



DARREN ORANGE

OUR REVOLUTION

our revolution
 dried dreams into paper scattered
 in gusts of unanswerable questions,

 it scooped up stars from an eastern sky
 just to prove they were imitation diamonds
 junked in a downtown pawnshop,

 it supplanted your memory
 with molotov cocktails stored in mason jars,

 it kicked down the latticework of thousands
 of embracing vines with steel-toed boots
 to be used for kindling,

 it shot a hole right through a sunflower
 sending seeds into a chaos of black crows
 pecking at shells,

 it eclipsed passion with the cold-blooded
 fist of irreverence and cast an anemic shadow
 over the future,

 its leopard teeth ripped the meat from my bones
 and then fractured my skeleton against a wall
 of indifferent bricks,

 it rolled out of our tongues into giant runways
 for fighter planes and squadrons of metallic flies,

 it yanked away the net and then cut the trapeze ropes
 as you hung by your knees and I spun off into a triple somersault
 in an amphitheater of suspended faces,

 it stole the script lines and turned up the hue, tint,
 and volume of a television soap opera,

 it packed up your boxes in one afternoon,

 it measured desire against truth.

but I watered the paper with ink, the diamonds found their ways
 into treasure boxes, the mason jars exploded in your own mind,
 the wood lured our rage into a pit of ash, earth enveloped the
 seeds to harvest new flowers, the fist opened into a hand made
 to work, my bones healed crooked and more strong, our runways
 sank into oceans of speechless kisses, the trapeze act flew off
 into the dreams of retired clowns, the TV picture tube blew
 and applied for a library card, the crones recorded an album,
 you opened all of your boxes, and the scale of truth and desire
 teetered for weeks...

because, it was not, after all, the war to end all wars,
 but rather a mutiny of passions, and the grand pageant of our
 imperfections.

~JUANITA HUEBNER

**"Idealists live under greater pressure to reckon with politics
 than politicians do to compromise with ideals."**

~ELIOT JANEWAY

POETRY

THE FLAG FLAP

*Some raise the flag, salute and pledge;
 Pretend symbol is solution
 To problems posed by patriots.
 I hold up the Constitution;
 Not symbol, but document and law;
 Propose the wavers waiver not.
 Uphold the words (the fatal flaw),
 The purpose purposely forgot.*

~LARRY BARROWS

A CASE FOR UTOPIA

The world would be better off
 if people tried to become better
 and people would become better
 if they stopped trying to become better off.
 For when everybody tries to become better off
 nobody is better off.
 Everybody would be rich
 if nobody tried to become richer,
 and nobody would be poor
 if everybody tried to be the poorest.
 And everybody would be what they ought to be
 if everybody tried to be
 what they thought everybody else ought to be.

~PETER MAURIN

NEAHKAHNNIE MOON

White pearly moon
 observant as an eye,
 shine on bone-white
 snags. Disgraceful race
 decimates great Douglas fir.
 Sunset is salmon pink
 to sea. Slaughtered
 fish runs. O Khanie —
 god witness of a
 1000 generations —
 remove scavengers
 from the scabbed land.
 Primitive Pacific Coast
 scarred by their
 deprivations. May they
 and their seed die out,
 lead depleted lives.
 O most beautiful
 place on earth, rainy Eden,
 of dewy jade-like trees
 and Taoist rocks!
 Ocean fog leaves a kiss
 on wounded landscape.
 Indian God, forgive us
 our trespasses, as we
 cannot those who pass
 this way trespassing
 against primordial beauty.
 May this race die off
 and their offspring slough
 into the ocean, scraps
 of maggoty meat
 for wheeling gulls
 and pounding wave smash.
 Pitiless moon, see all,
 be a searchlight
 for natural justice,
 reflecting pearl, bone
 and polished shell.

~WALT CURTIS

LETTER TO THE DEAD

Friends, nothing has changed
 in essence.

Wages don't cover expenses,
 wars persist without end,
 and there are new and terrible viruses,
 beyond the advance of medicine.
 From time to time, a neighbor
 falls dead over questions of love.
 There are interesting films, it is true,
 and, as always, voluptuous women
 seducing us with their mouths and legs,
 but in matters of love
 we haven't invented a single position that's new.

Some astronauts stay in space
 six months or more, testing
 equipment and solitude.
 In each Olympics new records are predicted
 and in the countries social advances and setbacks.
 But not a single bird has changed its song
 with the times.

We put on the same Greek tragedies,
 reread *Don Quixote*, and spring
 arrives on time each year.

Some habits, rivers, and forests are lost.
 Nobody sits in front of his house anymore
 or takes in the breezes of afternoon,
 but we have amazing computers
 that keep us from thinking.

On the disappearance of the dinosaurs
 and the formation of galaxies
 we have no new knowledge.
 Clothes come and go with the fashions.
 Strong governments fall, others rise,
 and the ants and the bees continue
 faithful to their work.

Nothing has changed in essence.

We sing congratulations at parties,
 argue football on street corners,
 die in senseless disasters,
 and from time to time
 one of us looks at the star-filled sky
 with the same amazement we had
 when we looked at caves.
 And each generation, full of itself,
 continues to think
 that it lives at the summit of history.

~AFFONSO ROMANO DESANT' ANNA

even in grief

water through rock
 light through leaf
 leaf shadow on wall —

the assault of beauty
 a plummeting
 into the well:

the last of our emotion

~CAROLYN DUNN

AMERICAN MAELSTROM

With everyman hawking that he is the way, what is a poor soul's path?
 The maelstrom of competitive heat beating down the grassroots of insanity
 like the swollen Yangste River, leaves little life except on the highway of delusion.

Insects will not survive a nuclear war...only the distant stars.
 Sasquatch doesn't encroach, just wants to range in memory's trust.
 However teaching humans is the business of eternity.
 Each other's occasional cold shoulders just smolder like hell.
 Mongoose chasing scorpions cover the ground like strutting hippies
 while downed souls act like wolves pissing around in rock quarries.

I am feeling murdered and it is firing back everywhere...tough shit.
 Move out move out General Patton roars and the antimatter fans hit the shit.
 Patterns of power and annihilist plans move prophets to curse.
 Terrify yourself says God you little spot of bloody shit.
 You wanna you wanna you aughta you aughta
 you gotta you gotta, how you gonna?
 Oh baby let's go at it, purple remains of love at the Filmore East.

Why don't we all want to live more lovely lives?
 Sagacious humor and patience bide time in purple robes.
 It is medicine time...my temper must have a decent end.
 I have been scaring myself to perdition's gate but still I sometimes feel dead too.
 Seems like God won't allow the death thing for very long.
 God God God God God sleeps in a bog bog bog bog.
 Let's just not murder the boss morning...oh forsworn and stupid it is.
 Strike not these natty Britons for the wheels of justice roll with the stars.
 My God...my God...who has stolen my wings but the jealous folk.
 Grounded and tortured my strength requite from the grace of Christ.

What are we to this man but vexation...graceless and demanding death;
 control freaks breaking golf clubs over his head and tossing cups of the River Styx.
 Pain, oh pain it is mercy I seek but empathy rebounds upon popular affection.
 I throw my fate into Hell and it comes back mercurial and steely, lithe but aging.
 I pray to my abandoned modern world, oh strike me less for I fear I am dying.
 What thought I my seed but the rocket tipped rainbow of the covenant's ark.
 Mercy oh my God mercy.
 Chatty too chatty molted and boiling cast and sent to the myriads of universal strength.
 Can I love myself some of the time whilst I hate absorbing cold hearted law?
 But I know its purpose has a love behind it prudent and caring but I lose my grasp.
 When the sun starts raging nowhere to run, everywhere to be just love myself.

~CHRISTOPHER KRAEMER