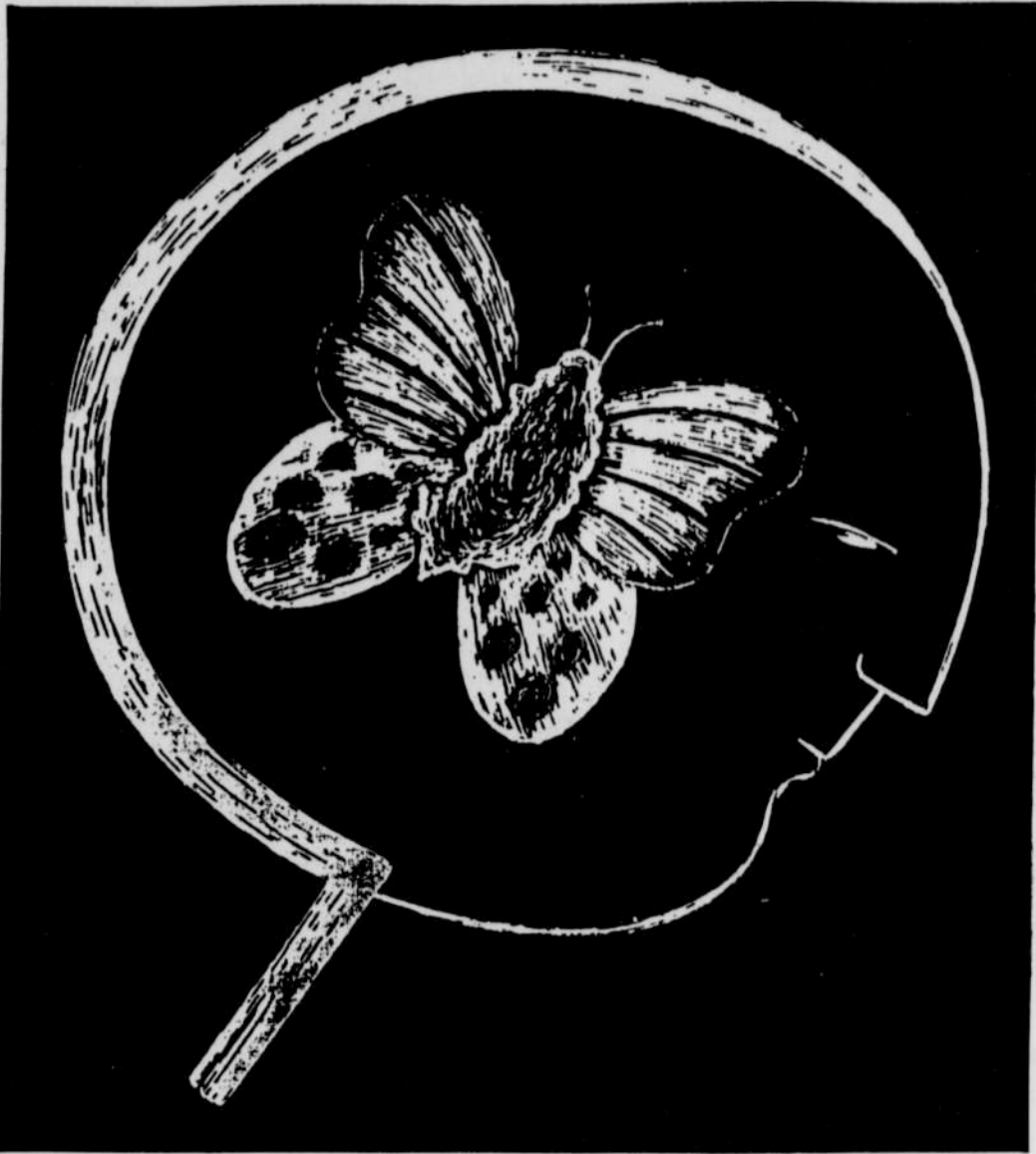


POETRY



ROXANNA VILLA

EMERGENCE OF A MONARCH BUTTERFLY

A single imago fractures its skin,
breaking open along markings
on its transparent back:
the first line, the third
and legs appear, pawing air.

The seventh line, a ring of gold
claws, sickle-shaped, a coiled
proboscis, and the head, shining,
pulling a swollen body free.
Naked antennae, tough integument,
everything holding: this leaf,
these strands of silk.

They will not emerge in darkness.
Not in rain.

Fed on milkweed, dogbane and tenacity,
one larva has come to this:
a butterfly, skeletal, clinging
to the narrow margin of afternoon.
It works the green blood through;
insect-need pumps the buds of wings
to size, circles of scales
expanding past fullness.

This is not about survival, but desire.

From its hanging point, the adult
hardens imperceptibly, acquiring
iridescence and a sense of thirst.
Now, in the moment before flight,
suspended by feet from
an empty chrysalis,
it binds into one of the membranes
of its wet, double wings.

~BARBARA HELFGOTT HYETT

'How old would you be if you knew how old you were?'

~SACHEL PAIGE

AMERICA AFTER SEPTEMBER 11

- ❖ might makes right
- ❖ you can fool most of the people all of the time
- ❖ it's not what you know, it's who you know
- ❖ do unto others before they do unto you
- ❖ the meek will inherit nada
- ❖ the sword is mightier than the pen
- ❖ money can buy happiness
- ❖ peace is unproductive
- ❖ secrecy is the cornerstone to this democracy
- ❖ skepticism is unpatriotic
- ❖ be afraid, always be very afraid
- ❖ and the states — let them eat cake

~NANCY HOFFMAN

DÉJA DELILAH

Tall and fair blacker than a bear
my darlin' girl is a comin' to me fast and fair
her feet do sparkle silver in the sun
and her hands move faster than an Arab gun

Oh Delilah I love like the Lord above
but old Arafat has stolen the meaning of the dove
the myriad tribes of old Israel's land
need the eyes of heaven to help them stand

Will there ever be peace in Palestine
what river can cool the hotheads from their hash and wine
money can't do it for a little while
till the blood stops flowing so all Israeli/Palestinian children can once again smile

But both sides shape fates so fair that halt these men
wouldst they turn away from the gun at last
too many years of maddened folk have led these men to a raven's yolk
and the egg that speaks from hell's own fury
should not rend these souls bleak forlorn, hopeless and weary

Who will be the first to lower the gun
take off the bomb harness and try to have fun
stop the apartheid persecution land grabbing saying that is all
for we have the same damn father when prayers quicken hope

~CHRISTOPHER KRAEMER

'Beware lest you lose substance by grasping at the shadows.'

~AESOP

DEVALUATION

*is a lot like pissing in your pants
it is warm and feels nice at first
but it gets very cold afterwards*

~EGIL UNANDER
(1934-1998)

THE DOUBLE HELIX

(for Watson, Crick, et al: 50 years later)

The infinite chains of being inform us
but only after the deepest search
We must turn things upside down —
ourselves, our thought, the models that we mold
The right side up must meet the upside down
to make a match
The differences are hardly that
but placement makes it so
one spiral pulsing dark, the other light
together springing into life

Effort, error, wild love, stubborn thought,
the miner's courage — blend to foil the Sphinx
until at last we see
and do not have to pay the price

Spiraling forms wrapped around each other —
It is impossible to gaze upon their coil
without the gasp of pleasure,
without hearing the celestial music
of this universe —

~ELIZABETH HOBBS

"I fear two things: syphilis and organized religion."

~GRACE METALLIUS

JESUS!

I walk the water
Late at night
(So no one can see).

I walk it 'cause I want to
And because it pleases me.

I walk it late at night
So no one can see me
'cause my friend from long ago
taught me H U M I L I T Y !

~FRED HARRISON

DEMISE OF THE NEW RELIGION

Capitalism grows the seed
Of its own destruction:
Its Mother is Corruption
Its Father is Exploitation
Its God is Greed!

~ANDRÉS BERGER-KISS

A BABY & A MAMMA

Old Boy Bush
thinks he's a ranger
'cause he's a Texas boy

It used to be a Comanche
It used to be an Apache
Now it's an Afghani
Now it's an Iraqi

I can't understand
how they can't see
it's not about Bush

It's a little baby
underneath his lovin' mamma
cryin'

"Why you put all these bombs of hell on me"

Let's go
it's automatic
Gotta be
patriotic

Its not about Bush!
There's that baby and that mamma
and the whole damn world
is rainin' down on them

It's not about Bush!
There's that baby and that mamma
in the cradle of civilization

And I'm thinkin' about that baby and that mamma
And I'm sure they are thinkin' about me
cryin'

"Why, why, why
you gotta throw those damn bombs on me?"

And it's not about the oil
It's not about anything
It's about a baby and a mamma
and that's all it's about

It used to be a Comanche
It used to be an Apache
Now it's an Afghani
Now it's an Iraqi

And that baby and that mamma
They think it's about you and me

~DANIEL ELEY

WHEN

you can wake me when
the day creeps to its zenith long after noon
when in morning the sun is velvety
(not cold and harsh like a december sunrise)
when you can sleep with the windows open
and wake with the sweet smell of hosewater and mown grass
and the days are soft and swooning
sipping iced tea in the backyard and laughing with friends
wake me when
the air at dusk is more refreshing than that of dawn
and though the world is in shades of gray
the pavement is still warm
when I can forget the day of the week
and fall into a groove of late nights and late risings
until then
i wait for summer
and remember tomorrow is monday.

~MARGIT BOWLER