

### An Account of Fall


by Avendor

There is much to attend to in the fall  
Dead poets summon us to match the willpower they exemplified in their times  
Walking quietly and observant down breezy avenues in Europe.  
As the papery leaves, grainy rains, and yellowy, green, and orange colors  
poured out upon them as if it were regalia from some ancient regime.  
These excitations play a somber rhythm upon our souls as we move about in our fall  
as knowledge increases and we rush to and fro  
For agility is not the sole order of our day, but also a solemn hardness  
As the rain streams down our cheeks,  
and makes the sidewalks exhale a nostalgic smell of days gone by.  
If there be a God  
he must be sitting like a watchdog on his mat  
frowning on our day and age  
just chilling, licking a paw and running it over his nose  
wishing we could muster a sliver, a fraction,  
of the soft spoken holiness we draped over our shoulder  
in the days of honest work, and patient workmen.  
As for myself, I've been trudging along at a steady clip  
Though tonight I will probably catch the basketball game  
But first I will man my post  
until I receive a divine ordinance to do otherwise  
And if not, shame on me  
the collapse of the world be on my hands  
as my countrymen busy themselves getting and spending  
seeing little in nature that is worth their time  
reading about a certain star's sex appeal  
or watching television, the drug of the nation.  
I muse on how much cooler, badass and glorified our world would be  
If we put our free time to more noble uses...  
Yes we all need some downtime  
but ought we not to "Get the balance right" in the words of Depeche Mode  
Redeeming or seizing the day  
boys and girls on a mission.  
But God bless you all either way.  
And as winter is about to set in  
may significance, beauty and joy ornament your day  
and prop up the world we make our way in. This is just an account  
this is just a depiction  
of the autumn of the modern world,  
the world that I live in.

### If my life were a book and I was the author

by G.B.

If my life were a book and I was the author,  
I would write the stories of love.  
I would write the stories of wrong.  
Etch them in the stone, etch them in the sand.  
I would make the words twist and turn,  
Color them bright, make them stand out.  
Make the anger and pain loud and bold.  
Make the joy and life brilliant and shining.  
It would not end. It would not close.  
More pages, more words, more lines of my life.  
The title would capture the measure of good  
Without neglecting the shadows within.  
What a song it would sing of the beauty of life!  
What a tale it would tell of the journey of living!  
If my life were a book and I was the author,  
This is how my story would go.




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