

Naked hope

by Avendor

By the barn
on top of the hill
grave winds blew
as they willed
From heaven's throne
they departed
and found me out
brokenhearted
Red was the barn
blue was the sky
grey was my soul
silent, my cry
The dandelions were beautiful
in the deep green grass
but what's that to me
save ghosts from the past
The weathervane's askew
and this feel's like the end
standing all alone
in a world without friends
but buried within
my undulating breast
lies an indestructible stream
of blessed hopefulness
It never disappears
no matter how much I despair
so I guess I'll head home
shaken, but spared
If happiness returns
to me once more
I'll surely do better
than I've done before

Crank up the Blossoms

by Nick Sullivan

Turn the leaves on
crank up the blossoms
spill water
on the esplanade
and give geese to the bread
Let the pigeons socialize
and let the crows
bomb and dive

Amazing Grace

by Michael Vance

As I re-entered the war torn room
ravaged by a manic frenzied search
I kicked the book across the floor
God Dammit! Where's my wallet!
The broken glass
crunches
beneath my boots
I've gone numb with rage
I throw another tantrum
A fit too heavy to pick up
and throw
So I smash it into a thousand
pieces with a hammer
I can throw this fit
Several times, then, exhausted,
I rip the top dresser drawer
out and toss it too
It knocks over the toaster
and now the room
is on fire
I call the fire department
and walk away in disgust
I reach in my pocket
for my lighter and smokes
and lo and behold,
there's my wallet

everything lowercase

by William Holmes

gracefully pouring colour from the horizon,
the sun withers away.
the black and purple sky seize the city,
electricity flows to counterbalance,
to drown the moon and stars

I AM NOT A POET

15
YEARS

OF Street Roots Poetry & Art

Gonna Be a Bear

Carolyn Meade

In this life I'm a woman.
In my next life, I'd like to come back as a bear.
When you're a bear, you get to hibernate.
You do nothing but sleep for six months.
I could deal with that.

Before you hibernate, you're supposed to eat yourself stupid.
I could deal with that too.

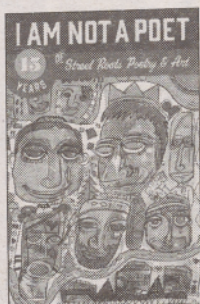
When you're a girl bear, you birth your children
(Who are the size of walnuts)
While you're sleeping.

You wake to partially grown, cute, cuddly cubs.
I could definitely deal with that.

If you're a mama bear, everyone knows you mean business.
You swat anyone who bothers your cubs.
If your cubs get out of line, you swat them too.
I could deal with that.

If you're a bear, your mate expects you to wake up growling.
He expects you will have hairy legs and excess body fat.

Yup, gonna be a bear.



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