

Hundred-Year Echoes

by Daniel Cox

The hundred-year-old echoes
Of the grave situation of
Gossip and its web of destruction
As the voices spew forth from
The grave weave a tale of
Conceit and deceit that bruises
The moral concept of reality
From nature's failure to the
Burning bed
Of worry and strife the
Handyman's noose to the
Great halls of justice
And the grandeur of leadership
None are spared of its
Disgrace of gossip and corruption.

Where

by Harold

Where is the compassion? When there is no more
compassion to give.
Where is the love? When all you see is
nothing but hate.
Where is the peace? When there is no more
peace to give to the world.
Where is the brother/sisterhood? When all we
do is fight.
Where is the calm? When all you hear is of
death — destruction.
When will the wars end? When there are
no more lives to give.
Where are the promises? When all you tell is
lies of hatred in your heart.
Where is the food? When all we have is
nothing but starvation.
Where do we begin? When there is no
beginning left to turn to.
Where is the end? When there is no ending
to all the hate in the world.
Where are the children? When all they do
is take their lives.

Disconnections

by j.mccurdy

My soul
Has
Eased itself away
From
The shards of us
I used to
Cut myself with ...

Empathy

by Lactus

Walking around old tombstones
Where few remember to go
Is a journey
To places where those departed have walked
To see the same sights
Hear the same sounds
Smell what they have smelled
And wonder
Why they've done
The things they have done
Perhaps if others
Could
See what I've seen
They would know
Why
I do
The things
that I
Do

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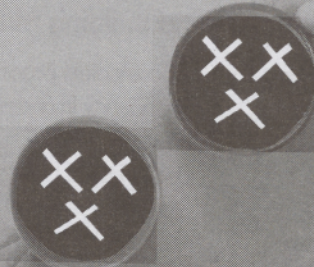


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