

### Cycles

by Rachel D.

Dark at 4:30  
light until 10:00  
From sick of constantly being cold  
to too hot to want to touch you,  
from squash to berries.

Hormones, the end of the world.  
From pimples to tears,  
relish the pain.  
I like to feel my highs and lows.  
Anti-depressants, too flat.

Pain is uncomfortable,  
but at least it means I'm growing.  
Not just coasting through life,  
cycling through.

### punk

by Chance S.

just now  
in the silence  
i was  
punk  
rock  
again  
i have no end.

just now  
truth became pathless  
this i know  
no god  
no buddha  
no high  
or low  
just a ticket  
to my inner  
punk  
rock  
show.

### Brainwashed State

by Slow Coyote

Brainwashed state  
brainwashed state

Who is fake  
skin singes  
under UV rays

The planes make  
the clouds look real  
these days

Black hole  
black soul  
yet still beautiful  
I am void  
nestled in dark fur  
I emerge  
uncovered

Stare as you may  
you're in the play  
I'm the doctor  
and you, my patients  
young, supple ones

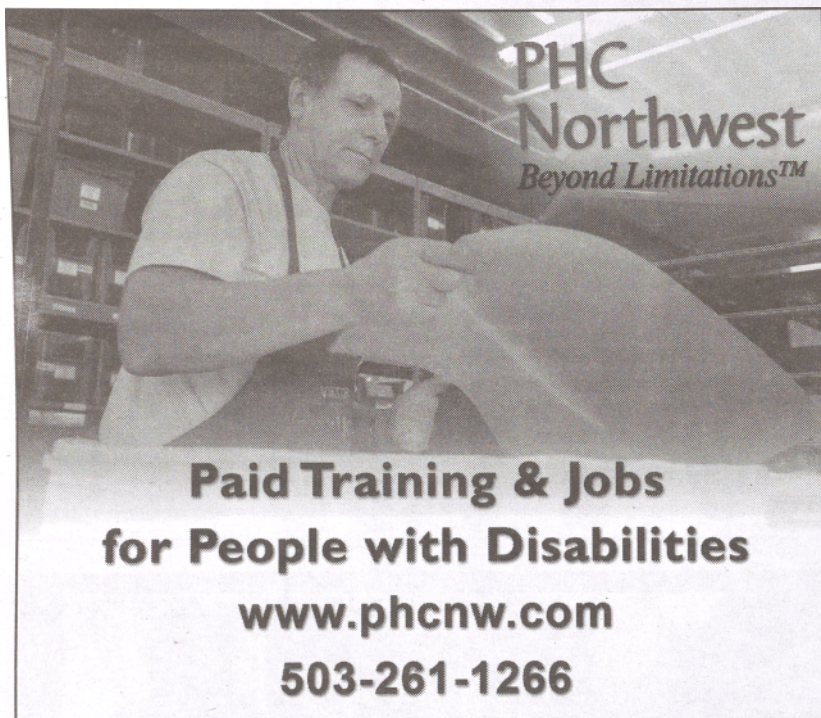
You took the bait,  
brainwashed state  
they gave you a name  
and included you  
in their donor list  
even though it was  
your hands  
that built their castle  
your lands

In tractor bucket upheaval  
(they dispose of dirt  
into far-flung pits,  
stripped of minerals,  
gold, oil,  
all with your toil)

But you thank them  
for throwing  
nutritional biscuits  
your way,  
crumbs crumble  
down the line  
now you're in the game  
hurry up, take your claim  
your own piece of something  
even though you're nothing

Fool tool clown

Brainwashed state  
brainwashed state  
you are fake  
missteps, misled  
underfed and now  
I spill the blood  
and feed you bread



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