

Sick in Metropolis

By Shannon Andrews

How I see this man in Portland,
Dying of AIDS.
I see you on the Max train almost every day,
Begging for money, your clothes tattered, a graven image
worn out from civilization.

I pity you, if I had all the money in the world,
I would give you the proper care you need.

As I, waitressing at a local diner
You come in for a cup of coffee.
The reek and filth that carries you from
the outside elements has not improved your condition.
Weak and barely speaking, you utter a conversation to me
and I offer to buy you breakfast.
You accept my offer but with your demise
you can barely consume the hot meal.

Months go by and I see you again along
my corridors of life
You are now bound in a wheelchair, still begging for money.
You are skinny as a rail and your condition has progressed
into a frail man.

I approach you and ask how you are,
and give you my almost-broke savings.

"God Bless you, I hope the best for you and why must you suffer?
Get some help, I know it's out there."

I feel sorry for you as a lost soul and a never forgotten face
and I go on life's journey thinking of you time to time
wondering if you're still alive, or gotten the help and care you need,

A man with AIDS is a death sentence
there is a more need for care for those that are terminally ill.

If I had all the money in the world,
He'd be the first person I would help.
If you're out there, get the care you need.
Everyone loves you,
You are a young dieing man.

What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us (Silence Will Not Protect You)


by april burris

so strange___hazy; unclear
a tree of life grows
green/gold aura surrounds
sending strong roots
to connect with all our lives
red heartblood mixes with brown earth
.....but street roots
have grown dis/connected from
(un)respectable society rooted in consumption
riches of the earth run red
steal people's dignity
whose? which roots? what is real...
depends on which type of root you are nourished by
grow tangled/overlapping realities
resonate/bleed with compassion for our fellow beings
a support system grows
roots become strong
gems sparkle amongst; wink purple, green, gold, growing
rise up to support us all



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