Days
by Daniel Cox

Days gone by
History melts with each moment that passes by
Every day the same scene
Life and death have their time
It does not feel right
It's like a passing dream and then it's gone

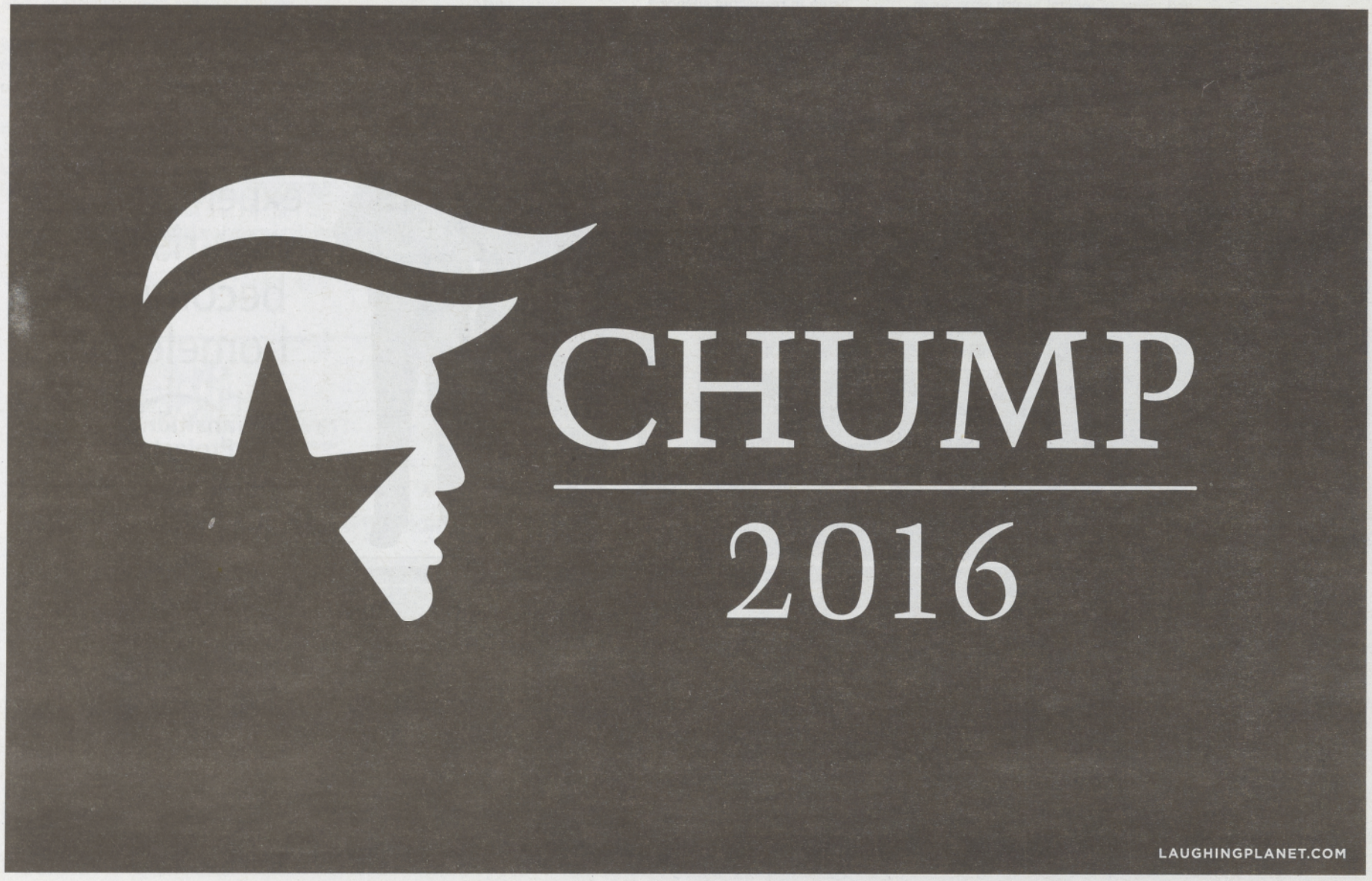
This is Me
by Rachel D

Meandering about,
crazy hair and tie dye,
wandering the world.
This is me.

Time to think,
Marvel and dream,
idealize my society.
This is me.

But it's connection I crave,
community I need.
Too bad man can't be an island.

Stricken Gladiator
by Avendor

I'm trying not to act nervous
even though I see a lion coming down the avenue
late at night
without a soul around.
My poetry these days
is simply an attempt
to pay my toll
as I stagger along the bridge of madness.
You know I am a gladiator
who relies on his compassion, creativity, resilience, and idealism
to stop battles from even occurring.
But when they do, I'm often beaten down
and sent to the insane asylum
to recompense, resurrect, and re-engage.
But God,
if you permeate the universe,
then stop me from going back there.

Because now I have a cat
and I love her dearly,
and I don't want to lose her
to imaginary lions.
Who an ordinary man
would dispel with a wave of the hand
or perhaps a brave one,
slay in one quick thrust.
But really,
"a plague on both of your houses!"
No, not on you
but on the gods of my minds'
divided kingdom.
As my cat and I
look on over the emerald sea
who with clasped hands
pleads with the night.
Just a stricken gladiator
and his beloved companion.