

For every person you lift from the floor,  
I'll close no windows and open a door.  
For every wish you make on a star,  
I promise your loved ones will never be far.

If you think I'm offering a perfect life,  
Look close at your heart and examine your strife.  
All these things are already yours —  
Count your blessings and let your soul soar.

~JESSI DUNKIN

**ARTEEST**

zombies don't screw for long  
she screams in my mind  
they bark out orders to bigger muscles  
in odious chicanery with absurd strutting  
all these civilians are or aren't targets  
for the stupid military goons lording it over each other  
what bastards would like to blast the world to hell  
simply because they confuse each other in nationalistic furor  
what do they love  
what do they respect but they deify their own death wish  
ignorant selfsameness causes brutal death  
cascades of conscription, forecasts of power to dignified domains  
call off the lycanthropy of the races  
wing the titans to whispering angels  
you won't let the world go bad  
just powder it up till the sky bursts and the earth cracks  
paper and minerals aren't edible  
do I wonder if you are  
poisoned doves are flooding the sky with your souls'  
inverted anger, avarice and greed  
dreadful rages all pass with the cosmic wind  
do we all vibrate complete  
or are there dreadful mistakes in high places  
attempting to roar the flowers to death and taxes  
nifty little girls with their endowments mapped  
and their minds expanded courageously conceal tyrannical bullmen  
still snuffing and searching for the right vibration

~CHRIS KRAMER

**BUREAUCATS COUP D'ÉTAT**

All credit cards nationally canceled,  
America's Elm Street shades are drawn.  
Women and children, under pastel bedding,  
lie stunned before TV static and snow.  
Beer bellies soured and gaseous,  
boneheads under hardhats are crushed  
as Military/Industrials foreclose on the land.  
Now matriarchal scout cookies are crumbled.  
An age of GIVE ME GIVE ME ended.

~BILL BERTIN

**AFTER WAR**

Here, over bloodstained  
craggy barren soil  
the tattered banner waves,  
high above the final  
battlegrounds,  
where hundreds slaughtered lie  
in eternal sleep,  
their blood tinting the dirt.

The banner flies  
held up by the wind  
witness to desolation  
until time itself  
tears the fabric remnants  
from the pole  
and everything crumbles

to dust.

~MARGIT LIA BOWLER

