

The Chariot of Fire

by Lazola Pambo

How many books should we read,
to discover greatness,
there is no space in the world's library
shelves,
but the spark which shines,
is right before us,
Today we not going to meet the therapist,
or visit the chapel,
to see the naked monk,
I want to look into your inner being,
and taste your essence,
I want to suck the life out of you,
Excuses will get us nowhere,
do you still remember Marilyn Monroe,
How exciting she was!
I think you can outshine her,
far better in fact,
Burn this house of ours to ashes,
as if the white hot candle wax,
dripped from our rooftop,
I don't want to go for dinner in a tuxedo,
that's why my chariot is on fire,
and I'm burning with desire,
To show you another form of greatness,
inclined to mankind,
we're not going to talk about Leo Tolstoy's,
War and Peace,
but we shall feast,
in our bodies' passionate release

This Day And Age

by Daniel Cox

In memory of the late, great Bob Marley One Love
The Kingdom was in despair and distress.
Our laurel leafs now dried and withered in a time of greatness now faded.
Dark sadness fell upon the face of justice.
Her tears all but spent in an arid land of dispute and distrust.
Brave souls and warriors at risk or casted away...
Our symbols lost to us,
Hope slipped away.
Desperate times make for desperate measures
Economy lost,
Now all the gold cannot pay for any luxury
Our environment is now in danger of just being a virus upon the land.
This is now the state of affairs in my kingdom.
The masses sway away
Led astray by a lie,
But thus true,
A lie follows another lie, so forth and so on, etc. etc.
The heart of our community broken like so many things in life.
In the land of milk and honey,
And the roads paved with greatness of our achievements
Now in ruin and sour to the taste.
The poorest cry for relief
To help heal the land that once was sacred and abundant
The elders of the land prior to the time of the Great Empire
Sing for the mother to heal Her.
Their drumbeat is that of the land of time
Their song is a prayer to the Great Mystery
A plea for help and guidance
From the wind in the trees
Or was it the little birdies in the tree
That whispered the world needs more Love

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